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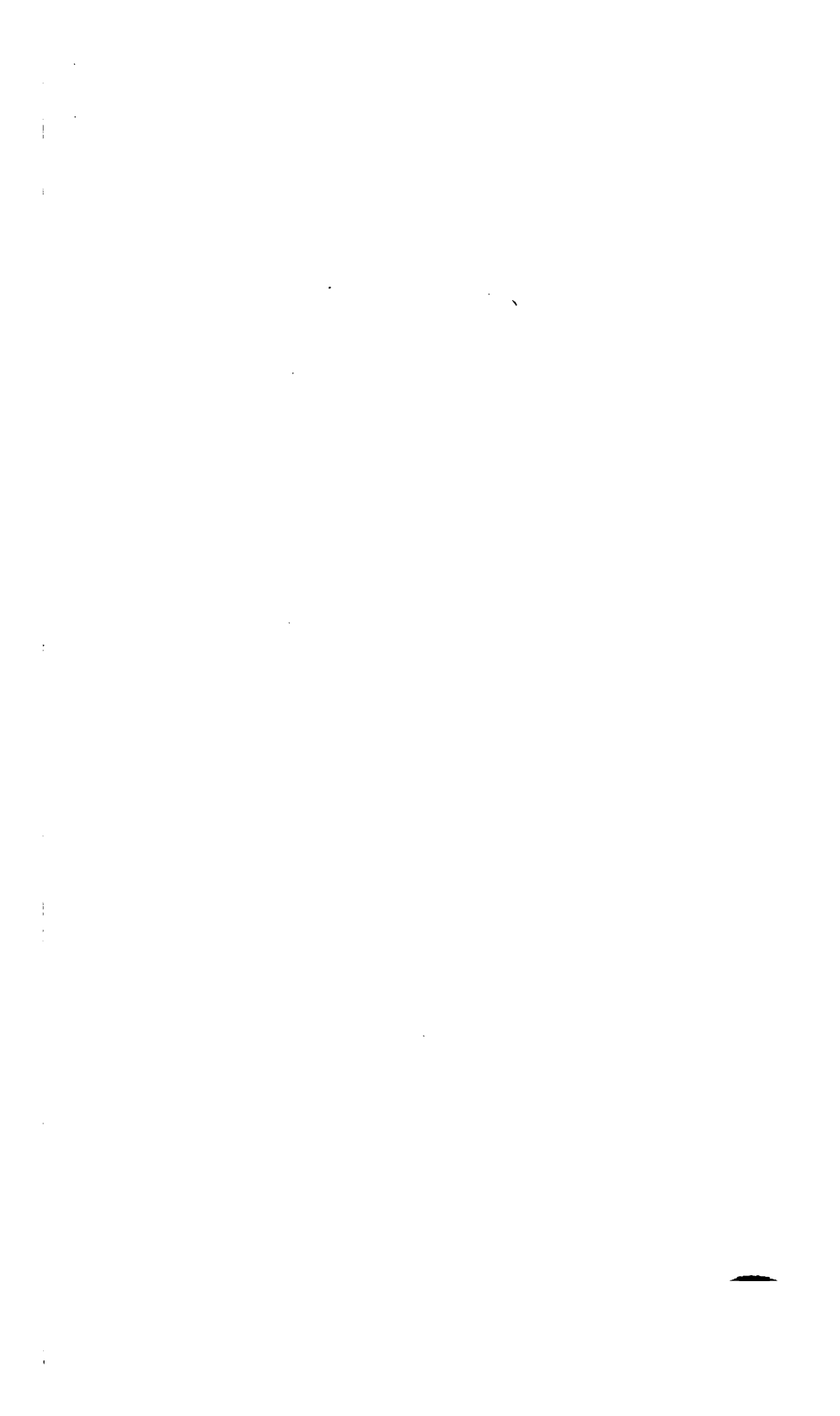
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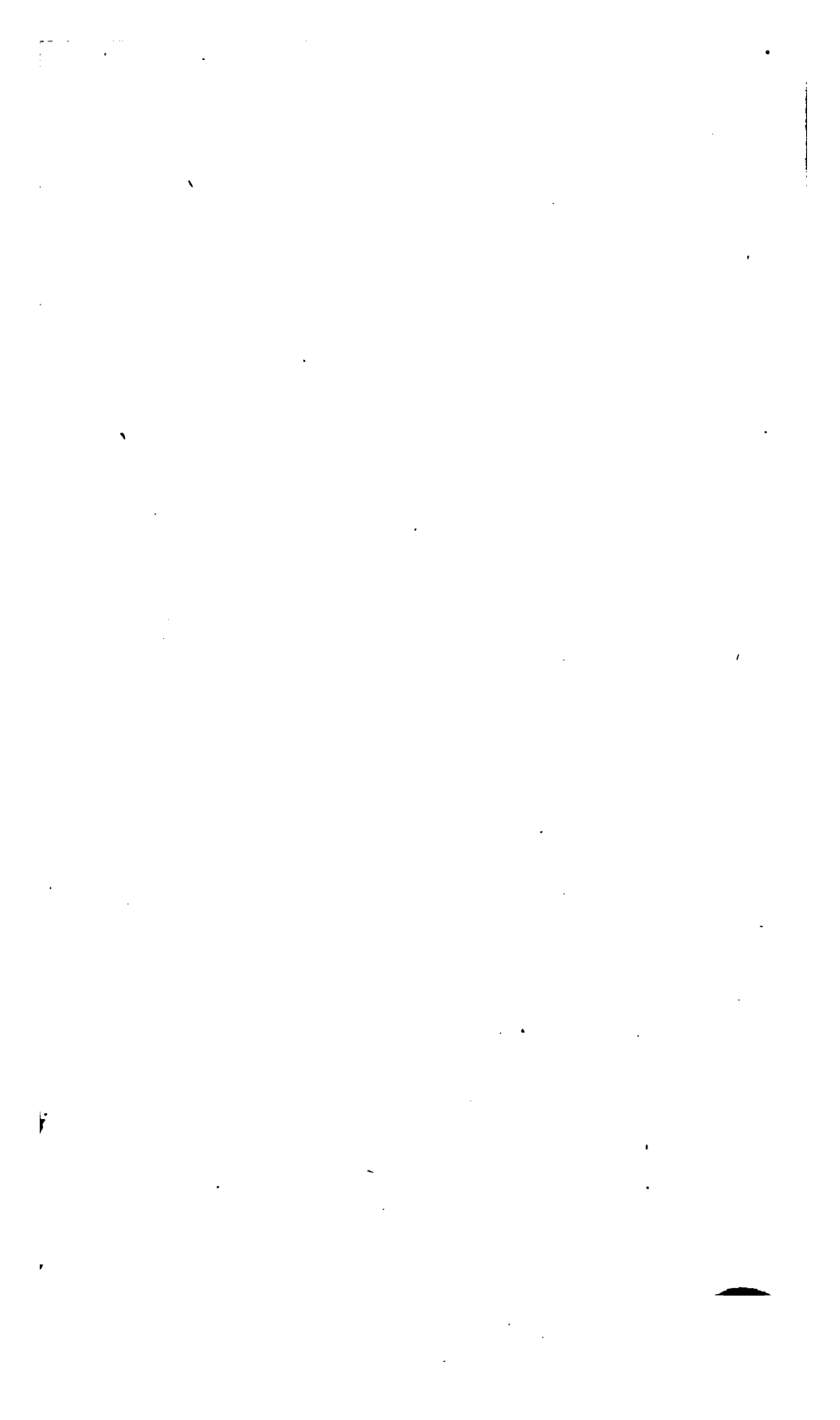


1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee. The names are listed in alphabetical order, and the addresses are listed below each name. The list includes the names of the members of the committee, the names of the members of the sub-committee, and the names of the members of the advisory committee. The addresses are listed in the same order as the names.

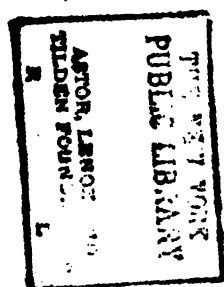


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FRONTISPIECE.



*Costume de
Falconers.*

Pub. & printed by J. Whitt, Worcester Square.

THE
Sporting Magazine
OR
MONTHLY CALENDAR,
of the
TRANSACTIONS OF
THE TURF THE CHACE
And every other Diversion
Interesting to the
Man of Pleasure, Enterprize & Spirit.

VOL. 19.



LONDON.

Printed for the PROPRIETOR and Sold by J. WHEELER,
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THE SPORTING MAGAZINE; OR, MONTHLY CALENDAR,

OF THE
TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,
And every other DIVERSION interesting to the
MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRIZE, AND SPIRIT.

For OCTOBER, 1801.

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[Embellished with an Engraving of Sir SOLOMON, by SCOTT; and
an Etching of RETURN FROM THE FIGHT, by HOWITT.]

London:

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I. I. B. has been peculiarly happy both in the time, and execution of his Parodies on the Peace, inserted in the Poetical department of the present number.—His Picture of the AGE WE LIVE IN, especially

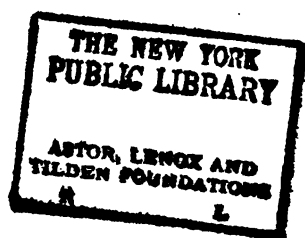
“ Mobs upon the levelling plan,
Practising the *Rights of Man*,
Led by scribbling knaves astray,
Luminaries of a day, &c. &c.”

being a genuine description of some noisy speech-making Demagogues, and the late low, illiterate Democracy, does credit to the Author's candour and discrimination.

The Correspondent who sent us the History of the Horse in England, will perceive we have paid the earliest attention to his favours, and we shall be happy in their continuation.

Ludicrous Innovations in Sign-painting, transmitted from our old friend A. B. at Stambourp, in our next.—His Poetical favour upon the *Season in September*, is to be found in page 55 of the present number.

We are much obliged to VERITAS, for the *Portrait of Penury*, which he has copied for us in Leicestershire; see page 7.—From what we have seen and known, we can scarcely imagine that his colouring is too high.





Sir Solomon?

The Remains of Sir Solomon, etc.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE,

FOR OCTOBER, 1801.

EXPLANATION OF PLATE I.

SIR SOLOMON.

[An Engraving.]

A Beautiful engraving of this horse is given in the present number, from a drawing by Mr. Clifton Tomson, of Nottingham, to which gentleman, we beg to express our thanks for his favour.

Sir Solomon was got by Sir Peter, dam by Florizel, out of an own sister to the dam of Rockingham.—The particulars of his race with Cockfighter, &c. &c. are to be found in our last Magazine, page 283.

RACES AGAINST TIME.

SIR Solomon and Cockfighter, are said to have run their match at Doncaster in seven minutes and eleven seconds; Hambletonian and Diamond run their's at Newmarket, which exceeded in distance nearly half a-mile, in seven minutes and fifteen seconds; apparently a much greater performance; though it should be considered, that the Beacon Course at Newmarket is nearly straight, and at Doncaster, they have to run round a course twice over, which doubtless impedes a horse's speed; and, in addition to this, Cockfighter and Sir Solomon

carried 4lb. more than Hambletonian, and 7lb more than Diamond.

The effect of so much additional weight is well known to sportsmen; so that, taking all the circumstances into the account, it is no easy matter to say which ought to stand foremost.

We are enemies to races against time, but cannot help regretting the want of more accurate accounts of the time in which the most celebrated horses have run (against other horses) the distance of four miles, from Childers down to the present time, a period of eighty years, during which, great attention has been paid to the breed of horses in this country. A knowledge of this, might enable us to judge whether the breed had improved or degenerated.

Eclipse was so very superior to every horse of his day, that, to have minuted him in any of his public races, would have given a very inadequate idea of his utmost speed. We have never heard that it was done either in his public or private trials, and should be much obliged to any Sporting correspondent, who could favour us with well-authenticated information on that head.

Many are of opinion that he was equal, if not superior, to Childers, to run four miles, and carry twelve stone.

GENERAL COURT-MARTIAL.

CHALLENGE.

THE following Letter from the Judge Advocate General to the Commander in Chief has, by the direction of his Royal Highness, lately been circulated throughout the army:—

Judge Advocate General's Office.

"SIR,

"Having had the honour of submitting to his Majesty the proceedings of a General Court Martial, lately held at the Royal Hospital at Chelsea, upon the trial of Major Henry Brown, and Lieut. D. John Mahoney, of the 14th (or Duchess of York's own) Regiment of Light Dragoons, the charges against whom respectively, together with the determination of the Court upon each, are recited in the announced schedule—

"I have to acquaint your Royal Highness, that his Majesty has approved the opinion of the Court-Martial, whereby both the said Major Brown and Lieutenant Mahoney, have been *honourably* acquitted; but inasmuch as the decision, not accompanied with any explanation, might seem to countenance a surmise that the Commanding Officer, Lieut. Col. Mitchell, had preferred a charge absolutely destitute of foundation, his Majesty has commanded me to subjoin the following statement of facts, which have been collected from the evidence, namely,—

"That the misunderstanding between Major Brown and Cornet Richardson, which has given occasion to their trial, originated in an indecent allusion made by the latter to some former business, in a way that led Major Brown to think an apology necessary, which there is reason to believe would not have

been refused, if sought by a temperate remonstrance; but instead of trying that measure, Major Brown sent a message by another Officer, plainly demanding either an apology or satisfaction; the import of which message was obvious, and such as Lieutenant-Colonel Mitchell, on its being reported to him as Commanding Officer, naturally considered as an eventual challenge, and meditating against the *spirit*, at least, of the Articles of War, which prohibit duelling, and was thereby fully warranted, in the first instance, to put Major Brown under an arrest.

"His Majesty was pleased to express satisfaction on perceiving from the evidence that an amicable accommodation had afterwards taken place between Major Brown and Cornet Richardson; and to direct that it be recommended and enjoined, in his Majesty's name, that the conciliation be made complete by Lieut. Col. Mitchell, and Major Brown and Lieut. Mahoney, consigning to oblivion whatever may have passed in the course of their trials, and join their mutual endeavours to establish and perpetuate harmony in the regiment. I have the honour to be, with dutiful respect, your Royal Highness's most obedient, and most humble servant,

"CHARLES MORGAN."

*Duke of York, Field Marshal,
Commander in Chief of his
Majesty's Forces.*

Copy of the Charges exhibited by Lieut. Col. John Mitchell, Commanding Officer of the 14th (or the Duchess of York's own) Regiment of Light Dragoons, against Major Henry Brown, of the same Regiment, at a General Court Martial, held in the Royal Hospital at Chelsea, together with the opinion of the said Court Martial.

1st. Conduct

1st. Conduct in the Barracks of Romford on the evening of the 21st of July, 1801, highly unbecoming the character of an Officer, and highly prejudicial to military discipline, and in direct violation of the second Article of the seventh Section of the Articles of War, by sending a challenge to Cornet Alborough Richardson, a youth of seventeen years of age, who had joined the regiment but six weeks, and who was, at the time of receiving the challenge, the Officer of the regimental guard.

2nd. Contemptuous and disrespectful conduct towards the Commanding Officer of the Regiment, in sending the said challenge to Cornet Richardson, after having received a reprimand from him, the Commanding Officer of the Regiment, only three days prior to the said challenge, for having offered to wave his superiority of rank, in order to receive a challenge from Mr. Young, an Assistant Surgeon of the Regiment.

OPINION AND SENTENCE.

The Court having duly weighed the evidence given in support of the prosecution against the prisoner, Major Brown, of the 14th (or Duchess of York's own) Regiment of Light Dragoons, with that which has been adduced by him in his defence, are of opinion that he is *Not Guilty* of either of the charges preferred against him.

Copy of the Charges exhibited by Lieut. Colonel John Mitchell, Commanding Officer of the 14th, (or Duchess of York's own) Regiment of Light Dragoons, against Lieutenant D. John Mahoney, of the same Regiment, at a General Court Martial, held in the Royal Hospital at Chelsea, together with the Opinion of the said Court-Martial.

Conduct highly unbecoming, in having, in direct violation of the third Article of the second Section of the Articles of War, carried a challenge from Major Brown, of the 14th Light Dragoons, to Cornet Richardson, of the same Regiment, on the evening of the 21st of July, 1801, at that time the Officer of the Guard, and delivering the said challenge to Cornet Richardson, at the Stable-house, at seven in the evening, whilst he, Cornet Richardson, was going round the stables, in execution of his duty as Officer of the regimental guard, although he, Lieut. Mahoney, was present on the parade, only three days preceding, when the Commanding Officer reprimanded Major Brown for similar conduct.

OPINION OF THE COURT.

The Court having weighed the evidence given in support of the prosecution against the prisoner, Lieutenant D. John Mahoney, of the 14th (or Duchess of York's own) Regiment of Light Dragoons, with that which has been adduced by him in his defence, are of opinion that he is *Not Guilty* of the charge preferred against him, and doth therefore honourably acquit him.

[Answer to the Yorkshire Challenge, relative to the South Country Greyhounds. See page 287, of our last Number.]

FROM THE YORK HERALD.

South Country Greyhounds against Yorkshire Ones.

"SIR,

A Letter having appeared in the Morning Herald Newspaper, of London, dated the 16th of September last, under the signature of Old Soho, asserting the superiority

8 *Bottom, the celebrated Bull-Dog—Return from the Fight.*

minutes at the fire. Being asked what he would have to refresh him; he replied some sage tea; having procured this, he departed in peace to his own residence, without bestowing a sixpence upon his poor host.—He is Lord of the Manor of several lordships; he owns one parish entirely; consequently, it is incumbent upon him alone to keep the roads in repair; but as they have generally been very wretchedly out of order, they have been indicted:—this grieved him to the heart; however, he would not suffer any labourer to be sent to mend them; saying, that “he had as good a pair of hands as any of them,” which indeed proved so, as he not only by incessant labour, picked in all the ruts, but also with his own hands, removed stones from a road in the neighbouring lordship. He has upwards of fifty hay-stacks, which are most of them nearly spoilt.—He has timber in abundance cut down, and now rotting on the ground; in short, were I not confined, I could give you a thousand other ridiculous anecdotes of him. These, I assure you, are all true; and hope you will not refuse them admittance in the *Sporting Magazine*.

Your's, &c.

VERITAS.

October 24, 1801.

BOTTOM.

[In our last Magazine, we gave an Engraving of *the Gentleman and Bull-Dog*; since which, we have received the following particulars:]

BOTTOM, (of the English Bull breed) having borne away the laurels in all the battles he had fought, with dogs of his own kind, and had made the stately bull, and shaggy bear humble themselves before him, was at length brought to

the field to dispute it with a man, who was to be stripped to the waist, and was to keep him off with his fists; poor Bottom was to be muzzled; when he was let loose, the odds were in favour of the man, as the dog seemed rather shy; but being encouraged by his master, and grinned at by his antagonist, he made a most furious onset, in which he came off victorious by knocking down his opponent; and though muzzled, fastened on the lower part of his stomach, from whence he could not be removed until he had sucked, so that the man's entrails were visible; when the challenger became sensible, he gave in, acknowledging the superior address of the victor.

He was then the property of Mr. Simpson of Kennington.

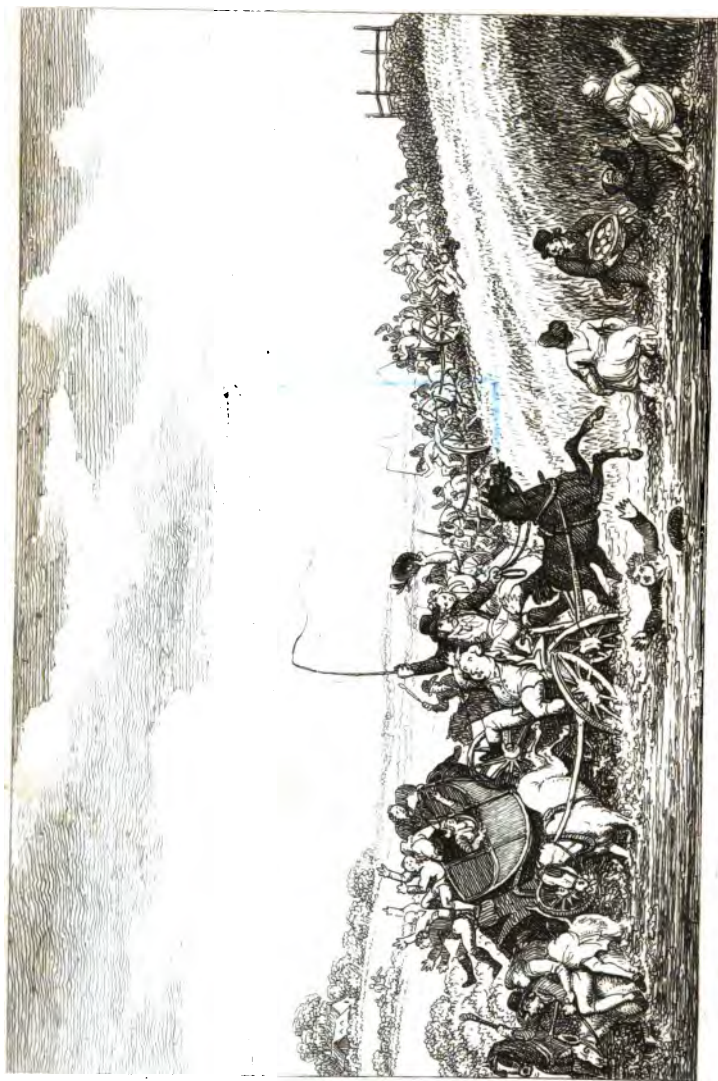
EXPLANATION OF PLATE II.

RETURN FROM THE FIGHT.

[An Etching from the design of an eminent artist, by Mr HOWITT.]

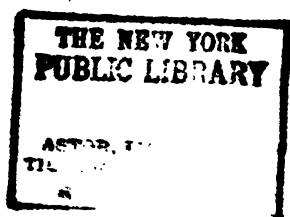
AN account of the intended battle, at Enfield Wash, is mentioned in another part of this Magazine.—This design originated from the following part of the description of that transaction:—“Had the Edmonton Volunteers, &c. made the attempt to prevent the battle, they would have met with much inconvenience, as the stage was so difficult of access, from its situation, that before it could be approached, it was necessary to ford the river, which could not be done without danger, yet many horsemen, as well as others in chaises, attempted it with success, but one horse was drowned. Several riders were plunged into the water, but escaped with a good ducking, after affording great amusement to the spectators.”

ANECDOTES



Returning from the intended Fight, Oct. 12. 1801.

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ANECDOTES OF THE LATE DR.
MONSEY.

[Continued from page 304, in last Vol.]

DR. Monsey was now to retire from St. James's, adjoining to which Lord Godolphin lived, and to quit the splendour, equipage, and retinue of a Peer, with an agreeable circle of London friends, for a solitary apartment at Chelsea, his plate at the hall table, his time-piece, and his old woman.

It now became necessary for him to call forth the fruitful resources of his own mind, to fill up the tedious intervals of a life which had hitherto been completely occupied by the interesting offices of friendship, by science, and by amusement.

In this nice point, so productive of crimes or of follies in us all, he, in a great measure, succeeded, without giving way to irrational excess, by correspondence in which, in a manner peculiar to himself, he excelled, by his profession, mechanics, books, whist, and backgammon.

The situation and change of circumstance undoubtedly required a wonderful exertion of temper; nor ought we to be surprised if it was injured in the painful effort.

An alteration was observed; the strong features of genius and sterling sense, the attic wit, happy allusion, and well-timed anecdote, were mellowed and improved on the canvas; but the gentle tints, the delicate colouring, the morbidezza of refined manners, produced by the attrition of elegant society, were found to be gradually impaired: he possessed, in high perfection, the *fortiter in re*, but neglected or despised the *leviter in modo*.

Yet an instance occurred, after he had passed his eightieth year, in

which he usefully reproved a friend, without gratifying his satirical talent.

No one who pretended to understand Monsey's character, can forget that it was impossible for folly or affectation to pass in his company undiscovered, and very seldom unpunished.

A young popular clergyman, of a good heart and sound understanding, was infected with a solemn, theatric mode of speaking at times, accompanied with a mincing, finical gesture, bordering on the coxcomb.—This foible did not escape the eye of his friend, who knew his worth, and would not hurt his feelings; the Doctor therefore took an opportunity, when they were alone, to censure him, and agreed, whenever he saw the "affectio dramatica" (as he called it) coming on, as a signal, always to offer him his snuff box, with two smart raps, to prevent his lapsing into such an erroneous habit. The gentleman speaks of it to this day with gratitude. A visible improvement in his deportment took place, and Monsey was very probably instrumental in his procuring, what I wish him long to enjoy, preferment, and a wife with a good fortune.

When the Doctor removed to Chelsea, he found Mr. Ranby, the surgeon, there, a man of strong passions, harsh voice, and inelegant manners. King George the Second, with whom he was a great favourite, had appointed him to Chelsea Hospital, and from the humble capacity in which he is said to have served him in another way, the old and oft-repeated story originated, of "Fat, fair, and forty *."

The interesting chat which novelty of acquaintance often pro-

* He was said to have the honour of occasionally introducing a good-natured lady to the old King.

duces, at first appeared like intimacy between the Surgeon and Physician; but this gradually declined into indifference, coldness, disgust, and at last, on Ranby's side, into personal outrage.

Ever since the establishment of the Hospital, it has been the business of the Physician to overlook the Surgeon's bill, and if he saw no reason to disapprove it, to sign his name as a passport for it through the offices.

A bill occurred which the Doctor thought objectionable, and was said by many to have reasonable grounds for his objections: he refused his signature. This Ranby considered as a reproach on his moral character, and as an insult: mutual ill language took place, and the angry Surgeon concluded by swearing he would be the death of his opponent if he persisted in refusing to sign the account.

I believe, but am not certain, that Ranby, on this occasion, was obliged to give surety for keeping the peace. I know the Doctor consulted the late Lord Chief Justice De Grey (afterwards Lord Walsingham) on the subject, and I heard his Lordship recommend peace to Monsey, "and, if Ranby repeats his violence, leave *me* to manage him," were his concluding words. The dread of a Chief Justice's warrant kept the lion a little quiet.

Lord Chesterfield told Dr. Monsey he had right* on his side, but that Ranby's connections and influence would carry him through it: his Lordship was not mistaken—the Board to whom Monsey referred the affair dropped it, and the bill was paid.

This affair Ranby† never for-

gave; and a few years after he died from the effects of a violent fit of passion, occasioned by the late Sir John Fielding not *punishing* an hackney coachman who happened to be the *injured* party.

In the dispute between Monsey and Ranby concerning the bill, a melancholy instance of profusion in the disposal of the public money occurred.

At the Hospital for decayed seamen at Greenwich, more than twelve hundred persons were provided with advice, physic, and surgery, for something less than four hundred and fifty pounds a year—a trifling sum, however fully adequate to the purpose, when compared to the medical and surgical department at Chelsea.

In the College at that place it was found, that Government was at the enormous expence of more than two thousand four hundred pounds a year*, besides providing houses, furniture, a table, coals, and candle.

When the late Duke of Newcastle appointed Mr. Graham, senior, to this post as Apothecary, he might probably find it convenient to get rid of a long apothecary's bill of many years standing, to the amount of a thousand pounds; but surely Mr. Pitt or Mr. Grenville have no purposes to answer in tolerating so wanton a waste of the public money; and as a vacancy in the Surgeon's appointment cannot be far remote, a *fixed salary*, without a contingent bill, should be ordered by the Board, without injury to the present possessors.

It ought to have been premised that Cheselden was Surgeon when

heard coolly defend the use of laudanum in effecting his designs on women, which he confessed he had practised *with success*.

* I speak on an average of the last fourteen years.

* A Great Personage was of the same opinion.

† Ranby was the only man I ever

Dr. Monsey was first appointed to the Hospital: he resided not till many years after; during which time Mr. Cheselden died, and Ranby was appointed to succeed him—Cheselden treated him with great attention and civility; but was more flattered by having the mechanism of his chariot, and the splendour of his equipage admired, than by being told, which was really the case, that he was the first Surgeon in Europe.—Pope, whom the Doctor often saw at his friend's house, found out this secret, and profited from it: by introducing his name into his epistles, and humouring this blameless foible, the house, carriage, and servants of Cheselden were always at the Poet's disposal.

I have often heard the Doctor mention an extraordinary opinion of Mrs. Cheselden, who was a sensible, but by no means a handsome, woman; and, if I mistake not, the daughter of Mr. Knight, the cashier, in the unfortunate South Sea Bubble.

This singularity related to the excessive severity of the criminal code of laws, as it extended to unnatural gratifications*: it did not amount to a defence of these abominable practices; but she thought if men had so bad a taste, and were so absurd as to seek amusement so much out of the way, that they should be considered as fools and madmen; but that taking away their lives was making the punishment greater than the crime, and unjust—an idea so odd, so inimical to female sway, to drop from a woman, is so rare a phenomenon, that I could not help (however I may be blamed) recording it.

As age, with its additional cares, came on, an asperity of manners and a neglect of decorum was ob-

served in Monsey: it became the fashion for the young, the delicate, and the gay, to exclaim against him as an interrupter of established forms, and as a breaker of those various and minute rules which, however trifling they may appear to the Sage and the Philosopher, contribute essentially to the ease and comfort of modern life.

The character which usually passes under the denomination of an oddity, has been defined as a man who sacrifices the good opinion of others to his own whim and convenience.

Nor can our Friend be wholly excuplated from these charges. In his intercourse with mankind, he met with so many trifling and worthless characters, that he was apt to suspect that what *such persons* so much valued was beneath *his* attention; but idle, fantastic, vain women, and men like women, always excited in him the most violent emotions of anger and contempt.

He was acquainted with a clergyman of this class, a *near* neighbour, remarkable for puerile and silly behaviour, and very much in the habit of contradicting the Doctor, without learning, or even a single idea to support his arguments.—“If you have any faith in your opinion, will you venture a small wager on it?”—“I cou'd, but I won't,” was the answer.—“Then you have very little wit, or very little money,” said Monsey.

***** ****, more famous for his wheel-barrow amours with the cast-off mistress of a Royal Duke, and the marked contempt of his wife, who found solace in the arms of the fortunate Irishman, than his military achievements, contributed very much to render the Doctor's situation uncomfortable. It was owing to the following circumstance:

* Cum hominibus aut feris.

This hoary veteran, who pretends to reform now he is no longer able to sin, was, in a very illiberal manner, abusing a friend of the Doctor's, in his absence, as a coward and a debauchee; and the Doctor, for defending him. He instantly silenced the former, but empty prater by these words:—"You have no right to abuse him for gallantry, for you attempted to debauch his mother; and as to his courage, he did not stay at home whoring and drinking, and get his bones broke in a fray under the Piazza, while his regiment was cut to pieces in Germany, and then hurry over further time enough to hear peace proclaimed, bring home infirmities produced by vice, and boast of them as the consequence of wounds received in the service of his country."

It was Monsey's misfortune to launch into the boundless ocean of metaphysics, where so many adventures wander without rudder, sail, or compass. His voyage produced the usual return of doubt, uncertainty, and disappointment. To those who are infatuated enough to sacrifice their time and attention to such a wild and unprofitable study, I think it my duty to observe, that in the intervals of cool reflection, he confessed a great part of the unhappiness of his life originated from these unavailing perplexities.

As to religion, after long study and much reading, he was a staunch and rational supporter of the Unitarian doctrine, and early imbibed an unconquerable aversion to bishops and establishments, to creeds, and to tests; but when the "Blasphemous Arianian doctrine" (as he called it) was mentioned, he burst into the most vehement expressions of abhorrence and disgust.

During his abode at Lord Godolphin's, he was riding in Hyde Park

with a Mr. Robinson, a well-meaning man, who was lamenting the deplorable state of the times, and concluded his harangue with saying, "and, Doctor, I talk with people who believe there is *no* God;"—"And I, Mr. Robinson, talk with people who believe there are *three*."—The frightened Trinitarian immediately set spurs to his horse, and would never after speak to the author of so prophane a reply.

It has been said that Dean Swift was Monsey's model; and as far as ruling the company and guiding the conversation of those with whom he associated, there *was* a resemblance. In this department they were both rather tyrannical; for he who seldom meets with his equal either in parts or power in *any*, is too apt to expect deference and submission from *all*.

Another axiom of Monsey's brings to our minds a similar, but unfortunate, taste in Swift—

Medico & philosopho nihil indecens,

The Author of the Ladies' Dressing Room, and a man* who produced an almond which he boasted had travelled four times down his throat, could neither of them be *very nice*, though, according to a doctrine of the Dean's, they both abounded in *nasty ideas*.

But Swift, the patriot of Ireland, the lover of laughter, the genius, and the poet, Swift was a rank churchman, with all the mitred notions of a high priest, hierarchy and prerogative; and, except where temporary popularity led for the moment, was a stickler for the infamous Sacheverell, a Tory, with all the narrow bigotry of the party, an enemy to the civil and religious liberties of mankind.

* This the Doctor has frequently exhibited.

Swift's

Swift's religious intolerance I shall not try to prove: he defended it publicly with his pen, and complimented Archbishop (I was going to say Arch-zealot) King for his furious prosecutions in the ecclesiastical, and other Courts, for speculative errors in doctrine. His passion for invading the liberty of the press, which he grossly abused himself, bursts out frequently in his letters, which I quote from memory. In one, he says, he has laid one of his antagonists by the heels at a messenger's; and for another, he has long had a *sharp knife* and a pillory ready for his ears.

I thank God such language, or such treatment, would not be suffered in the present day; and in a man who abounded in wit and poignant invective, it was mean and ungenerous; it savoured of the *argumentum baculinum*, or club law.

I always think the following line very applicable to Swift, whether basking in the warm sunshine of Harley's favour, or wielding a despotic sceptre at the head of the chapter of St. Patrick;—

"Dat Deus immiti cornua curta bovi."

There are too well-written letters which strongly mark the Dean's character—they are in his works; but, after a twenty years absence from the book, I cannot point the page. The first is to the above-mentioned Dr. King, who, at the Hanoverian accession, turned his back on, and tried to oppress, his old friend: the other is addressed to a Lord Palmerston, a descendant, I think, of Sir William Temple's. He tells his Lordship, that his character has not *bulk* enough to be worth *crushing*, and that he owes his safety to his *insignificance*.

Swift undoubtedly had a thousand faults, but he possessed ten thousand good qualities; and I take this public opportunity, having no other, of

wholly dissenting from the ingenious Mr. Hayley's theory, which, without one good argument, but with much plausibility, he aims against the Dean in his *Triumphs of Temper*.

[To be continued.]

EXTRACT FROM THE JOURNAL
OF A CITY TIPPY.

ROSE at eleven, and called at the Counting-house—Old Humbug had been there, and Dick said he looked out of humour.

No money—borrowed some of Dick for my breakfast at the Coffee-house.—*Mem.* Dick is a useful lad—raw from the country, industrious in my absence, and thinks himself honoured by my borrowing his money.—Pity I can't bring him to tell a few lies for me.

Twelve o'clock—went to business again—office hours intolerably tedious and oppressive—ought to be looked into—read the Sporting Magazine till one—books out of order—but too late now to set them right—Dick promised to do them for me in the evening.

One o'clock—went out about some bills—collected cash—felt the comfort of being trusted.

Two o'clock—met Tom Dash—proposed a game at billiards, for the table only—I play better than Tom—was provoked to stake—d—d irregular table—could not make a hazard—lost ten guineas.

Three o'clock—returned to the office—the Old One out—determined to dine well, and wash down my loss in a glass of punch.—*Mem.*—the ten guineas lost with Tom, make this week's account worse than the last, and to-morrow settling day—dined excellently off a turbot, and *et cetera* sauce.

Six o'clock—*groggy*—won't go to business any more to day—took a stroll

a strole—dropped in at Tom's—played a little—excellent luck—won two gammons and a hit, of the little angry oil-man—had the winnings in wine—bet upon another person's play, and lost five guineas—almost suspect it was a *do*.

Ten o'clock—went to the club—Jack Rory in the chair—monstrous merry.

One o'clock—proposed to *roll it* round the garden—did so—lost my company at the corner of James-street, and went to the Talbot by way of *gig*, with a black girl.

In the morning, ten o'clock—my goddess of *ebony* off—the remaining cash for old Square's bills off also—out of luck—think it advisable to be off myself—resolved, no—not till I have made a better bargain—more money to collect to-day—and no account to be given in till night.—*Mem.*—To look out for a coach that sets out early in the afternoon—post-chaises suspicious.

PONEY RACE—AN ERROR IN THE NEWSPAPERS CORRECTED—LETTER ON THE CRUELTY OF SUCH RACES.

AT Harlow Bush Fair, a poney, about twelve hands high, was engaged for a wager, to run one hundred miles in twelve hours.—The little animal went sixty miles in six hours, but at the eightieth mile it broke its heart, and fell down dead.—*Note.* Had the owner's *neck* as well as *heart* been broken at the same time, there would have been few to pity so cruel a master.

The Poney engaged to run one hundred miles in twelve hours but which went only eighty, is not dead as reported in our last. A friend of the owner, says,

“The poney started early in the

morning of the 8th instant, carrying a lad of light weight, and performed the sixty miles in *five hours and a half*; but, about the eightieth mile, his strength being exhausted, probably from the impropriety of running him too fast at the commencement, the owner relinquished his pursuit, and the poney was led home; where, by *rest*, he recovered his strength, and carried his owner to Harlow Bush Fair, the second day, Sept. 10.”

The author of the above correction, affects not to understand the meaning of our note, attached to the foregoing article.—We shall no other way explain it, than by saying, that there is great cruelty in the attempt to run a free-hearted little animal such an enormous distance in so short a period.

MR. EDITOR,

It has been suggested in some of the Papers, that the Magistrates of the County should punish the wretches who lately ran a beautiful little poney till its heart burst.

I know not whether the present laws enable them to do so: but this is certain, that there should be some law to punish severely, and thus, at last, to prevent such dreadful abuses of kind and generous animals, given to us for useful purposes, and capable of all that they are given for, without one cruel expedient. What leads me particularly to notice this instance of barbarity is, perhaps, that it reminds me of another towards a similar little animal, which I well knew. A beautiful little poney, which almost daily eat out of the hand of its master, and had obeyed him through many a wonderful toil, was at last condemned, by its cruel owner, to such a wager as that we are now lamenting. It began with its usual alacrity; went twenty or thirty miles, and then flagged; after
a little

rest, began cheerfully, again, and went twenty miles further; then flagged and was revived, and flagged again, and became absolutely unable to proceed, when one wretch, out of several villainous betters upon it, struck the little animal with a spiked stick, and in the exertion thus produced it fell. It is wonderful, but true, that when on the ground it cried with a noise very much resembling human weeping, and did not die for several hours after, the heart not having burst, but the fat being melted off the kidneys, so that they had worked raw against each other.

I anticipate the disgust of your readers against the narrative, as well as the transaction, and certainly would not force it upon them, if it were not useful to tell what are the sufferings of an abused animal, who cannot reproach its tormentor. Now, Sir, I would propose, not only that there should be a law to punish such cruelty, but that there should be an universal consent to execrate and abhor the perpetrators of it, in the same way as to execrate those who are guilty of other horrid crimes, whether the law reaches them, or not. Let their names be always published, and, if it be possible that they stand in the rank of gentlemen, let them be totally cut off from the society and notice of their equals. If they are in an inferior class, let no man employ them, or have dealings with them. Every true sportsman and lover of the turf knows that the stipulated performances of our race courses are fully sufficient for a fair trial of any horse's powers, and will join me in this proscription of such wretches.

It is obviously criminal also to bet against such exertions; for if none opposed them, they would not be attempted. Those who do so, are perhaps not fully aware of their

own cruelty; but it is in fact, only next in degree to that of the original stimulators, and deserves to be severely reprobated. Your's,

A SPORTSMAN.

*The LIFE, ADVENTURES, and
OPINIONS, of COL. GEORGE
HANGER.*

[Continued from page 294, in last
Vol.]

Interesting particulars relative to Colonel George Hanger when in America; being a Continuation of his Life and Adventures.

IN about three months after I was appointed a captain in the Hessian Yager corps; and in the middle of the ensuing month of March, I sailed from Portsmouth for America.—Reader, be not alarmed! I am not going to fight over again the American war; it is as much forgotten as the Trojan war, and the recital of the one would be full as interesting to the public as the other. It is, however, my intention to relate some incidents relative to myself, which, in the history of my life, are necessary to be mentioned.

I had not been arrived above two months in America, when I received a letter from my mother, (the best and kindest of parents,) informing me that Mr. Wyatt, soon after my departure, and before he could parcel out my estate, had been seized with a paralytic stroke, which, she was fearful, would shortly prove fatal to him. She informed me at the same time, that the mortgagee was endeavouring to foreclose the mortgage on my estate, and to sell it. She also sent me a fresh power of attorney for me to execute, to empower her, and some friend jointly with her, to transact my affairs, as she was fearful my worthy friend, Mr. Wy-

att,

att, would never be well enough to act for me. This fresh power of attorney I forwarded by the first packet to England, to my mother. In the mean time, my worthy friend Wyatt, recovering a little from the effects of the paralytic stroke, neglected not, the moment he was able to go down to my estate, to arrange every thing for sale; but a second visitation of his disease put an end to his valuable life.

During the interval between his death and the arrival of the fresh powers of attorney from America, for my mother and her friend to act for me, which, in passing and re-passing, took up some months, the mortgagee foreclosed the mortgage, and all that my mother could do was in vain, for my estate was sold before a Master in Chancery, at public auction, for little more than half its real value.

The reader will be pleased to remark, that the very circumstance which rendered me happy and satisfied on my leaving England, by having placed my affairs in so worthy and able a friend's hands, proved my ruin, from my want of caution in not putting the name of some other person jointly in the power of attorney I gave to Mr. Wyatt: had I so done, as I have been informed, from the best authority, it would not have been practicable to have foreclosed the mortgage; but I never dreamed of Mr.

Wyatt being struck with a fit of apoplexy; for he was a hale, hearty man, and by no means advanced in years, though he was of a corpulent habit. Some months afterwards, the common process of law having taken its course, my estate was sold, as I have already mentioned.

It is also necessary to relate, that, in the intermediate time, and previous to the sale, war with France and Spain was declared, in addition to that wherein we were

engaged with America, which was the occasion of land falling above one-third in value. In short, my estate was sold for sixteen thousand and some few hundred pounds; though, if I could have kept it till the peace, it would have fetched between twenty and thirty thousand.

In addition to this piece of good news, my kind mother informed me, that some outstanding debts, amounting to several hundred pounds, remained unpaid, notwithstanding the security Mr. Wyatt had given for me; and that executions had been introduced into my house, after his death, from the great deficiency of the sale of the estate. Thus I at once found myself several hundreds worse than nothing, instead of not owing a shilling, and having eight or ten thousand pounds in hand, as Mr. Wyatt assured me, and which he certainly would have accomplished, had not the French war broke out, or a legal compulsion forced me to sell my estate during that period.

I now, indeed, and in truth, became a soldier of fortune, for I was stripped and plundered of every thing, and, which was worse, left encumbered with debts.

After serving in the first campaign in the Hessian Yagers, my old and worthy friend, Sir Henry Clinton, requested the Commander in Chief of the Hessian troops to give me, in addition to my Yager company, the command of two hundred men selected from the Hessian regiments, which he was so kind as to comply with; and, in addition to that request, he permitted a certain number of men from every Hessian regiment to turn out volunteers. As soldiers, who have been confined to the regular duty of a battalion in the line, are ever desirous of serving with light troops at the out-post, it may

may be easily imagined that these men were the *élite* of the Hessian infantry. This favour was much approved of by my commanding officer, Colonel De Wurmbe, as it not only increased his command, but strengthened it by the addition of a body of men with bayonets, who might, by night, be employed to greater effect than the Yagers, who had no bayonets, and were armed only with rifle-guns. A further and most singular favour was granted me on this occasion. If any man behaved ill, or of whose conduct I disapproved, I was permitted to send him back to the regiment to which he belonged, and to have another sent to replace him. This was productive of such good order, that, during three campaigns, I never was under the disagreeable necessity of punishing any one of them, further than by a few day's confinement.—With the additional command to my Yager company I continued to serve until the great expedition to the southward was undertaken by Sir Henry Clinton, to accomplish the reduction of North and South Carolina, of which I shall make mention in proper time; but, prior to that, I must advert to incidents in which I was personally and most materially concerned.

Shortly after the arrival of Lord Carlisle, Mr. Eden, and Governor Johnson, at New York, they published a proclamation, in the name of the King, addressed to his Majesty's revolted subjects, and the different United States. It was judged proper, for form's sake, that the Commander in Chief should forward this proclamation by land, from the out-posts of the army to Congress; and that the Admiral should dispatch a vessel with the same to Philadelphia. This proclamation was sent to the out-post of the Yager corps, to my com-

manding officer, Col. De Wurmbe, with orders to him to forward them by a flag of truce to the most contiguous advanced post of the American army.

I was the only Englishman in that corps: my friend Colonel De Wurmbe, therefore, requested me as a favour (it not being my turn for duty) to go out with these proclamations, and assigned as his reason for desiring me to undertake this business, that, as the other officers did not understand the English language, some mistake might take place from their not being able to explain matters, and converse with the American officers. Col. De Wurmbe certainly could have commanded me on this service; but to comply with a request, or even a hint from him, was but a small tribute of gratitude for me to pay to so good and amiable a man, as well as so kind a friend. It was, therefore, with the greater pleasure that I undertook this duty; but not without foreseeing the disagreeable consequences attendant on it, by which I might have lost my life, and in the most unpleasant manner for a soldier and a gentleman.

I was perfectly aware of the temper of the Americans at that period, elated as they were by the succours which *their great and good ally* had already sent, and promised still to send them*. A French fleet being off the coast, some French troops having been already landed and marching to join General Washington's army, and others coming from the West Indies, it was most natural to imagine that they would reject all proposals from the British Government, not only with scorn, but contempt. I

* Count D'Estaing had blocked up New York harbour for some time, and was then gone for Rhode Island.

therefore, told Col. De Wurmbé, on my taking leave, that I would endeavour to stay as short a time at the American out post as possible, merely to demand a receipt, and push back with all expedition; for I was confident, if I remained a sufficient time for them to deliberate, that I should be stopped and made a prisoner. The event proved the truth of my conjectures.

I must here observe, that the trumpeter and mounted Yager that went with me, carried several hundred printed copies of this proclamation for me to distribute, as I went along, at the countrymen's houses, and in the towns through which I passed. In Ferry-town, situated fourteen miles from our out-posts, I distributed some hundreds. About three or four miles farther, beyond Ferry-town, I fell in with a patrol of light dragoons, who carried me to their officer at a house close by, who commanded about fifty men. I gave him thirteen packets, one addressed to every State, and one to General Washington. On reading a printed copy, he told me he did not know whether it was proper for him to receive such papers, and that it was necessary for him to send to know the commands of General Scott on that subject, who lay at the distance of about four miles. I told him I was commanded to leave them at the first American out-post that I should fall in with: and, with an air of *non-challance*, I added, that, if he did not choose to receive them, I should leave them with the landlord of the house: but that it was but common politeness from one officer to another, to give me an acknowledgment under his hand that I had left them at the house, merely to shew my commanding officer that I had done my duty, as I might otherwise be very severely reprimanded on my return to the

British army, and perhaps put under arrest. In short, after a good deal of persuasion, and telling him that the proclamation, whatever it contained, was nothing to him or to me, as it came from the British Commissioners, and that certainly I should, in a similar case, not hesitate one moment in giving him a receipt; I procured a receipt from him, and, taking a polite leave of him, rode off for our army with no small degree of speed and pleasure. A few minutes after, he dispatched an officer with the proclamations to General Scott, but not before I had given every soldier who came round me one of them.

On my return through Ferry-town, there were above two hundred persons collected together, and I was under some apprehensions that they would have stopped me, as a few armed militia amongst them said, they knew not what business I had to deliver printed papers inviting the citizens of America to desert the Congress; I told them that I was under the sanction of a flag of truce, and had done nothing but what the inhabitants requested. The populace were nearly all in favour of me, and requested me to continue my distribution of the papers, which I did; and absolutely went so far, at their request, as to read one to to the people as I sat on my horse; and nailed one up against the public house before I departed. I knew very well, from the distance General Scott was, that I could not be easily overtaken, and that I had near an hour to spare. I then made the best of my way home, and met with a strong patrol of our corps within two miles of the town, when I returned, without further interruption, to the camp.

This very day the Admiral sent Lieutenant Heele in a cutter to Philadelphia with counterparts of the

the same packets which I had carried out. The moment he cast anchor in the river Delaware, the lieutenant and his whole crew were made prisoners; and Lieut. Heels remained above a year in Philadelphia jail; and I should have been sent there also, and have kept him company, had I waited to receive General Scott's commands; who, in a very few days afterwards, as I learned from the communication we held at the out-posts, had sent orders to detain me; but fortunately the bird was flown.

[To be continued.]

MANAGEMENT OF HORSES.

(From Marshall's Rural Economy of Gloucestershire.)

A Circumstance occurring in this district, relative to the treatment of farm-horses is entitled to notice. The idea is not new to me; but I have met with an incident before, sufficiently authentic to warrant its being mentioned.

In the livery-stables in London, he-goats are kept for the purpose of preserving the health of the horses which stand in them. Many carriers keep them in their stables for the same purpose; and I have somewhere met with an instance of farmers doing the same, particularly as a prevention of the staggers: but I have always considered it as one of those popular charms, of which wonderful effects are related in every country, nor have I yet any proof to the contrary: all I have at present to produce is strong evidence; I give it, however, on such authority as no one who knows the author will dispute.

Many years ago, Mr William Peachy, of Northleach, lost several horses in the staggers. He was advised by a friend, whose experi-

ence had led him to believe, that he had benefited much by what he recommended, to keep a he-goat in his stables. He got one, and had not for many years another instance of the disorder. While the goat lived, his horses were free from the staggers; but the goat dying, his horses again became afflicted with this alarming disorder. He procured another goat (which is still living) and has not since had an instance of the staggers. He has seldom less than twenty horses in his stable.

I do not mean to recommend, in general terms, the keeping of goats in farm-stables; but if this terrible disease can be prevented at so trifling an expense, what gentleman or farmer in his senses, would be in want of a goat? In the midland counties, a few years ago, many farmers lost all their best horses in the staggers. Loss to the amount of several thousand pounds was sustained in Staffordshire alone.

I dwell the longer on this incident as it appears to me probable, that the influence of the goat is not merely that of a charm. The staggers appears evidently to be a nervous disorder. Odours are found in many cases, I believe, to act beneficially on the human nerves; and, possibly the strong scent of the goat may have a similar effect on those of the horse. The subject is certainly entitled to enquiry.

ANTIQUITY OF SKITTLE PLAYING*.

THE antiquity of skittle-playing is shewn plainly in the following extract from the "Gentle-

* See an accurate representation, accompanied with Rules and Instructions for playing at this Game, in our last Volume, page 337.

man's Journal," printed in 4to. 1693, page 21.

"Upon taking down of an old hall, near Ribchester, in Lancashire, was found in a part of it a window of twelve feet square, the frame of which had been formerly a skittle frame. It was made of oak, and jointed together very strong; with the general rules to be observed cut upon it, and which were perfectly legible, giving the laws of the game. Each side of the frame, was nine inches broad, with inclinations of fifty, sixty, seventy, and eighty degrees respectively; upon the upper edge of the frame were sixty-one holes, in two rows; one of which had a blank of six after forty, with these lines round the frame—

Bowle stronge, hitt the frame without, and misse the same within;

The king, two lordes with their attendants, the game will bring.

A. D. 1486."

From this inscription, it is shewn of what great antiquity the game must be; and how much of it remains now is evident, since we have left little more than the shadow. In Mill's Night Search, old Poetry, 12mo. 1640, is an allusion to this game. I. I. B.

AN HUMOUROUS ACCOUNT OF
MESSRS. LONG, LAD, CHILD,
PEPPER, &c. &c.

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING
MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

I Have the misfortune to bear a name which often subjects me to the puny witticisms of those with whom I have any kind of intercourse. In short, Sir, my name is Long, which is so ridiculous a misnomer, that I cannot sometimes avoid laughing at it myself. No longer ago than yesterday, as I was

trudging along Pall Mall, a friend accosted me with, "How do you, Mr. Long?" A passenger attending to this salutation, and observing my broad squat figure, stared at me with a very significant grin. From his countenance I perfectly understood every thing he meant to say, and hurried away with as much expedition as my legs and thighs would carry me; for believe me, gentlemen, I am very short in the fork.

Though I generally pay the utmost deference to the ladies, I presumed a few days ago, to contradict one, when she was blackening the character of the minister, and white-washing that of Carlo Khan; in consequence of which, madam thought proper to reprove me in the following words; "You take me up very short, Mr. Long! You carry your rudeness to an immoderate length; but I shall always make an allowance for your slender abilities."

Thus am I eternally drawn into disagreeable situations, because I innocently possess a name which has been transmitted to me by my ancestors. A thousand times have I been chagrined, mortified, and played upon, from the single circumstance of my figure being so opposite to my name: and only in one instance have I found it of any service to me. Living in the environs of London, and in the county of Middlesex, it was my lot, by ballot, to be appointed a militia man. Having an aversion to powder on my head, as well as to the smell of gunpowder, I consulted Burn's militia laws; hoping to find a hole in some of the acts of parliament large enough for me to creep through. For the first time I congratulated myself on my deficiency of height, when I discovered that I was at least five inches below the standard, according to the statute in that case made and provided.

I ran

"I ran immediately to the rotation office, produced my figure, and with it the act of parliament, to the magistrates. Even the sages of the bench sometimes condescend to be jocular—they eyed me from top to toe, and instantly dismissed me with the following words, accompanied with a sneering smile, "Mr. Long, you are too short to serve his Majesty."

I am not singular, gentlemen, in labouring under a name that may be tortured and twisted, by those who have more ingenuity than good nature. The last time I made my appearance at my club, a dispute arose between two very worthy members, one of whom was named *Child*, and the other *Pepper*. In the height of the argument, Mr. *Pepper* grew warm, stepping beyond the bounds of decent debate, and even bordering on scurrility. Mr. *Child*, less choleric than the other, exclaimed, "Don't be so hot, Mr. *Pepper*!"—This drew the following severe reply—"Had I considered that I was talking to a *Child*, I should not have been thus provoked."—A gentleman of the name of *Lad*, perceiving that both parties were irritated, and apprehending an absolute rupture between them might produce serious consequences, rose from his seat, and remonstrated against the tendency of their reproachful language; adding, that, "if a man has too much *Chyan* in his disposition, it is *Childish* to contradict him."

Both the gentlemen concerned in the disputation were displeased at this severe observation, on which they were pleased to bestow the epithet of impertinent; observing that they should pay very little attention to the advice and opinion of such a *Lad*.

By this time peace was almost perfectly restored, the glass circu-

lated briskly, and all misunderstandings were washed down with humble port, or humbler punch. Some brilliant things were said by several of the company, and Mr. *Fog* shone with peculiar lustre. Mr. *Diamond* was but a foil to him. Mr. *Lion*, who is allowed to sing a good rough song, was called upon to entertain the company with an air. He required very little solicitation, but very politely stunned the whole company; he had a most superlative roar.

Sometimes I find myself almost reconciled to my name, when, to flatter my imagination, I compare it with those which are more: exceptionable. Thank heaven, I am neither a *Coward*, nor a *Bastard*, that I know of; nor am I on a level with a *Tinker*, a *Taylor*, a *Cooper*, a *Carpenter*, or a *Smith*.

If I proceed any farther, I fear you would, with too much justice say, that my epistle was entitled to its master's name. I have only to add, that, unless some kind relation should leave me a large fortune, on condition of my altering my name, I shall continue,

LORENZO LONG.

A STRIKING INSTANCE OF BRUTALITY.

A Few years since, lived at Tottenham, John Ardesoif, Esq. a young man of large fortune, and in the splendour of his carriages and horses, rivalled by few country gentlemen. His table was that of hospitality, where it may be said he sacrificed too much to conviviality. Mr. A. was very fond of cock-fighting; and had a favourite cock, upon which he had won many profitable matches. The last bet he laid upon this cock he lost, which so enraged him, that he had the bird tied to a spit and roasted

troubled alive before a large fire. The screams of the poor animal were so affecting, that some gentlemen who were present attempted to interfere, which so enraged Mr. A. that he seized a poker, and with the most furious vehemence declared, he would kill the first man who interposed; but in the midst of his passionate asseverations (by the bursting of a blood vessel) he fell down dead on the spot. Such were the circumstances which attended the death of this great pillar of humanity.

INSTINCT NEARLY APPROACH- ING TO REASON.

THE *Banbaci*, a sort of animals that bear a strong resemblance to monkeys, abound in plains and forests of the Ukraine, or country of Cossacks, bordering upon Poland. These creatures form separate parties or classes, and upon certain days meet in hostile bands and engage in pitched battles. The opposing armies have their respective chiefs, and officers of several subordinate ranks; the various combatants appear to obey orders, and proceed with the same regularity that men do on like occasions.

Cardinal Polignac, who was sent Ambassador, by Louis XIV. to Poland, in order to support the interests of the Prince of Conti against Stanislaus, had often an opportunity of seeing these animals engage. He tells us, that they give the word of command for the onset by a sort of cry, or inarticulate sound; that he has seen them march in regular companies, each led by its particular captain; and, upon meeting their adversaries, both parties have drawn up in battle array, and upon the signal being given by their chiefs, have engaged

with a degree of fury, that has surprised him.

MUSEUM OF BEASTS, ARMS, &c. AT LUCKNOW.

A Gentleman who lately made a visit to the Nabob at Lucknow, had an opportunity of inspecting his Highness's Museum, which is famous for elegant pieces of mechanism, paintings, and other articles by celebrated Artists. An uncommon collection of birds renders the aviary an hour's agreeable inspection; nor does the menagerie less gratify curiosity; besides a lioness, tigers, leopards, panthers, hyenas, bears, wolves, and a sea-gosh, it contains some gookurs, or wild asses of the mountains, uncommonly hardy and fleet, resembling the zebra, except in their colour, which is dun. African sheep, Barbary goats, like small deer; several serpents of extraordinary dimensions, and one animal, not yet described, called a cherruck, in colour and shape of the hyena, though smaller, and exceedingly fierce and voracious, particularly of the flesh of dogs and asses. But beyond every thing curious and excellent in the Nabob's possession are his arms and armour. The former consist of matchlocks, fuzees, rifles, fowling-pieces, pistols, sabres, scymeters, spears, syels, (long straight swords) daggers, poignards, damasked or highly polished, and ornamented, in relief or intaglio, with variety of figures or foliage of the most delicate patterns. Many of the figures are wrought in gold or silver, or in marquetry with small gems. The hilts of the swords, &c. are agate, chrysolite, lapis-lazuli (nine times dearer than pure gold), chalcedony, blood-stone, and enamel, or of steel inlaid with gold, called tynashee, or koftwork.

softwork. His Excellency's collection of Indian pictures is considerable, and preserved in large portfolios.

THE BOND-STREET LOUNGER'S
WONDERFUL CURE.

DOCTOR D—, a country physician, lately paid a visit at an ancient family seat in Wales. It was the abode of an old couple, whom he had attended for upwards of twenty years. They ranked more among his friends than his patients, for with air, exercise, temperance, and good constitutions, they had sunk into the vale of life almost unnoticed by its usual infirmities.

It was, therefore, with some surprise the Doctor found his old friends, at twelve o'clock of a burning day, seated opposite each other at the fire-side, in their arm-chairs and night-caps, with dejected looks, and in mournful silence.

By a sort of instinct peculiar to the sons of Galen, the Doctor immediately applied to the pulse for a solution. No pulses could be more regular. "Dear me, no bad news, I hope!" "Ah! Doctor," exclaimed Mrs. B. "none can escape the infirmities of old age." "Well, Madam, but pray what is the matter?" subjoined the Doctor. "Oh! Doctor, we are both deaf!" "Deaf! impossible, you seem to hear me perfectly." "Yes," said Mrs. B. "we have a few intervals, and this is one of them; but, in general, we're so deaf, that we could not hear you speaking across the table." "Indeed," interrupted Mr. B. "it was not for ourselves we sent for you, Doctor, but for our dear grandchildren, who are come down from London to see us. They are so

fallen away, that they are ready to slip through their clothes; and, though their lungs, I fear, have been hurt, by striving to make us hear them, yet their loudest speaking is to us only a faint, sickly whine. Poor boys! you knew their mother, Doctor; she died of a consumption this time seven years, at Tenby.—Poor boys! they will soon follow her!" "Aye," added the old Lady, (*weeping*), "misfortunes never come alone. It was the very first day of their arrival our deafness came upon us."

At this instant, the parlour-door opened, and in stalked two tall, raw-boned, meagre, but athletic fellows, in huge Austrian boots and trunk breeches. They took no notice of the company, but threw themselves upon an old settee, with an air of sickness and lassitude. "Ah! Doctor," exclaimed the old man, "there was once a limb for you, (all this time the elder of the two, in a reclining posture, was tipping his leg and thigh with a little crooked cane, which he had taken out of his pocket);—but come, I must introduce you to your patients." So saying, he rose, and taking the Doctor by the hand, he brought him over to the settee, and addressing the young gentlemen, said, "My dear boys, this is our old friend, Doctor Dubb, whom you have so often heard us speak of." The young gentlemen rose, with an air of indifference, and half-averted eyes, and in a whispering, consumptive tone of voice, both said, or seemed to say: "Sd, I va ga see ya, Pliam ha, Sa, (Sir, I am very glad to see you at Pinlimmon Hall, Sir!)" The Doctor, who knew something of modern fashions, and smoked two Bond-street loungers of the first figure at the first glance, was a humourist, and answered the bucks in their own way: "Ga, I va ma bidg to ya, vaa ma,

inde—

inde—(Gentlemen, I am very much obliged to you! very much, indeed!") The old man, who had been straining with out-stretched neck and open mouth to catch a word, but in vain, this instant found his deafness return, and the old woman feeling a like visitation, they both hobbled away, leaving the Doctor to prescribe for poor little Bob and Charles.

In the conversation that ensued, the Doctor learned that Master Bob was nineteen and Master Charles eighteen years of age; and that they had come down from London to solicit the performance of their grandfather's promise to buy them commissions in the Guards, to which the old gentleman had demurred, assigning the dangers and fatigues of a modern military life—but the fact was, in their apparently wretched state of health he thought his money would be only thrown away. This discovery suggested to the Doctor an immediate and infallible cure for the deafness of the old couple, and the consumptive habit of the two grandsons: he flew to the garden, where he found his old friends lamenting, and assured them he would work a complete restoration of family health before he went away. The Doctor immediately wrote a prescription, leaving it to the old gentleman to be his own apothecary, and make it up; it was to take two purses, and putting a sum of fifty guineas into each to administer them in that state to the sick youths, with special directions to set off next morning for London, and purchase their commissions.—The old gentleman lost no time. The Doctor and the old lady followed him to the parlour, where the patients were still sitting; and where the old man administered the medicine strictly according to his directions. The

first touch of the purse operated like an electric shock upon the nerves of the impatient youths—the lightness of the purse soon awoke suspicion, and examination only confirmed their fears. "*Da Sa, tha must be some mista in this—*" (Dear Sir, there must be some mistake in this,) observed the elder of the two. The younger whistled *Malbrook*—the old man stared—the old lady and the Doctor were impatient for the operation of the cure.—"S'dearth, Sir!" exclaimed the elder of the two, after a short interval: "Surely you do not mean to quiz us?" These words pronounced in an elevated tone, most distinctly and clearly, and with appropriate look and gesture, had the desired effect. The old man, who neither heard or understood a part of the previous conversation, now heard the youth distinctly, and began to caper and sing through the room; the old lady also found all her auricular faculties restored in full vigour, and both returned thanks to the Doctor for their speedy and effectual cure.

The grandsons looked with astonishment; but how great must have been their shame and confusion when the old gentleman, with a stern countenance, thus addressed them:—"I have been the victim not of disease, but of my own credulity and your folly. The money I have given you will suffice to bind you apprentices to a milliner. When you have learned to act, speak, and dress like *men*, come to me, and I shall purchase you commissions in what regiment you please!"

ORIGIN OF DUTCH PUGS; OR THE PRINCE OF ORANGE'S FAVOURITE.

ABOUT thirty years ago, the fashionable *lap-dog* was the *Dutch-Pug*; every old Duchess in the

the kingdom had three or four, and these little ugly animals were the ladies' favourites from the accession of William the Third to the death of George the Second; since which time, the breed seems nearly extinct.

They were generally decorated with orange ribbons, and in great favour at court. King William being very partial to them, his courtiers apprehended he had learnt the old English proverb, "Love me, love my dog." The reason of this partiality is not generally known, but may be accounted for by the following anecdote, which is related in a very scarce old book:—*Sir Roger Williams, his actions of the Low Countries*, imprinted in the year 1618.

"The Prince of Orange being retired into the camp, Julian Romero, with earnest persuasions, procured licence of the Duke D'Alva to hazard a *camisado*, or night attack, upon the Prince. At midnight, Julian sallied out of the trenches with a thousand armed men, mostly pikes, who forced all the guards that they found in their way into the place of arms before the Prince's tent, and killed two of his secretaries; the Prince himself escaping very narrowly, for I have often heard him say, that he thought, but for a dog, he had been taken or slain. The attack was made with such resolution, that the guards took no alarm until their fellows were running to the place of arms, with their enemies at their heels; when *this dog*, hearing a great noise, fell to scratching and crying, and awakened him before any of his men; and as the Prince laid in his arms, with a lackey always holding one of his horses ready bridled and saddled, yet, at the going out of his tent, with much ado, he recovered his horse before the enemy arrived; nevertheless, one of his equeries

was slain taking horse presently after him, as were divers of his servants. The Prince, to shew his gratitude until his dying day, kept one of *that dog's* race, and so did many of his friends and followers. These animals were not remarkable for their beauty, being little white dogs, with crooked flat noses, called *Camuses*.

ORIGINAL PLAN FOR A NEW THEATRE.

THE present complaints against our Theatres are, their being too small; the consequence of which is, that the voices of the actors come to the ears of the audience with the force of a cannon; and even one of Mr. Kemble's whispers has the effect of a demiculverin at the very back of the gallery. Another consequence is, that the audience, particularly those in the upper gallery, are brought so near to the stage, that instead of seeing as they ought to see, they in fact see too much, being easily able to mark the streaks of red and white upon the faces of the actors and actresses, by which all the perspective effect of painting is destroyed.

The company in general, in the pit and boxes, are so near each other, that opera glasses are totally unnecessary; and a gentleman in the upper boxes may whisper an assignation to a lady in the farthest part of the pit, without the least fear of detection. This crowding of the audience together, without any vacant space between the sides of the house, together with the lowness of the cieling, which makes the pit and the one shilling gallery almost meet, has a very unpleasant effect to the eye.

The idea of the writer of this, is to construct a Theatre on a most

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extensive

extensive and magnificent scale, and the place might be Hounslow Heath, extending in a grand range from Smallberry Green to between the tenth and eleventh mile stone; that is, within a short distance of Cranford-bridge. The stage ought not to be less than half-a-mile in breadth, and a mile and a half in depth. The advantage of these dimensions must be very obvious, particularly in *Macbeth*, *Pizarro*, *Richard the Third*, and other pieces, where whole armies engage.

Instead of having a dozen scene-shifters, engaging with as many carpenters, which is the whole of the present dramatic art-military, two or three of the regiments quartered in the neighbourhood, might be marched into the Theatre at a very small expence. Besides, according to these proportions of the stage, the galleries could not be more than three quarters of a mile from any part of the performers, which would give them as good an opportunity of hearing and seeing, as they could expect.

For the boxes, they ought not to be constructed in the present inconvenient form, but more resembling those in the opera-house, that is, separated by partitions one from the other, and each box furnished with chairs, tables, a good cellaret, with refreshments, &c. The size of each box need not exceed that of the great room at the Crown and Anchor; but they may be of different sizes, to suit lesser or greater parties. The inconvenience complained of in our theatres, of the galleries being too near the boxes, would be effectually removed here, as the nearest point of contact between them could not be less than half an hour's walk.

The prices of admission should never be less than a *guinea*, to the *cheapest* part of the house; and to

secure an extra fund for various purposes, there might be two turnpikes, one at each end of the theatre. The performers' salaries might also be proportioned to the other expences of the house. A good actress, if a modest woman, might have 500*l.* per night, and if in *keeping*, about four times that sum!

GAMING INCIDENTS.

WRIOTHESLY, Duke of Bedford, brother to the late Duke, was at Bath one season, when a conspiracy was formed against his Grace, by several first-rate sharpers, among whom was the manager of a theatre, and Nash, the master of the ceremonies. A party at hazard had already deprived the Duke of upwards of seventy thousand pounds, when his Grace got up in a passion, and put the dice in his pocket. The gamesters were all terrified, as they knew they were loaded, especially as he communicated his suspicions, intimating his resolution of inspecting them. His Grace then retired into another room, and flinging himself on the sofa, fell asleep.

The only step that appeared practicable to the winners, to avoid disgrace, and get their money, was to pick his pocket of the loaded dice, and to supply their place with a pair of fair ones. They accordingly cast lots who should execute this dangerous commission, and it fell on the manager. He performed the operation without being discovered; after which, his Grace having closely inspected the dice he had in his pocket, and finding them just, renewed the party, and lost nearly thirty thousand more. The gamesters had only received five thousand pounds of the money, yet they could not divide

divide this sum without quarrelling, and Nash thinking himself ill used, divulged the whole imposition to his Grace, whereby he saved the remainder of the money. His Grace made Nash a handsome present, and ever after gave him his protection, the Duke thinking the secret was divulged through friendship.

THE OLD COFFEE-HOUSES
CHARACTERIZED BY A MA-
HOMETAN.

IN the numerous Coffee-Houses in London, besides coffee, there are many other liquors, which people cannot well relish at first. They smook tobacco, game, and read papers of intelligence: here they treat of matters of state, make leagues with foreign Princes, break them again, and transact affairs of the last consequence to the whole world. In a word, 'tis here the English discourse freely of every thing, and where they may in a very little time be known: their character likewise may be partly discovered, even by people that are strangers to the language, if they appear cool in their discourses, and attentive to what they hear. They represent these coffee-houses as the most agreeable things in London, and they are, in my opinion, very proper places to find people that a man has business with, or to pass away the time a little more agreeably than he can do at home; but in other respects they are loathsome, full of smoke, like a guard-room, and as much crowded. I believe it is these places that furnish the inhabitants with slander, for there one hears exact accounts of every thing done in town, as if it were but a village.

At those coffee-houses near the court, called White's, St. James's, Williams's, the conversation turns

chiefly upon equipages, essence, horse-matches, tupees, modes, mortgages, and maidenheads; the Cocoa-Tree upon bribery and corruption, evil ministers, errors and mistakes in government; the Scotch coffee-houses, towards Charing-cross, on places and pensions; the Tilt-yard, Youngman's, and Arthur's, on affronts, honour, satisfaction, duels, and re-encounters. I was informed that the latter happen so frequently, in this part of the town, that a surgeon and a solicitor are kept constantly in waiting; the one to dress and heal such wounds as may be given, and the other in case of death to bring off the survivor with a verdict of *Se defendendo*, or *manslaughter*. In those coffee-houses about the Temple, the subjects are generally on causes, costs, claps, demurrers, rejoinders, salivations, and exceptions; Daniel's, the Welch coffee-house, in Fleet-street, on births, pedigrees and descents; Child's and the Chapter, upon glebes, tythes, advowsons, rectories, and lectureships; North's, undue elections, false polling, scrutinies, &c. Hamlin's, infant-baptism, lay ordination, free-will, election, and reprobation; Batson's, the prices of pepper, indigo, and salt-petre; and all those about the Exchange, where the merchants meet to transact their affairs, are in a perpetual hurry about stock-jobbing, lying, cheating, tricking widows and orphans, and committing spoil and rapine on the public.

In London and its suburbs, they have about sixty taverns to one parish church; the masters of them are generally more intent on the strength of their tables and chairs, than that of their wines, which are contrived so for more sociable entertainments, and they oftentimes procure their guests a great many very painful stools.

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In the evenings the woman pass through the chief streets in shoals, like mackrel in hot seasons; and associating themselves with vicious men, hurry into these taverns in pairs and couples, male and female, that a person unacquainted with this custom, would imagine they were apprehensive of a second deluge. They acknowledge themselves obliged to the French for a very modish distemper that attends their excesses; the youths of the army and the law, are generally pretty much affected with it, some of whom I observed, that have scarce arrived to maturity, hardly able to hold a pair of colours, or fairly march from one guard to another; and one time a man bearing a large burthen on his body, passing hastily through Westminster-hall, amidst a crowd of young lawyers, unhappily beat about fourteen of them to the ground, by a slight jostle; a melancholy and afflicting sight to the beholders!

IRISH BOTHERATION; OR THE
INCOMPREHENSIBLE CLIENTS.

(From Castle Rack-Rent.)

MISERABLE is the life of a Justice of the Peace after a fair in Ireland, especially if he resides near a small town.—The multitude of the *kilt* (*kilt* does not mean killed, but hurt) and wounded who come before his honour with black eyes, or bloody heads, is astonishing: but more astonishing is the number of those, who, though they are scarcely able by daily labour to procure daily food, will, nevertheless, without the least reluctance, waste six or seven hours of the day lounging in the yard or hall of a justice of the peace, waiting to make some complaint about

—nothing. It is impossible to convince them that *time is money*.—They do not set any value upon their own time, and they think that others estimate theirs at less than nothing. Hence, they make no scruple of telling a justice of the peace a story of an hour long, about a *tester* (*sixpence*); and if he grows impatient, they attribute it to some secret prejudice, which he entertains against them. Their method is to get a story completely by heart, and tell it, as they call it, *out of the face*, that is, from the beginning to the end without interruption. “Well, my good friend, I have seen you lounging about these three hours in the yard; what is your business?”—“Please your honour, it is what I want to speak one word with your honour.”—“Speak then, but be quick—What is the matter?”—“The matter, please your honour, is nothing at all-at-all, only just about the grazing of a horse, please your honour, that this man here sold me at the fair of Gurtishannon, last Shrove fair, which lay down three times with myself, please your honour, and *kilt* me; not to be telling your honour of how, no later back than yesterday night, he lay down in the house there within, and all the childer standing round, and it was God’s mercy he did not fall a-top of them, or into the fire to burn himself. So please your honour, to-day I took him back to this man, which owned him, and after a great deal to do I got the mare again I *swopped* (*exchanged*) him for; but he won’t pay the grazing of the horse for the time I had him, though he promised to pay the grazing in case the horse didn’t answer; and he never did a day’s work, good or bad, please your honour, all the time he was with me, and I had the doctor to him five times any how. And so please your honour, it is what

what I expect your honour will stand my friend, for I'd sooner come to your honour for justice, than to any other in all Ireland: and so I brought him here before your honour, and expect your honour will make him pay me the grazing, or tell me, can I process him for it at the next assizes, please your honour?" The defendant now, turning a quid of tobacco with his tongue into some secret cavern in his mouth, begins his defence with—"Please your honour, under favour, and saving your honour's presence, there's not a word of truth in all this man has been saying from beginning to end, upon my conscience, and, I wouldn't for the value of the horse tell your honour a lie; for please your honour, I have a dependance upon your honour, that you'll do me justice, and not be listning to him, or the like of him. Please your honour, it's what he has brought me before your honour, because he had a spite against me about some oats I sold your honour, which he was jealous of, and a shawl his wife got at my sister's shop there without, and never paid for: so I offered to set the shawl against the grazing, and give him a receipt in full of all demands, but he would'nt out of spite please your honour; so he brought me before your honour, expecting your honour was mad with me for cutting down the tree in the horse park, which was none of my doing, please your honour—ill luck to them that went and belied me to your honour behind my back!—So if your honour is pleasing, I'll tell you the whole truth about the horse, that he swopped against my mare, out of the face. Last Shrove fair I met this man, Jemmy Duffy, please your honour, just at the corner of the road, where the bridge is broke down, that your honour is to have the presentment for this year—

long life to you for it! and he was at that time coming from the fair of Gurtishannon, and I the same way. "How are you Jemmy?" says I.—"Very well, I thank ye kindly, Bryan," says he. "Shall we turn back to Paddy Salmon's and take a noggin of whiskey to our better acquaintance?"—"I dont care if I do, Jemmy," says I; "only it is what I can't take the whiskey, because I'm under an oath against it for a month." Ever since, please your honour, the day your honour met me on the road, and observed to me, I could hardly stand I had taken so much—though upon my conscience, your honour wronged me greatly that same time—ill luck to them that belied me behind my back to your honour!—Well, please your honour, as I was telling you, as he was taking the whiskey, and we talking of one thing or to'ther, he makes me an offer to swop his mare, that he could'nt sell at the fair of Gurtishannon, because nobody would be troubled with the beast, please your honour, against my horse; and to oblige him I took the mare—sorrow take her! and him along with her!—She kicked me a new car that was worth three pounds ten to tatters, the first time ever I put her into it, and I expect your honour will make him pay me the price of the car any how, before I pay the grazing, which I've no right to pay at all—at-all, only to oblige him.—But, I leave it all to your honour—and the whole grazing he ought to be charging for the beast, is but two and eight-pence halfpenny, any how, please your honour.—So I'll abide by what your honour says, good or bad.—I'll leave it all to your honour."

*** I'll leave it all to your honour, literally means, I'll leave all the trouble to your honour.

AERIAL COMBATS.

AN account has lately been published of a curious battle in the air, between the Swifts and Swallows, at Saffron Walden.

Many records are to be found of battles as extraordinary, fought in the same element.

In a pamphlet published in London, in 1622, we read, that in the 12th of Richard II. a battle was fought between gnats, at Shene, now called Richmond; their multitudes were so great, that the air was darkened by them. It was computed that two parts of them were killed, and the remaining third suddenly vanished.—The above account is inserted as preliminary to one of an engagement between the starlings at Cork, in Ireland, on the 12th of October, 1621: they mustered four or five days previously, every day increasing in number. Some came from the East, others from the West, and, as it were, encamped themselves Eastward and Westward of the city. During the time of their assembling, those who came from the East sought their meat Eastward, and those from the West sought their's Westward; no one flying in the circuits of the other.

On Saturday, the 12th of October, they fought, and on Sunday none were to be seen. Upon this Sunday, a similar battle was seen between Gravesend and Woolwich, and a raven flying between the combatants. On Monday, the 14th, they again appeared at Cork, and fought with as much violence as before, the dead and wounded falling on the houses, into the streets, and the river. After this battle there were found dead a kite, a raven, and a crow.

Another pamphlet, printed at Oxford, in 1676, and purporting to be a translation of one published at

Lisle on the 17th of March, in the same year, relates a prodigious battle of birds between Dole and Salines, in the Franche Comte, on the 26th of February, 1676. The most numerous of the warriors were of a description not very much unlike our scare-crows, but there were above a hundred kinds. After fighting several hours, those who were not disabled retired no man knew whither. Bushes as high as men were hidden, and the earth covered with heaps of them for above five hundred paces in length, and the screams of the wounded and dying terrified the inhabitants of Burgundy. This extraordinary engagement had been predicted by Nostradamus, about the end of the first century, in his 100th article.

The above pamphlets are now extremely scarce; they are, however, still extant in the British Museum, and the libraries of the curious.

SINGULAR CHARACTER.

MR. Pratt, brother to the late Lord Camden.—This gentleman was a very singular character. He had a remarkably tenacious memory, and was reckoned one of the first whist-players in the kingdom. He remembered all the cards that were played in a hand, from an ace down to a duce, and could recapitulate their order of playing, which he has done for a considerable wager. He dined every day, alone, at the Queen's Head tavern, in Holborn, and always drank a bottle of port to himself.—He occupied chambers in Grey's Inn, and lived in the highest floor, to prevent any disturbance over head. His taciturnity seemed even to exceed his memory; a remarkable instance of which he gave in a voyage to the East Indies, when

when in the service of that Company. He had not opened his lips to any person on board till they had arrived off the Cape of Good Hope. At that time one of the sailors crying out, from the top-mast head, that he saw land, Mr. Pratt was induced to say, "Damn the rascal, I perceived it above half an hour ago."

BLACKWALL REGATTA.

ON Monday, October 5th, several well-contested Rowing Matches took place at Blackwall, which were witnessed by a prodigious number of spectators. The prizes were as follow :

First man, a new wherry, eighteen guineas.

Second man, won six pounds.

Third man, ditto, four pounds.

Fourth man, ditto, three pounds.

Fifth man, ditto, two pounds.

Sixth man, ditto, one pound ten shillings.

First division.—John Payne, William Saunders, and John Woodley.

Second division.—Caleb Sellers, William Prosser, and J. Eagleton.

Third heat.—Two first men in, from each division.

Fourth heat.—The two men that were left out from the two first heats, started together for the two last prizes.

Fifth heat.—The two first men of the four that rowed together in the third heat, started for the boat and second prize.

The boats started at half past twelve o'clock precisely from Blackwall stairs, and went three times round each heat.

The race extended the whole front of the town. After the boat was won, the wagersmen were towed past the town in procession, successively as they won the prizes.

Woodley won the four pounds prize, Eagleton the three pounds, and Prosser the two pounds. The heat was stoutly contested, and the men had to row at least two miles and a half. One of the men, during the heat, was taken suddenly ill and declined. Payne and Sanders being declared the two best men of each division, on a signal gun being fired by the managers, started for the wherry. They were both young men, and excellently well matched. Payne kept next the shore, but after proceeding about one hundred yards, Sanders crossed Payne, struck his boat, and obstructed him in proceeding.

This was pronounced foul, as the laws made previous to starting were, that any man coming within a skull's length to jostle or cross could not win. The umpires gave it in favour of Payne, who got into the prize-boat, and towed past the town, amid the applause of the populace. He was then carried in triumph through the streets, though it is still contended that he was not entitled to the prize-wherry, not having rowed the whole way, though decidedly jostled by his adversary.

A FINE BUILDING THE RESULT OF A BOXING MATCH.

THE rebuilding of Lambeth-Palace is thus whimsically accounted for: Boniface being elected in 1244, took it into his head to become a visitor of the Priory of St. Bartholomew, to which he had no right. The Monk met him with reverential respect, but assured him the office did not belong to the Bishop; upon which he knocked down the Sub-Prior, kicked him, and tore the scope from off his back, and stamped on it as one possessed, his attendants following his example upon

upon the poor Monks. The people were much enraged at this conduct, and would have torn Boniface to pieces; but he retired to Lambeth, and, by way of expiation, rebuilt the palace with great magnificence.

SUSSEX ASSIZES.

LEWES, AUGUST 1.

Before Lord Kenyon and a Special Jury.

SCRACE v. SMITH.

For Shooting the Plaintiff's Dog.

[In our Magazine for August last, page 253, we cursorily mentioned this Trial, and have now the satisfaction to lay it at full before our Readers.]

THIS was an action for killing a greyhound, the property of the plaintiff. The defendant pleaded, first, that he was not guilty; and, secondly, that he was keeper of a certain antient park, called Hurst-monseaux Park, and that he killed the plaintiff's dog for hunting down the deer.

Mr. Garrow said, that this action was one which could not fail deeply to interest all who were actuated by the least sentiment of good nature and affection towards the brute creation, and particularly that most faithful of all animals, the dog. He knew nothing that was more calculated to wound the feelings, and excite the regret, of any man, than to have a valuable and trusty dog destroyed. The defendant might be a gamekeeper, and justified in killing the dogs he found hunting deer; but in the present instance it would be proved, from the expressions of the defendant, after he had committed this act of malice, that it was not on account of the animal having hunted the deer he shot him. It would be necessary to attend to the species of

dog in question. It was a white greyhound; and every one knew that dogs of that breed never put up the game of themselves, but only hunted it down when they were set on. The defence was, that this dog was hunting; and it would be for the defendant to make out that fact; for the law of England did not authorise every saucy gamekeeper to kill all the dogs that went through the park, of which he had the custody; especially such a park as this, through which there was a common path for all who pleased to pass. Although the defendant had had the assurance to say this dog was hunting, he at the same time perfectly well knew it was not deer, but game of a different kind it was pursuing. It was necessary to observe, that the plaintiff's was a male dog; and that the son of the defendant had a little greyhound of the other sex. This animal had won the affections of the white greyhound, and she was the object for which he resorted to the park. It would be for the Jury to infer how the two greyhounds were employed, when they considered the expressions used by the defendant to a person whom he informed of the circumstance—expressions which any man who had a drop of English blood about him, would have been ashamed to have used; he observed, he had tickled one of them, and that he had had a very good chance of killing both, but that he took good aim. He should prove these facts on the part of the plaintiff; and it would then be for the defendant to make out his justification. He repeated, that the dog certainly was one which would have killed game, but it had no taste for doing so unless set on.

Joseph Parks said, that on Saturday the 2d of April, he was in the neighbourhood of this park:

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he saw a little lurcher bitch, belonging to the defendant's son; and, shortly after, a strange white greyhound, which he since learned had belonged to the plaintiff, came up to her. In a few minutes he heard the report of a gun, and perceived the white greyhound wounded. Immediately after this, he saw Smith standing with his gun, and asked him whether he had seen any dogs in the park? to which he replied, he had. The witness asked him whether he had not shot at them? and he answered, that he had helped one of them to something that had tickled him. The witness then desired to know which dog he had shot, and he said it was the white greyhound; and added, that they were both a dead mark, and he had a very pretty opportunity of shooting them together. On his cross examination, he said, he did not know the defendant was Mr Nailor's park-keeper: this affair was after the defendant had taken a gun and net from him (the witness); the defendant did not tell him he had seen two lurchers chasing the deer.

Mr. Serjeant Shepherd said, his learned friend seemed to have made it the foundation of this action, that the defendant had boasted of having wontonly killed the plaintiff's dog, which was by no means the fact. The case was this: the defendant was park-keeper to Mr. Nailor, the proprietor of Hurstmonseaux Park, who, in the course of the last year and an half, had had five of his deer worried by the dogs in his neighbourhood, and if he was not allowed to kill them, his property could never be secure. His learned friend had stated, that greyhounds would not hunt unless they were set on; perhaps this might be true with regard to staunch dogs; but it was well known that all dogs, of whatever breed they were, had a

taste for mutton; and it was fair to presume they had no objection to venison if they could get it. He agreed that it was improper for park-keepers to shoot at dogs merely because they came within a park; nay, further, he did not think they were justified in doing so, even if they were chasing the deer, provided a person was with them who could call them off; but in this case the defendant's dog had been chasing the deer without any one to restrain it; and, if it had not been seen by the park-keeper, would certainly have hunted some of them down and killed them. He feared he should have some difficulty in proving this, as the defendant had alone observed them, and could not give testimony in his own behalf. It was a circumstance rather suspicious, that the only witness the plaintiff had called was a man who, for poaching in the park lately, had his gun and a net taken from him. If it had been denied that this place was an ancient park, he should have proved it beyond all question; but as that was admitted, he should prove a general notice on the part of Mr. Nailor, that as several of his deer had been worried, he would order his game-keeper to shoot all the dogs found in his park. It happened there was an old man near the spot who heard the report of the gun; and, upon inquiring the cause, was informed by the defendant, he had shot a dog as he was hunting the deer. It was admitted that one of the dogs was a lurcher; and it could not be denied that dogs of that kind would hunt by the scent as well as the sight. If he proved the facts he had stated, he thought the defendant was intitled to a verdict.

Miller, the witness, offered on the part of the defendant, said, he saw the dogs, but did not observe them wandering at all, or hunting

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the deer—he heard the report of the gun, and saw the smoke; but no such conversation as had been mentioned took place between him and the defendant.

Lord Kenyon said, the plaintiff had a right to maintain this action—at the same time he did not think it was a case which called for inflated damages. It was a very vexatious thing for a gentleman to have his deer killed—Whether a man had at the present day a right to kill the dog of another chasing his deer, he would not say; but, certainly, by the Forest laws, game-keepers were justified in shooting all dogs found within a park, unless they were expeditated, that is, had the balls of their feet cut out, to prevent them from running. Happily the Forest laws were no longer in use; yet the laws enacted since the revolution were equally adapted to the protection of private property in game, as those which flourished under the Plantagenets; and certainly they were more congenial to the liberty of the subject. He believed no one would regret the disuse of the Forest laws. If a game-keeper, presuming upon his right, thought proper to let fly, and killed the dog of another, he was answerable for the consequences. The jury were bound to give a verdict for the plaintiff, limiting the damages to the reasonable value of the dog.

The jury accordingly returned a verdict for the plaintiff. Damages two guineas.

FOX AND HARE-HUNTING.

ON Thursday, October 1st, the Surrey fox-hounds met at Wickham church, near Hayes Common, at nine o'clock in the morning. After dragging about twenty minutes, they found in

Cooper's wood, and the hound went away close at the fox: only the huntsman, Mr. Scott, and Mr. C. Morton, of Croyden, accompanying them, as they were the only sportsmen who stuck to Reynard when he first broke cover. Running through Hall Wood, and making a head by Prat's Bottom there was a most famous view and, from the apparent lassitude and fatigue of the fox, those gentlemen who were most conversant with the country were decidedly of opinion that the death would soon ensue. After crossing the road and running all through the great covers to very near Foot's Cray making a head back again, and running to ground near Chislehurst the hounds were of course stopped, but the burst was most extraordinary from Cooper's Wood to Chislehurst, comprising a distance of twenty-five miles in two hours. The fox being run to ground, and the custom of sportsmen being not to unearth at an early period of the season, the hounds were ordered home, and from the commencement of the hunt, we augur much amusement to the sporting world in the vicinity of Croyden.

On Monday October 5th, Mr. Chapman's hounds made their first appearance for the season on Putney Heath, with excellent sport after *chopping* a leveret, they had two very good runs with a brace of old hares, the first of which they killed, after three quarters of an hour's brisk running; but the second beat them in a straight forward chase of three miles into Comb Woods. The Surrey fox-hounds have also begun to divide and disperse the cubs.

Lately the hounds of Joseph Moon and Thomas Sargent, Esqrs. near Looe, in Cornwall, unkenneled a dog-fox, which, after a very severe chase, and running through

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no less than six parishes, was killed. None of the horsemen were in at the death. The hounds had killed four hares before they started the fox. In the heat of the chase, Mr. Trelawney, son of the Reverend Sir Harry Trelawney, Bart. of Trelawney, in Cornwall, in leaping a hedge, plunged with his horse into a quarry on the other side. From the quantity of furze, underwood, and brambles in the quarry, which broke their fall, the gentleman and his horse sustained no other injury than the face of the former being terribly scratched and torn.

DUELLING.

Dublin, Sept. 28.

MR. O'Donel having exerted his influence, which was considerable, in the county of Mayo, in favour of a Mr. Dillon, to represent the county on the first vacancy, electioneering hand-bills had been last week posted up, by his orders, in all the public places, which were torn down by the rival candidate, Denis Bingham, Esq. and re-placed by counter notices of an irritating and personal nature. This produced a challenge, and the parties met at Ballina, on Thursday last, and having appointed seconds, took the ground at twelve yards distance. Both parties fired at the same time. Mr. Bingham's first fire took effect; it entered Mr. O'Donel's left breast, and pierced his heart.

About five minutes before this unhappy affair, Mr. O'Donel called for pen and ink, and wrote a short address to the electors of the county of Mayo. It would seem to breathe a presentiment of his approaching dissolution.

"To the Independent Electors of the County of Mayo."

"Should I fall in the contest with Mr. Bingham, it is in support

of your cause, of the independence of the county of Mayo. Had I lived, it was my determination to have done all in my power to have prevented you from being Slaves, and the county from being made a Borough. You yet, I feel, will do it, and I earnestly entreat all my friends to give their interest to Mr. Dillon, and any other person whom the independent interest shall nominate as his Colleague.—Farewell my friends."

"J. M. O'Donel."

Ballina, Sept. 24, 1801.

The seconds were, for Mr. O'Donel, Colonel Charles Lionel Fitzgerald; for Mr. Bingham, Colonel Jackson, of the North Mayo Militia.

EXTRAORDINARY DUEL.

Between two singular characters, on the sands near Margate.

The parties were a Mr. V——, a well-known Knight of Industry, and Mr. J———, a strolling Player, who had assumed the character of a gentleman. The quarrel originated at play in a tavern at Margate, when the sharper having endeavoured to cheat the hero of buskin, he insisted upon *satisfaction*. Lord C——, who made one of the party, offered himself as second to the son of Thespis, and the Honourable Mr. T——— was chosen a second by Mr. V——.

On Saturday, Oct. 3d, the combatants met, about sun-rise, and displayed such rufel and dejected countenances, that their seconds could scarcely suppress their laughter. After a few animating *hems*, the player's blood began to circulate more briskly; his animal spirits rallied round the hero's heart, and instead of whining out "Othello's occupation's gone," he might have exclaimed, with Richard, "A thousand

thousand hearts beat high within my bosom."

Poor V—— was not so courageous; in vain he tried to rouse his dominant valour; he rattled a dice-box which he had in his pocket, and though the sound of his loaded dice had often cheered him when fleeing a young gambler, yet their cheering influence was overwhelmed and lost in the dreadful apprehensions excited by the thoughts of a loaded pistol. He had now gone too far to recede, and his *Honourable Friend* encouraged him to deport himself with the dignity becoming a gentleman who wished to blow out a fellow-creature's brains merely for the honour of the thing!

As an incitement, he whispered to him how formidable the character of a man of courage would render him in his future deceptions as a gambler. What human being would be rash enough to quarrel with a man who was on all occasions willing to cast his life on the hazard of a die? Stimulated by the hope of being able to pursue his future frauds with impunity, Mr.

V—— mustered up courage enough to turn his face to the enemy, who stood trembling and pale, within a few paces.

The ground being measured, the seconds took their places, and the champions reared their murderous arms, and fired together. The explosion of a little gunpowder was succeeded by curious sensations. The gambler was so overjoyed at his escape, that he vociferated an oath in the plenitude of his valour, and the player threw himself into the attitude of a fencer making a lunge!

Mean while the respectable seconds were not idle. They had charged the two first pistols with nothing but gunpowder, but in a moment of glee, they agreed to put

a little small-shot, such as is used for killing sparrows, into the second.

The champions bent on mutual destruction, again projected the fatal tubes, and though they fired at random, in the true style of *modern duellists*, yet a few unucky globules of lead struck the beautiful visage of the player, and the gambler felt the *epidermis* of his right leg penetrated by the shot of the enemy. — They fell; and the outcries and groans were re-echoed by the shelving rocks of the sea shore!

How long they would have lain in this deplorable plight is uncertain, had not their frolicksome seconds began to feel an appetite for breakfast. Aided by a number of rustics, whom the noise of the pistols had alarmed, they raised the poor duellists, who could hardly be persuaded that it was all a farce, and they were yet in the land of the living.

This mode of loading the pistols of future duellists is recommended to all whom it may concern, as it may be the means of saving a number of valuable lives annually; and gentlemen desirous to profit by this expedient, may exchange a shot with all the reputation and safety imaginable.

MURDER; OR, A DEMI-DUEL.

A Jury sat on Saturday, October 3d, at the Chelsea arms, on the body of the veteran soldier, who was shot on the preceding day, in Chelsea College. The Jury brought in their verdict wilful murder. The prisoner, who is 70 years of age, was the same afternoon committed by Mr. Justice Reed to Tothill-fields Bridewell.

It appeared to the Jury, that the misunderstanding between the deceased and the prisoner arose from a difference of opinion relative to the

the burning of the coals allowed by the institution. It is customary to allow coals only in the winter; and, in consequence of this regulation, the pensioners make it a rule to save a small quantity each day for Summer's use. This plan not meeting with the approbation of the deceased, eternal bickerings ensued; and, from such trifling causes, their disputes frequently arose to such a height, that their peaceable neighbours were at length compelled to acquaint General Bucknell, who came and reasoned separately with them, and they both promised to behave better in future. This conversation took place last winter. The season having recommenced, the same circumstance produced the same altercation, until the day when the melancholy catastrophe took place. It was about seven o'clock, when the prisoner entered the room of the deceased. He said, "You must get up and fight me," offering a pistol. The deceased made no reply, but knocked the pistol out of his hand. The prisoner then fired; the ball entered the heart of the deceased, who died immediately. On examination of the pistol offered by the prisoner to the deceased, it appeared to be loaded with a ball only, no powder being in the barrel or prime. The deceased was 73 years old, had been many years a serjeant in the 25th regiment of foot, and was much respected. The prisoner, previous to this unhappy affair, bore a fair character, regularly attended the chapel, and was punctual in the payment of his debts. The deceased and the prisoner were both captains; the allowance is 3s. 6d. a-week, meat, clothes, and lodging exclusive.

The deceased and the prisoner were excellent swordsmen, the best in the college. The latter

fought a duel forty years ago, and killed his man.

It has been very judiciously observed, that duelling is one of the few evils which may be supposed to increase at the close of a war. Men who are, in earnest may not easily get out of the habit of fighting. About a century ago, when the King of France published an edict against duelling, one of his officers exclaimed—"Mighty fine! the King has put down gaming and stage-playing, and now wants to put down duelling. How does he think gentlemen are to divert themselves?"

REFINEMENTS IN HORSE-STEALING.

THIS species of depredation has of late been carried to a most alarming height in every part of the country, and is conducted in so systematic a manner, that it is very difficult to detect the offenders, or recover the horses stolen. The parties practising this nefarious trade being very numerous, and maintaining a correspondence with each other throughout the kingdom, they are enabled to dispose of stolen horses in a very easy manner, having settled places to meet at, where they sell or barter horses stolen out of distant counties; in addition to which, they are generally utterers of counterfeit money and bank-notes, either travelling as hawkers and pedlars, or pretending to be so.—A few evenings since, four fellows of this description were apprehended by the Bow-street patrol, in the neighbourhood of Brentford, with five horses and a chaise-cart in their possession, which there is every reason to believe are stolen; and on two of them were found forged bank-notes. After undergoing a very strict examination

tion before Mr. Bond, which tended to corroborate the suspicion entertained of them, they were committed for a further hearing on Friday Oct. 9, when another man, stepped a few days ago on suspicion of horse-stealing, by a publican at Bushey-beath, Herts, to whom he offered a horse for sale, which is supposed to have been stolen out of Kent, was also brought up for re-examination, and all the horses produced.

SHOCKING ACCIDENT.—CAUTION TO HORSEMEN.

TUESDAY night, September 30th, about half past eight o'clock, as Mr. Sullivan, Secretary to Lord Hobart, was passing through St. James's Park, in a chaise of his Lordship's, at a quick pace, on his way to Hampton, the servant riding behind, on a very fine horse, when they came near Buckingham-House, passed the chaise; in order to have Buckingham-gate opened as soon as his master came up; but, in going off the road to do this, he did not see the iron railing, which forms a half-circle, extending nearly to the road, to preserve the grass in the front of Buckingham-house, and he guided the horse, unknowingly, directly against it. The railing being thin, and of a dark colour, cannot easily be perceived even in the dusk, much less in the dark; the horse, however, saw it; going at a very smart trot, he made a leap, and the servant says he would certainly have cleared it; but the servant saw the railing just as he was at it, when it was too late; and not having time to reflect, or presence of mind, he checked the horse in his leap, and the poor animal came down on the spikes, which ran into his belly. He stuck there for some minutes,

groaning most piteously, when a gentleman passing, entreated Mr. Sullivan, as an act of humanity, to put him to instant death, as it was impossible he could live long. To this Mr. Sullivan readily consented, and the boy who had been driving the chaise cut his throat, and afterwards stabbed him. He died instantly; and, assistance being procured, he was lifted off the railing when his bowels dropped out.

A NEW MODE OF RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION.

AT a market town, in Lancashire, a few Sons of the Clergy were lately amusing themselves and their friends at a bull-bait, when a preacher, belonging to the order of Fanatics, placing himself on an adjoining eminence, commonly known by the appellation of a hen block, very commendably undertook to divert their attention from the scene of barbarism by an address as well as laudable harangue; part of which ran thus:—"Turn, ye friends, from baiting that poor brute and join me in baiting *Belzebub*; who has so often tied you to the stake of your sins:—do this, therefore, unite with me, and your faithful dog, will *pin* the Devil till he rears."—The gentleman of the ring, we are sorry to add, relished the doctrine so well that they promoted the preacher, transferring him from the hen block to the bull's back. On the moving pulpit he was carried round the vicinity of the place, for the space of half an hour, during which, his ejaculations were for the first time directed *bel* fervently and vociferously praying his greasy friends to remove him from so honourable an exaltation.

BRITISH GENEROSITY EXEMPLIFIED.

[From Sterk's Picture of Petersburg.]

IN the little town of Oranienbaum, lives a woman, bordering on ninety, by name Christophoreana, a native of Holstein. A little cottage is her sole possession, and the visits of a few ship-masters coming over from Cronstadt, to go to Petersburg by land, when the wind does not serve for sailing up, are only her livelihood. Several Dutch skippers having one evening supped at her house, on their departure, she found a sealed bag of money under the table. Her surprise at this unexpected discovery, was naturally very great; some one of the company just gone must certainly have forgotten it; but they were sailed over to Cronstadt, and perhaps at sea, the wind being fair, and therefore no hopes of the guests returning. The good woman put the bag in her cupboard, to keep it till called for. However, no one called for it. Full seven years did she carefully keep this deposit, though often tempted by opportunities, still oftener pressed to want, to employ this gift of chance. Her honesty, however, overcame every allurement of opportunity, and every command of want. Seven years had elapsed, when some ship-masters again stopped at her house—three Englishmen, and the fourth a Dutchman; who being asked whether he had ever been at Oranienbaum before? acknowledged that he had; but that as he then lost a bag, containing seven hundred roubles, the very thoughts of the place gave him uneasiness, and, therefore, he wished to hear no more about it. But here the old woman very gratefully interrupted him, by asking, if the bag was sealed. "Yes,

(replied the Dutchman) it was, and with this very seal which I have to my watch chain." But proceeding in his despair of ever recovering his loss, the poor old woman, who had left the apartments a few minutes, was seen waddling in with the bag, exclaiming, "See here! perhaps honesty is not so rare as you thought it!" and, at the same time, putting the bag upon the table. The guests were dumb with astonishment; but much more so the Englishmen, on witnessing the meanness of the Dutchman, in offering the poor woman *one rouble only* as her reward! they stood looking at one another for a moment as silent as the grave.—"Dammee," at last exclaimed one of the Englishmen, striking his fist upon the table, "that bag there my lad, you shall not carry off so. Devil fetch me but the old woman shall have it!" His two countrymen, who had been mute till now, added their hearty concurrence to his proposal.

The Dutchman turned pale, but endeavoured to console himself by the reiterated protestations of Christophoreana, that she required nothing at all; that she thought she had done no more than her duty, and insisted that the Dutchman should even take back his roubles. However, the Britons could not so easily be brought to strike sail. The conversation grew warm; the oaths followed rapidly on each other, and the fists of the Englishmen doubling spontaneously, induced the skipper to agree to part with fifty roubles. The Englishmen insisted upon a hundred. "The bag," (said the Captain) does not belong to us, it is true, but a Briton will never stand by and not see justice done—I will count out the hundred roubles." No sooner said than done. The Dutchman, thunder-struck at this summary way of proceeding,

ceeding, at length gave way to the impressions of justice and retribution; and further insisted that the Britons should let him treat them, and also in stoical resignation, parted with a hundred of his long lamented and lately recovered roubles!

COVENT-GARDEN.

A New Comedy, entitled *Integrity*, was performed here on the evening of Thursday, Oct. 8th. The principal characters were thus represented:

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Herman,	-	Mr. H. Siddons.
Albert,	-	Mr. Brunton.
Edward,	-	Mr. H. Johnston.
Woolston,	-	Mr. Murray.
Uncle of Albert,	-	Mr. Cory.
Waiter,	-	Mr. Blanchard.
Mother of Herman,	-	Miss Chapman.
Juliet,	-	Miss Murray.
Helen,	-	Mrs. H. Johnston.
Maid,	-	Mrs. Matlocks.

This piece is a translation from the German of Kotzebue. We understand Mrs. Inchbald, Mr. C. Kemble, and Mr. H. Siddons, contributed jointly to adapt it to the English stage. If they have done it justice, the original must be very defective, as, in its present state, it is the feeblest effusion of that celebrated author's pen. The scene appears, from the character of the costume, to be laid in Germany. It opens with a family groupe, consisting of *Herman*, a young lawyer, his mother, and sister *Helen*, who are dependent upon him for their support.—He is the hero of the piece, and from his tried integrity it takes its name. The means by which his rectitude of mind is put to the test from the principal scenes. He is represented as having successfully pleaded the cause of

Woolston, a brave but distressed soldier. His celebrity next induces a wicked uncle to seek his assistance to defraud his nephew *Roland* of his fortune. This proposal he spurns with contempt, under circumstances of the severest pressure. They are interrupted by the arrival of *Albert*, the lover of *Helen*, who proves to be the very *Roland* whom the uncle sought to disinherit: he had assumed the name of *Albert*, to avoid the search of his father, from whose unnatural treatment he had fled. This discovery completely destroys the uncle's hopes, who retires, and in revenge procures the banishment of *Herman* and *Albert*, upon a false charge. Arrived at the boundaries, *Herman* is overtaken by *Edward*, a youthful friend, naturally good, but led astray by the vice and folly of the world. He brings him a letter from the reigning Duke, by which he is recalled, and desired to hope to be speedily recompensed for all his sufferings. An angel had been successfully interceding in his favour.—This beautiful and accomplished female had been married to an old, surly, jealous husband, who was the unnatural father of *Albert*. As her husband had lately died, she had come to town in search of her stepson, and had discovered the machinations of his uncle. These she determines to counteract, and in the course of her laudable endeavours she has an interview with the paragon of lawyers, our hero.—She not only admires his talents, and pities his sufferings, but feels emotions, excited by his presence, still more powerful and interesting. About three years before, when on a journey with her husband, she had been saved from imminent danger by a gallant student of law, who afterwards shed his blood for her sake in a duel with her tyrant. She now finds this vindicator of innocence

Innocence to be the man. They had never spoke, and her face had never once been unveiled; they had contracted, nevertheless, a mutual passion, and she being now free from her father, resolves to offer him her hand. Having, therefore, got by her favour with the Prince, his enemies disgraced, and himself recalled, she dresses herself as she appeared on the memorable night when he beheld her near the university, and presents herself before him. She says that she could bear the cruelty of her husband no longer, and had come to throw herself under his protection. The virtuous *Herman* delivers a long sermon against *crim. con.* and tells her to return to her lawful Lord. This is the last scene in which any thing is said. There is another, but all is dumb show:—a hall is splendidly lighted up; on the sides are seen the soldier with his eight children, together with other objects of our hero's beneficence; and in front, *Herman* himself with his fair widow, *Albert* and *Helen*, the reformed *Edward*, the old mother, &c. &c. some standing, some kneeling, some reclining upon their neighbours; some laughing, some crying, and some sometimes laughing and sometimes crying.

In the combination of these materials, the principal reliance is placed upon the sentiment, which is pure, and expressed in neat, sometimes beautiful language. But sentiment, however fine, without variety of incident, embellishment, or relief, affords but dull and heavy entertainment. This is particularly observable in the present piece, in which we can scarcely perceive a glimmering of light through the shade, nor yet a scene of deep pathos. There is no forceful interest excited in the progress of the plot, nor, consequently, any by the *denouement*.

That it is also very abrupt and defective, and several of the scenes are unnaturally produced. *Juliet* is all virtue and goodness. It is inconsistent with the delicacy of such a character, to make her introduce so many allusions to her late husband, while she is courting another. *Edward*, from a vicious young man, becomes at once amiable; but how this reformation is effected, the audience cannot even hazard a conjecture. However unnatural the conduct of the father, the sudden account of his death ought surely to have excited an expression of regret from the son, *Albert*. In moral effect the character of the uncle is still more deficient. He is struck suddenly out of the piece, without suffering the slightest punishment for his guilt. Indeed *Herman* is the only full-length portrait in the groupe; all the rest are mere sketches. The great weight of the piece fell consequently on Mr. H. Siddons, who made his first appearance in that character. This gentleman comes forward with an hereditary claim to theatrical talents. He certainly has not disappointed the public expectation. His action is easy, without redundancy; his enunciation correct; and considerable practice upon the Northern Theatres, has made him perfectly acquainted with the business of the stage. His conception of the character was just, and his performance marked with energy and feeling. His denunciation against adultery, in the last scene, was given with good effect, and shewed him possessed of considerable powers.

He is about the middle size, and has a very expressive countenance, a softened likeness of the Kemble family.—In the early scenes there was a huskiness in his voice; but it went off as he became impassioned, and elevated his tones.

42 *Account of a Musical Entertainment called the Escapes.*

He experienced a very flattering reception.—Mr. Cory, the next in novelty, acquitted himself very well in the character of the uncle. The scene in which his villainy is discovered, affords the only striking situation, and was managed with judgment.

Mr. Brunton, Miss Murray, Miss Chapman, Mrs. H. Johnston, and Mrs. Mattocks, also acquitted themselves with success in their several parts.

The prologue was very indifferent, being little more than an intercession with the audience in favour of the novelty of the night; not the play, we believe, but Mr. Siddons. The Epilogue, a dialogue between Miss Murray and Mrs. Mattocks, turned upon the comparison between a theatre and a mirror, in which they exhibited individuals from different parts of the house with such point and humour, as produced loud plaudits. The whole business of the night, both play and performers, went off without a murmur of disapprobation, and the piece was announced for future representation, with uniform applause.

COVENT-GARDEN.

A Musical Entertainment, called *The Escapes*, was performed, for the first time, on the evening of the 14th instant.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Count Armand,	-	Mr. Incledon.
Michelli,	-	Mr. Fawcett.
Antonio,	-	Mr. Townsend.
Daniel,	-	Mr. Simmons.
First Officer,	-	Mr. Hill.
Constantia,	-	Miss Dixon.
Angelina,	-	Miss Howells.
Marcellina,	-	Miss Wheatley.
Bridemaids,	- -	Mrs. Baster.

This Entertainment, is a translation from a *petite* piece of the French Theatre, which has for

some time been very attractive at Paris. There are, however, several alterations, calculated to give it an English *costume*, which are judiciously planned and executed. Although the entertainment affords only one song of comic effect, the interest, which depends upon the ingenuity of escaping in a variety of unexpected ways, is not in the least impaired. The chorusses are in the first rank of harmony and melody, and many of the movements are not unworthy of the most approved masters of the present day.

In the Overture there is much to commend. It possesses a combination of sounds happily suited to the subject; and the instruments are so skilfully employed, as each to communicate its appropriate effect.

Townsend's song, "A Little Boy, a Savoyard," was productive of general plaudits.

Simmons was truly humourous in Daniel; and Incledon, by the masterly stile in which he regulated and assisted the chorusses, essentially contributed to the success of the piece.

HUMOUROUS RECEIPT FOR MAKING A TRAGEDY.

TAKE an Asiatic, an African, or a Grecian Virgin of high rank; but it will be better, if it be possible, that she should be at least the daughter of a king, or the niece of an Emperor. Add, by way of Confidante, an aged damsel, always ready to obey the dictates of pity or of terror, while the heroine herself is either expiring or reviving, like the sensitive plant. Take a hero supposed to have been buried some ten or a dozen years, but has nevertheless sufficient life left him to strut about and scold loudly. Take also

an old woman, and be sure to call her tyrant ten times in every act. For under-plot, add a cold-blooded priest, and a hot-blooded warrior, and throw in slaves and soldiers *quantum sufficit*. Mingle the whole well together, and season them with sighs and groans; let them boil a little with a few handfuls of horror, illusions, love, &c. and serve up the whole with a catastrophe of madness and murder."

BOXING.

BELCHER AND BURKE.

ON Monday, October 12, by twelve o'clock, an assemblage of several thousands were collected upon Wimbledon Common, in a hope of witnessing an expected combat between one Cordy, an Irishman (who beat Maddox, a coachman, about two years since upon the same spot), and Owen, a dustman, for twenty guineas aside. But the time of setting to (one o'clock) expiring without the latter's appearance upon the ground, the deposit was declared forfeited, and the multitude in no small degree disappointed.

The intended battle between Belcher and Burke, which was to have taken place on the same day, at Enfield, much to the disappointment of the lovers of that polite art, was prevented by the interposition of Mr. Ford, who, having received notice of their intentions, issued his warrant against them, and on Sunday night Belcher was taken into custody by Townshend the officer.

A great variety of circumstances combined to excite an extraordinary degree of expectation, and produce a multitudinous attendance upon the occasion. The ratification of the peace had just nearly annihilated fighting; the contest between Sir

Solomon and Cockfighter had ceased to be the subject of conversation; and the combatants were in the first rank of pugilistic renown. To these, was to be added the tremendous thunder-storm of Saturday night, which had reduced the populace to a state of complete inactivity. All the loose cash, all the turbulence and curiosity which had been amassed for that night, and the expenditure of which was prevented by that unfortunate disappointment, now burst forth with increased avidity of enjoyment.—The boxing match was the sole remaining point of attraction, and as such, it consolidated every vagrant wish, every undecided mind, and every idle hope and curiosity. There were also various other circumstances, which could not fail to excite an uncommon interest. Belcher is a native of Bristol, a city renowned for the best breed of boxers. He is a smart, genteel looking young man, of a peaceable demeanor, and without any appearance of superior bodily strength; but he strips remarkably well, and shews a great deal of bone and muscle. In his mode of fighting, he does not evince uncommon science: his knowledge of the art is more intuitive than derived from practice, and it is to his excellent bottom, high mettle, and extraordinary agility, that he is chiefly indebted for his brilliant success.—Burke, his antagonist, is of Irish parents, but was born at Wem, in Shropshire, and greatly his superior in stature, being about five feet eleven, coarse and strong made. It will be recollected that they encountered each other about three months ago at Wimbledon, and that Belcher, upon that occasion, put a desperate blow into his adversary's face, which decided the contest in his favour. That engagement, however, being a matter of

surprise, and no previous training or preparation having taken place on either side, the amateurs did not attach much consequence to the defeat, or consider it as decisive of the merits of the rival heroes. Out of these circumstances grew the present match. Some knowing ones, conceiving that Burke was beat at Wimbledon, only through his own rashness, and entertaining an high idea of his powers, took him into private nursing. Raw eggs to improve his wind, and raw beef to make him savage, were the main ingredients in his regimen of diet; and in all his exercises, he topped their expectation. All this was done in contemplation of matching him against Belcher, being perfectly aware of the high odds that would be given against him, as it was natural to suppose Belcher would be the favourite with all, except those in the secret. They did not, however, manage the business with all the address displayed in the negotiation; the match was scarcely made, when it took wind that Burke had been in training all the time, and had shewn extraordinary improvement in his sparring and exercises. The odds consequently took a contrary direction to that intended; but when the amateurs began to consider that Belcher, though not in training, had lived temperate, was full of hard meat, and in excellent condition, the tide of opinion began to turn, and became so strong, that the betting on the ground was six to four in his favour.

The time appointed for the fight was between the hours of twelve and two in the afternoon. About one, Burke appeared on the ground, ascended the stage, and stripped; after practising a short time, amidst the applause of his friends, he dressed himself, Belcher not appearing. A general and eager cry of "Where

is Belcher?" was uttered by all present. "Where is he?" repeated Gamble, the Irishman, "he is at Bow-street, he was grabbed on the road." Soon after two friends of Belcher arrived with the melancholy tidings of his arrest in town on the day before. At three o'clock, no sport appearing likely to arise, for the *after-fight*, which was to have taken place between Crowdy and Owen, was also put off in consequence of the latter being at Wimbledon, the enormous mass began to move off the ground. It had scarcely put itself in motion, when an incident happened which tended much to facilitate its dispersion. Several exclaimed, "The soldiers are coming; don't you see their muskets glittering in the sun?" In a moment a general route commenced; but it is probable the mob might notwithstanding have rallied, as the advancing army was soon discovered to be a parcel of countrymen in smock frocks, with reaping-hooks across their arms.

Among the other pugilists of note were, Bill Ward, Gamble, Lee, and Jackson; many sporting men, and all the pick-pockets of London and Westminster.

In crossing the chase from the public road, the carriages were obliged to pass through a pool of water, and a branch of the River Lea: the latter being flooded from the excessive rains, the passage was difficult, many gigs and other light carriages were upset in the water, to the no small diversion of the spectators.

A battle took place on the road between Lee, the Jew, and a young man of the name of Jones. The cause of the quarrel was, the Jew ran his gig against the saddle-horse of the latter. Much science was displayed by the Jew, but no bottom. It was a cowardly transaction on the part of the Jew, whose

whose second struck Jones an underhand blow in the midst of the confusion. Jones fought sixteen rounds, and then gave in. Jones threw in his blows very quick, but he was lost for want of a good second.

The causes of the public disappointment at Enfield Wash, according to a Morning paper, which pretends to be in the secret, was in some degree owing to a little pique on the part of the Police officers, against a person who has hitherto been the great protector of the science. It originated in the late riot in Bond-street.

Some apprehensions being entertained that the mob would return on the evening subsequent to that disturbance, to break more windows, a reinforcement was collected, by particular desire, from the different houses resorted to by the *Belcherites* and *Berkites*, and some staunch hands were picked up in Field-lane,* after the usual diversions of the evening, such as bear and badger-baiting, were concluded. These men were hired at five shillings for the night each, and a good supper. They were not, however, called into action, as the mob had their piquet guards on duty, who carried the intelligence of the strength of the enemy, with whom they declined the contest.

The Police officers, hearing that so many bludgeon-men had been enlisted to interfere with their duty, resolved to be revenged on the person who was supposed to have paid them, by disappointing him of his favourite amusement of boxing. Accordingly, Belcher was taken into custody, and detained the whole of the forenoon.

* Between this place of sheep's-head memory, and the once famed Black-Boy Alley, a Badger at least, is baited every Monday afternoon.

It is believed, however, that had this champion not been arrested, there would have been no fight, as the person who had promised the purse of fifty pounds had withdrawn it on the Sunday evening previous to the intended battle. This was a dreadful blow to the Bristol hero, who contended that Burke and himself, had been put to a great expence in training; but all remonstrance proved fruitless. Belcher was obliged to give in, though it is said the combat will be renewed.

HISTORY OF THE HORSE IN ENGLAND.

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

If the following Extract from an ingenious Author on Horsemanship, is thought worthy of insertion in your valuable Magazine, it will give the highest pleasure to your admiring reader, who will also be happy to continue the narration.

Yours, &c.

Oct. 17th.

L. H.

THE finer and better sort of the more modern English horses, are descended from Arabians and Barbs, and frequently resemble their sires in looks and appearance, but differ from them considerably in size and mould; being more furnished, stout, and lusty. In general, they are strong, nimble, of good courage, capable of enduring excessive fatigue, and both in perseverance, and speed, surpass all horses in the world. At the same time, it is objected to them, that they are void of grace, and want that expression, if I may use the word, in their figure and carriage, which is so conspicuous in foreign horses, and so beautiful and attractive, as even to be essentially requisite, upon all occasions of pomp and parade:

parade: but instead of displaying a dignity of motion, and a conscious air of cheerfulness and alacrity, as if they shared in the pleasure and pride of their riders, and were almost sensible of human passions, they appear in all their actions, cold, indifferent, unanimated. This is so apparent, that the most heedless, and ignorant spectator, who should upon any occasion, see them contrasted with horses of action, would be struck with the difference. Besides this, the English horses are accused, and not unjustly, of being obstinate, and uncomplying in their tempers; dogged and sullen, of having stiff and inactive shoulders, and wanting suppleness in their limbs; which defects, make their motions constrained, occasion them to go near the ground, and render them unfit for the menage.

This is the character of the English horse: to which it may not be improper to add some remarks, and anecdotes, which may tend farther to open and set forth the national history of the animal.

England has at all times, even in its rudest state, been possessed of a breed of horses sufficient to answer every purpose, for which they were given. Cæsar, when he invaded this island, found its inhabitants, not only well furnished with horses, but also very dexterous and expert in the management of them. He speaks of their scythed chariots, and celebrates their skill and address in driving them; so that it is certain, the use of horses must have been long familiar to them, and the creature much valued, if in a state bordering on savageness, they knew the art of taming it so well. The venerable Bede says, "that the English began to use saddle horses about the year 631, when prelates and others rode on horse back, who till then were wont to go on foot; but that, if upon urgent reasons,

they were obliged to ride, they used mares only, as a mark of humility—the mare not being so full of pride and spirit as the horse."

In the reign of Athelstan, the English became so jealous of their horses, and entertained so high an opinion of their merit, that a law was made by the king, to prohibit their exportation, unless designed for presents. This law seems to prove, that even in those times, they were much prized in other countries, and that the demand for them, must either have been very large, or the breed not numerous at that time; since, otherwise that monarch, as well as some of his successors, instead of preventing the exportation, would have done better to have encouraged the breed, so as to have kept pace with the demand, and brought considerable sums of money into this country.

Notwithstanding the fondness which Athelstan discovered for English horses, and his jealousy of their being sent into other countries, it is certain, that he entertained a good opinion of some foreigners, and received several as presents from the Continent. It is probable many came from Germany; of several foreign horses, he was, however, undoubtedly possessed. The Conqueror brought many horses with him from Normandy, and some perhaps of other countries, which contributed still further to augment the variety of breeds in this Island; but Roger de Belesme, created Earl of Shrewsbury, by the victorious monarch, rendered a most essential service to the nation, by introducing the stallions of Spain, into his estate in Poursland, and through them, a more generous and noble breed, than this kingdom perhaps has ever known. This race, seems to have been calculated at once, for the purposes of war, and

and the exhibitions of public solemnities, of which horses are always a most essential and ornamental part; for it is not known, that at this time, nor till a much later period, that horse-races were introduced in England: although this agreeable and useful diversion, if confined within certain regulations, might have been cultivated with great propriety, among a people, fond, and proud of their horses; and that at a time, when bodily exercises alone were the amusements of all sorts of men; and especially as the English had an opportunity of being instructed in them by the Romans, who generally kept their own customs wherever they came, and left their impression behind them when they departed.—We may therefore reasonably conclude, that they were either ignorant of these sports, or what is more likely, preferred the parade and magnificence of tilts and tournaments, in which the strength, activity, and beauty of the horse, as well as the skill and courage of the rider, could be more usefully employed, and more gracefully displayed.

HUMOUROUS OBSERVATIONS ON THE ILLUMINATIONS.

PERHAPS the predominance of joy over every other passion, was never more truly evinced, than in this capital on the auspicious event of Peace. Rich and poor, old and young, united in one gratulatory acclamation, and hailed the return of peace with songs of triumph, as the Laplanders welcome the Sun.

From the yells in different streets, and the blaze of light, one might be led to imagine, that, like old Rome, modern London had been set on fire by some descendant of Nero,

and that, like him, the incendiary had commanded the wild beasts at the Tower and Exeter Change to be let loose on the people. The shrieks and howls, however, were not those of calamity, but triumph, proceeding from the throats of a most curious assemblage of butcher's swabs, who seemed to feel pride in the idea that the art of killing was to be exclusively confined to them. Yet, though their vociferations were not dulcet as the warblings of Mrs. Billington, they were much more heartfelt and disinterested. Indeed, the public were entertained *gratis*, while the symphonious sounds of marrow-bones and cleavers formed a concert in unison with the vocal performers.

Nor were these demonstrations of joy confined to the butchers—thousands of mechanics and shopmen shared the honours of disturbing the public peace, by their outrageous hilarity on this jubilant occasion. Several hearty cocks, among the laborious class, who were cheered by the prospect of peace and plenty, expressed their satisfaction by spontaneous bursts of laughter, which might be called the exuberancy of mirth. Frolicsome young fellows hurried through the crowd, exclaiming, “Don't *shove the Ladies!*” while they almost overturned every one that stood in their way. Others, offended at persons of a misanthropic disposition, who would not illuminate, broke their windows, thus demonstrating the puissance of *the majesty of the people!*

Persons of a philosophic cast contrived to unite economy with expence. A fishmonger in the Strand displayed the skin of a gudgeon as a transparency, or rather as a sacrifice to departing famine; and a frugal householder in Bloomsbury-square, converted his drinking glasses,

48. *Eccentric Cases at the Court of Requests, at Guildhall.*

ses, salt-cellars, basons, &c. into *temporary lamps!*

The lover of variety had a fine opportunity of gratifying his fancy. The buzz of such a multitude of happy people in the streets, the humming of barral-organs, suspended to the shoulders of itinerant Savoyards, the reiterated bursts of noise from the discharge of old rusty pistols and firelocks, filled the air with the concord of sweet sounds, and evinced our love of peace, by preventing our repose.—Such were the nocturnal demonstrations of joy in London; and our street-pacing Muses, commonly called ballad-singers, are daily delighting our ears with elegant lyric compositions, humorous, satirical, and patriotic, on this joyous occasion. May their inspiration, like that of the Sybils of old, cease on the return of *Peace and Good Will to Men*, and the terms *War and Famine* become obsolete, or expunged from the vocabulary of mankind!

SATIRICUS.

ECCENTRIC CASES IN THE COURT OF REQUESTS, AT GUILDHALL.

A Singular case lately came before the Commissioners, for their decision:—Isaac Cowen, an honest Israelite, and the ninth part of a man, summoned one of the Priests of Abraham for the sum of twenty-five shillings, the price of a pair of the very best superfine velveteen breeches, furnished for his use, which Isaac insisted was made of the very best materials, and well worth the *monish*; the great proof of which, consisted in their having been worn full three years, and yet appeared decent to the eye, as he perceived the man of Sabbath still had them on. The Priest admitted the justness of the

demand, but said he had a *set-off* upon the taylor, which he trusted the gentlemen would think equally just. Mr. Cowan had employed him to go to Newgate, and preach by his son, who had met with *misfortunes*, and was at that time under *sentence of death*, for which friendly office he had only charged *half-a-guinea*, consequently had reduced the debt to fourteen shillings and sixpence, which he was ready to pay. Isaac demurred to this diminution of his principal, alledging that the prayers of the Priest had been of *no use*, his Majesty having been graciously pleased to spare his son's life; in plain sense, *he had not been hanged*. The Priest insisted he had a right to be paid for his time and labour as well as the taylor, especially, as that time had been expended in a laudable endeavour, to fit his son for a *better world*. Yes, replied Isaac, but the *fit* was of no use, for my son is not a *jit the better for it*, which you cannot say of the breeches, as you have worn them for three years past, and they appear likely to last as much longer.

The Commissioners put an end to the altercation, by allowing the *set-off*; the taylor received his fourteen and sixpence, and went away grumbling, observing, that Priests and Lawyers were always sure to succeed in their own cause.

WHITE-WASHING A POINTER.

Another case, equally eccentric with the former, came on to be heard.—A woman summoned a dashing young sportsman of the Minorities, for thirty-nine shillings, incurred for washing his linen; with the exception of half-a-crown he had promised to give her for *cleaning a pointer dog*, against the 1st of September, which had been disfigured by rolling in a quantity of

of lamp-black, kept in the cellar of the house where he lodged, an oil-shop. The young man admitted the debt, also the circumstance of the dog, but pleaded his incapacity to pay all at once. One of the Commissioners perceiving the young man to have on a very fashionable sporting frock, beckoned him to come near him, and taking hold of his coat, said, "I imagine these buttons to be silver, really they are very prettily engraved; pray, young gentleman, what think they cost you?"—"Yes," replied the knowing youth, "they are pretty, quite the go, I assure you, among the sport-

ing blades; they are made after the fashion of those worn by a certain Major: they cost me five shillings a-piece."—"Then are you not ashamed," rejoined the Commissioner, "to owe this poor woman a small debt for washing your linen, when you can expend five shillings upon every button on your coat? Instantly pay her demand; or, if you have not the money in your pocket, give her the buttons off your coat, and dispence with so silly an ornament." The young man felt the satire, and instantly paid the sum demanded.

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

AMONG the various eccentric expressions of popular joy, upon occasion of the peace, the following distich was emblazoned on a Barber's lantern, at a shaving shop near St. Giles's.

Funds rapidly rise; provisions will fall:
Monopoly dies, and Plenty crowns all!

Under a transparency, in which a gardener at Hammersmith exhibited a Flower-pot, during the illuminations on Saturday, were these lines:—

Of roses he is sure the Otto,
And well deserving of the Grotto,
Well stock'd with many a flower-pot-o,
Who kindly gave of Peace the lot-o
To English, Irishman, and Scot-o.

In the window of a Publican, near Cavendish-square, was a Pewter Pot, surmounted with blue, red, and white lamps, over which was inscribed Hope, with these beautiful Stanzas:—

Should Gala Hope give a Riddle
In honour of the peace and Otto,

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Here am I, just upon the spot-o,
And well supplied with Pewter Pot-o;
And Porter too, or may I rot-o.
As good as that of John o' Groat-o.

An honest Tailor at Mile-End, during the late illumination, had the following lines displayed below a transparency, representing a goose and a large cabbage, with the inscription of Peace and Plenty!

Altho' you've given us Peace, M. Otto,
Old Nick will never have his quit-o
Till all who grieve the poor cry "hot-o."

A Glazier in Shoreditch is the first who has hitched M. Otto's name into a rhyme. On his transparency were these lines:—

Let's drink their healths by way of motto:
Here's to Lord Hawkesbury and Monsieur Otto!

As I approve the Peace in toto,
May he that breaks it first, be shot-o.

It is a mistake, says the Oracle, that the Shoreditch Glazier was the first to hitch M. Otto's name into rhyme; a Cobler, near Dyot-
G street,

street, St. Giles's, had a transparency, in which the following lines were conspicuous:—

Thanks to Lord Hawkebury and . M.
Otto,

Foretellers now must go to pot-o,
For all their hoarded grain will rot-o.
Of all such 'knaves' be this 'the lot-o;
'A corner in old Belzy's grotto !

Singular Transparency.—A house in Old-street displayed a transparency, of rather a singular nature, and afforded to the populace a deal of mirth. On one side was portrayed a quarten loaf, under which were the words, "*I am coming down.*" By the side of the loaf appeared a pot of porter, *well frothed*, which was made to rejoin, "*So am I.*"

A physician, in Newcastle, (Dr. Pearson) exhibited *realities*, not *emblems*.—In one window, he placed a skeleton;—the motto, "effects of war."—In another, a huge loaf and Cheshire cheese,— "blessings of peace."

A transparency, on Monday night, in a street in St. Ann's parish, represented Mr. Pitt, the First Consul of France, Mr. Windham and Joseph Bonaparte, dancing a Fandango, to a tune played on the Union Bagpipes. John Bull appeared in a corner with a purse in his hand ready to pay the Piper.

A Dog Doctor, in the neighbourhood of Mary-le-bone, has adopted a whimsical mode of making his business known. He has put over his door his name, and a portrait of a lady's lap-dog.—Over which is written, "Pompey the Little."—Under it, by way of motto, stands the quotation from Lear, "Take physic, Pomp."

So joyfully drunk were the inhabitants of Lincoln, in consequence of the peace, that insisting that great Tom should be rung on the occasion, twelve upright men could not be found in the whole city; however,

four-and-twenty old women being substituted in their room, Great Tom was raised; but owing to the clacks of the old women, could not be heard after all.

Burke, the Pugilist.—His eloquent speech at Enfield Wash:—"Gemmen!—I com'd here, d'y'e see, to fight Jim Belcher. I'm here, and he is'nt. I wish he had: for, on the word of a Butcher, I'd have cleaved his calf's head, and given him such a chop in the kidneys, as would soon have brought him on his marrow bones!"

A humourist, hearing the Bond-street loungers censured for the crookedness of their sticks, very drily replied, "Why should not a man's crooked stick be accommodated to the crooked ways he chooses to walk in?"

A most expert and daring robbery was committed a few nights since, in Devonshire Place: A thief entered the house about three o'clock in the morning, took a valuable silver waiter, put it under his coat, and sallying into the street, was met by the watchman, whom he accosted with, "Confound your laziness, you idle fellow, why don't you go your rounds? half of the houses in the parish may be robbed whilst you are loitering here."—Dogberry obeyed, made his bow, and the adventurer escaped.

Mr. Bannister, Sen. coming down Bow-street, met a thief-taker with a man in custody, and asking what offence his prisoner had committed, was told that he had stolen a bridle, and was detected selling it: Charles observed, "Ah! then he wanted to touch the bit."

A gentleman, conceiving that since the peace, Coals would be cheap, walked down to the river side, and meeting an Irish coal-beaver, accosted him with "Well, Paddy, how are coals?"—"Black as ever, your honour, by Jassus!"

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE Perthshire hunt, which met in the beginning of this month, was numerously attended. His Grace the Duke of Athol, Earl of Kinnoul, with the two French Princes, sons of the late Duke of Orleans, and all the principal nobility and gentry of the county, were present.

A lobster has been caught in North Berwick, which weighed between six and seven pounds. The extreme joint of the claw measured nine inches in length, and at the thickest part ten inches in circumference.

A renewal of the races at Maidenhead has been at length effected, after a severe contest between a few spirited gentlemen in the neighbourhood, and the rigid and reformed religionists of the town, where methodism has made such rapid progress, that the tolerated conventicles are constantly so crowded, as not to afford a single seat, even for the prying eye of curiosity: whilst the parish church is so thinly supported, as to be of very little use, unless to hold out an awful proof that the established religion, as well as the constitution, was once pure and uncontaminated.

Two chargers were purchased lately, for two hundred and ninety guineas, for the use of the First Consul. The export of English horses to France is considerable.

The Reverend Sir Harry Trelawney, Bart. in a *fox-chase* lately, near Looe, in Cornwall, leaping over a hedge, fell into a quarry, where his face was terribly scratched, but he otherwise received no injury.

Another instance of the great impropriety of keeping loaded firearms insecure from the unwary, or in places of ordinary resort at all, occurred near Stamford lately.—A young woman at Banton, during the amusement at the feast time in that village, took up a gun, and pointing it at some of her companions, in jest, it went off, and lodged the contents in the arm of Sarah Peasegood, a young woman of Stamford, who now lies very ill from the accident.—The many casualties that are noticed from similar impropriety, attach an heinous degree of culpability to persons possessing and insecurely lodging instruments so destructive.

On Wednesday, the 7th. instant, a chesnut hackney, the property of Mr. Denny, Surgeon, of St. Ives, was matched to walk one mile, and to trot one mile in fifteen minutes, and to carry her owner, who rode thirteen stone, which she performed with ease, having thirty-two seconds to spare. She trotted the mile in three minutes and fifteen seconds, and walked the mile in eleven minutes and thirteen seconds.

More Horse-stealing.—A few days ago, a person who called his name Joseph Sadler, was apprehended in Coventry, on a charge of stealing a valuable horse from — Moore, Esq. of Appleby, in Leicestershire; from whence he was pursued by two persons, who were not able to come up with him till they came there, and on enquiring of the watchmen, if a person with a led horse had been observed by them, they directed the pursuers to the

road he had taken, (which was Gray Friars-lane) having enquired of them for a blacksmith to fasten his horse's shoes, where he was overtaken; but before he could be secured, he made a considerable resistance, as he struck one of the men a severe blow on the head with a whip that had lead at the butt end of it; and having pistols in his pocket, he attempted to fire one of them off at his pursuers, but it fortunately happened that he was observed, and before he could take aim, at the moment receiving a blow on the arm, caused the pistol to go off, and lodge its contents in the thick part of his own thigh.—His wound was immediately dressed; after which he was sent to Coventry gaol; but has since been removed to Leicester, to take his trial at the next assizes.—It appears he had an accomplice, who rode off with Mr. Moore's horse.

The Hon Archibald Douglas, whose misfortune, owing to the bursting of his double-barrelled gun, near Aberdeen, when on a shooting party, has since been so dangerously indisposed, as to render an amputation by the wrist indispensably necessary. After the first disagreeable accident, his lordship lost one of his fingers; but a mortification rapidly advancing, amputation became necessary.—This unfortunate accident, was mentioned in our last Magazine, page 327.

On Saturday, the 10th instant, John Aley the younger, farmer, of the parish of High Ongar, Essex, was convicted before the Bench of Justices, at Ongar, in the penalty of five pounds, for shooting without being duly qualified, and also in the penalty of twenty pounds, for not having obtained a regular certificate. After the conviction, Aley behaved in so riotous a manner, in the town of Ongar, that complaint being made to the Magistrates, he was

committed to the cage, where he was confined during the whole night.

A battle, says the Cumberland packet of October 20th, was fought at Great Ponton, between B. Dickenson, the fighting tailor, and S. Houghton, a horse-breaker, of Stroxtun. The latter was upwards of seventy years of age, and received so much injury in the conflict, that he died shortly after. The tailor, though a scientific boxer and an athletic man, was obliged to be carried from the ground.

A gentleman being inadvertently shooting a few days since, without his certificate, in the vicinity of Stanmore, was accosted by a game-keeper, who, he had previously understood, could not read a single letter. Upon being asked for his certificate, the waggish sportsman, pulling out a pawnbroker's duplicate, told the keeper that he would there find his name was "Anthony Humbug, of the Island of Laputa," and the keeper, pretending to read, (without flappers,) said all was right, and quietly marched off, wishing good sport to Anthony Humbug.

Died lately, at Valcona, in Portugal, aged 107, Benedict Pereyra, a fisherman there. He continued to fish till he was 105 years old, and the last two years of his life, got his bread by mending nets.

There is now living in the township of Over-Darwen, near Blackburn, one James Morice, who on the 7th of July last, attained the great age of 102 years. He winds twist, and says he can walk to Preston from thence, (a distance of 14 miles) and back again any day.

Died lately, Mr. Henry Warkton of Norwich, weaver, the most popular change-ringer and composer in that county. A dead-peal was rung the evening of his interment, at St. Peter's Mancroft, Norwich.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE PEACE :

OR,

PARODIES ON SHAKESPEARE.

OUR battles now are ended, these our
Sailor's
And brave Soldiers, are all heroes ; and
Are crown'd with wreaths, victorious
wreaths ;
The flint-ribb'd Tower, the gorgeous
Mansion-house,
The great Exchange, the Monument
itself,
Each stately fabrick of this loyal city
Does blaze into one grand illumination :
And every street through London's large
extent,
With bright transparencies display'd, shall
leave
Not one lone feat untold : we have such
triumphs,
And such rejoicings, that our sea-girt
Isle
Doth echo with the loud re-echoing
shout.

TEMPEST, IV. 1.

The gallant Tar, who's now come
safely home,
Will give three cheers on this auspicious
day,
And rouse him at the glorious sound of
Peace.
He that's with maimed limbs, and good
old age,
In Greenwich brave retreat laid up from
service ;
Cheer'd on this day, will with his mates
regale ;
Then, will he strip his sleeve, and shew
his scars.
Landmen forget, yet shall he not forget
French, Spanish, Dutch, with what ad-
vantages

Block'd up, or beat at sea ; then shall the
names
Of Howe, St. Vincent, Duncan, Elphinstone,
Hood, Pellew, Curtis, Nelson, Trollope,
Smith,
Familiar in their mouths as bumper-
toasts
Be freshly in their bowls of flip, remem-
bered.

HENRY V. IV. 3.

O now for ever
Welcome the tranquil scene ; welcome
content,
Welcome the ploughman's toil ; the reap-
er's task
That makes the cottage fare and sleep so
sweet ;
Welcome the village sports ; the echoing
peal,
The spirit-stirring dance, the ear-pleasing
song,
The rural wake, all freedom, plenty,
mirth,
And happy circumstance of glorious peace.
And, O thou long-lov'd wife, whose
dear embrace
The inhuman war's dread terror compen-
sates
Welcome—the Soldier's occupations
o'er.

OTHELLO, III. 3.

Oct. 12th.

I. I. B.

THE AGE WE LIVE IN.

O Tempora ! O Mores !

KINGS, some ruling, and some rul'd,
Some would be kings, if they could,
Nobles in one country drooping,
In another meanly stooping ;

Ministers,

Ministers, a very few
 Acting right, and those that do,
 Stamp'd as rogues by ancient right.
 Honesty! how came they by't?
 Patriots loudest in the cause
 Of their country and its laws;
 Making speeches wond'rous long,
 Just to prove their conduct wrong.—
 Parliaments that represent
 More *themselves*, than those who sent.—
 Well-dress'd courtiers voting *aye*,
 Easier to *nod* than say.
 Rugged opposition folks,
 Without reason cracking jokes;
 Putting themselves down on paper,
 Wits, whom wisdom think but vapour.
 Mobs upon the levelling plan,
 Practising the *Rights of Man*,
 Led by scribbling knaves astray,
 Luminaries of a day;
 Men well form'd to take a purse,
 But whom learning has made worse.
 Powder'd parsons, preaching, praying,
 Sometimes leading, sometimes straying.
 Lawyers proving black is white,
 Right is wrong, and wrong is right.
 Anxious for their patients ease,
 Grave physicians—*taking fees*.
 Anxious for their husband's fame,
 Ladies doing—*deeds of shame*;
 Full of fond connubial care,
 Lest estates should lack an heir,
 Worthy of the wealth to come
 With the graces of a groom,
 Who may drive with six in-hand,
 Cut down trees, and mortgage land.
 Virgins studious to be free,
 Of shame fac'd virginity.
 Raguery in thriving ease,
 Honesty in low disgrace,
 Conscience on forbidden bed,
 Decorating friendship's bed;
 Afterwards in hostile field
 Bidding injur'd honour yield:—
 Fashion sanctioning all folly,
 Nought but *virtue* melancholy—
 Science on small income dining,
 Ignorance o'er tattle shining;—
 Poetry extinct, and puff
 Putting off the vilest stuff;
 As the product of the muses,
 Such as he may read that chuses.—
 Tradesmen running credit's rig
 Round the City in a gig;
 Soon as their high metal cools,
 Walking calmly in the *Road*.
 New religions rising round
 Little goodness to be found—
 Nothing valued less than health,—
 Nothing valued more than wealth;—
 News from every quarter flowing,
 By what means no creature knowing:

Little poets for news-papers,
 Wasting brains and evening tapers;
 Verses of description giving
 Of the blessed age we live in.—
 To do justice to such times,
 Would exhaust ten thousand rhymes—
 Take the data, and I've done,
 The present year 1, 8, 2, 1.

Aug. 7th.

I. I. B.

SONG,

FOR A HIGHLAND DROVER RETURNING FROM ENGLAND.

By Robert Bloomfield, Author of "the Farmer's Boy."

NOW, fare thee well, England:—no
 farther I'll roam,
 But follow my shadows, that point the
 way home!
 Your gay southern shores shall not tempt
 me to stay,
 For my Maggy's at home, and my child
 drest at play:
 'Tis this makes my bonnet sit light on my
 brow,
 Gives my sinews their strength, and my
 bosom its glow!

Farewel, mountaineers; my companions,
 adieu!—
 Soon, many long miles when I'm sever'd
 from you,
 I shall miss your white horns, on the brink
 of the Bourn,
 And o'er the rough heaths where you'll
 never return:
 But in brave English pastures you cannot
 complain,
 While your Drover spends back to his
 Maggy again!

O, Tweed, gentle Tweed, as I pass your
 green vales,
 More than life, more than love, my tir'd
 spirit inhales;
 There Scotland, my darling, lies full in
 my view,
 With her bare-footed lasses and moun-
 tains so blue!
 To the mountains away!—my heart
 bounds like the hind;
 For home is so sweet, and my Maggy so
 kind!

As day after day I still follow my course,
 And in fancy trace back ev'ry stream to
 its source.

Hops

Hope cheers me up hills, where the road
lies before,
O'er hills just as high and o'er tracts of
wild moor,
The keen Polar Star nightly rising to
view—

But Maggy's my Star just as steady and
true!

O, Ghosts of my fathers—O, herbes, look
down;

For my wandering thoughts on your deeds
of renown;

For the glory of Scotland reigns warm in
my breast,

And fortitude grows both from toil and
from rest:

May your deeds and your worth be for
ever in view,

And may Maggy bear sons not unworthy
of you!

Love, why do you urge me, so weary and
poor?—

I cannot step faster, I cannot do more;
I have pass'd silver Tweed, e'en the Tay
flows behind;

But fatigue I'll disclaim, my reward I shall
find:

Thou sweet smile of innocence, thou art
my prize,

And the joy that will sparkle in Maggy's
blue eyes!

She'll watch to the Southward—perhaps
she will sigh,

That the way is so long and the mountains
so high!

Perhaps some huge rock in the dusk she
may see,

And will say in her fondness, "That
surely is he!"

Good wife, you're deceiv'd: I'm still far
from home,

Go sleep, my dear Maggy—to-morrow I'll
come.

THE

SEASON IN SEPTEMBER, 1801.

A SEASON so pleasant, congenial and
fine;

Or one more prolific in every kind,
Men scarce by the help of their mem'ry
can find.

The bars are all fill'd with the finest of
corn,

And stacks in vast numbers the country
adorn—

A sight very pleasing to rich and to poor;
Some farmers excepted, who sigh at their
store!

For aith, on the whole, to rejoice would
incline,

If plenty and dearness together would join;
But the fears of low markets their spirits
depress,

They love to sell more, but they hate to
take less.—

Of them let's be silent, and never more
grumble,

But learn to be thankful, and grateful, and
humble;

Then let charity, first, to itself be a friend,
And before we mend others, ourselves let
us mend.

Then censure no longer; be just, and agree
If industrious, contented, our wants they
will see;

For the earth's a kind parent, when pro-
perly till'd,—

With plenty and fatness her offspring are
fill'd;—

Their bid discontentment, and doubts too,
begone,

For David has said, that no sorrows are
long.

And tho' as for a night we languish in
grief,

The morning is sure to return with relief.
Castle Heddingham. A.B.

PARODY ON SHAKESPEARE.

TO drink or not to drink? that is the
question:

Whether 'tis nobler for the mind to suffer
The gibes and banter of outrageous to-
pers,

Or take off bumpers, as the toast goes
round;

"To healths five fathoms deep?"—To
drink, to sip

No more; and by a draught to say we end
Fatigue, and quench a thousand feverish
heats

That thirst gives birth to.—'Tis a potion
Most eagerly to quaff. To drink, to sip,

To quaff? perchance get drunk? Aye,
there's the danger,

For, in these jolly parties what may come,
When we throw off the safe-guard of our
reason,

Must give us pause: there's the respect
Should make sobriety of life's long date.

For, who would hear the roar of songs
encor'd

The hunter's chase, the seaman's boister-
ous cheers,

The soldier's oaths, and loose discourse of
love;

The politician's din, and the quick quarrels
That

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A CONSTANT READER would esteem it a favour to be informed, by some of our Correspondents, whether the horse, *Old Pilot*, the Founder of the late Mr. LA DD's Stud, be living, and whether he is to be obtained as a Stallion.

A NEW HISTORY OF CLUBS is received; and No. I. shall appear in our next.

The Poem on CAMPANOLOGY, and "*Humorous Remarks upon the Signs in the Metropolis*," are intended for insertion.

On account of the great press of Temporary Matter, a variety of ingenious Communications are unavoidably postponed till next month.— Among these, is the "*Account of the Ancient Manner of celebrating the 17th of November in London*;"—a holiday observed in all the Inns of Court, &c. &c.



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THE SPORTING MAGAZINE,

FOR NOVEMBER, 1801.

EXPLANATION OF PLATE I.

CONTEST FOR THE BRUSH;
OR,
THE HUNTSMAN'S OLD CROP,
BEATING THE 'SQUIRE'S FA-
VOURITE GREY.

*A beautiful Engraving, from the De-
sign of Mr. Clifton Tomson, of
Nottingham.*

WE have no other description to give, of this subject, than merely what is expressed above—**CONTEST FOR THE BRUSH**,—the meaning of which is so evident as not to stand in need of explanation.—The Huntsman and the Squire are doubtless in pursuit at a Fox Chase, and the old true-bottomed veteran of the former gives the *go-by* to the Squire's famous Grey, who, like many advertised horses in London, is "the best and fastest in the kingdom,"—until another and a better, like Old Crop, comes against him.

SPORTING QUARREL.

TUESDAY, Nov. 17, in the Court of King's Bench, Mr. Balguy said, he was instructed to move the Court for a criminal information against the Rev. Mr. Samuel Hunt, a clergyman in the county of Leicester, for challenging a gentleman, of the name of Nieu, to

fight a duel. The circumstances were these:—

Mr. Hunt, who was a sporting man, had been warned off the estate of Mr. Nieu; in revenge for which, he made a point of going out in the morning with a couple of spaniels, in that direction where he was likely to meet with Mr. Nieu, who generally amused himself with the diversion of coursing. As soon as Mr. Hunt perceived Mr. Nieu's greyhounds, he would give the *vieu holla!* as if he had started the game, and then call the dogs on, in order to disappoint them. One morning, he went up to Mr. Nieu, and told him, that was the way he would always serve him; and upon being asked his reason for such behaviour, he replied, that he (Mr. Nieu) was a rascal and a scoundrel, and, if he would exchange a brace of shot with him, he would wave his cloth.

The Court granted a rule to shew cause.

SPORTING ACCIDENT.

LORD Foley, hunting with Lord Harborough's hounds, in Leicestershire, has met with a dangerous accident:—His horse's legs dropped into a deep hole, and the animal fell backwards upon his lordship. His friends were near enough immediately to extricate him; but he fainted, and after-

H 2 wards

wards vomited a considerable quantity of blood. Lord Harborough immediately sent for his carriage; but Lord F. could not be removed further than to an adjoining farmhouse.

The last accounts happily state, that he is better; and we trust he will be sufficiently recovered to meet his friends at Witley, on the 21st of December, on which day his Lordship comes of age.

COURSING MEETINGS, &c.

ESSEX.

THE following is a return of matches run in Essex, by the Bradwell and Tillingham Club, on Tuesday the 17th November.—The weather was very fine, and the hares running strong, afforded an excellent day's sport.

WINNERS.

1. Mr. Cawston's Shift.
2. Mr. Dudley's Janns.
3. Mr. Dudley's Madam.
4. Mr. Evans's Wasp.
5. Mr. Dudley's Friday.
6. Mr. Bawtree's Duncan.
7. Mr. Evans's Wasp.
8. Mr. Dudley's Merlin.
9. Mr. Williams's Pigmy.
10. Mr. Dudley's Terling.
11. Mr. J. Wright's Catch.
12. Mr. Pattison's Twist.
13. Mr. J. Wright's Keeper.
14. Mr. Dudley's Madam.

LOSERS.

1. Mr. Dudley's Marplot.
2. Mr. Wise's Twist.
3. Mr. Wakefield's Mistress.
4. Mr. Bawtree's Soot.
5. Mr. Wakefield's Defoe.
6. Major Pocklington's Speed.
7. Mr. Pattison's Reaper.
8. Mr. Wise's Chree.
9. Mr. Pattison's Twist.
10. Mr. Cawston's Shift.

11. Mr. Wakefield's Mistress.
12. Mr. Williams's Primrose.
13. Mr. Dudley's Madam.
14. Mr. J. Wright's Keeper,
2d course.

SWAFFHAM.

The Coursing Meeting at Swaffham, this month, was numerously and respectably attended.—The Silver Cup was won by Mr. Denton's bitch, Nettle, beating Mr. Tysten's bitch, and three others.

More matches were made than could be determined in the course of the week.

The assembly, on the Thursday evening, was brilliantly and numerously attended.

*From the Morning Herald Newspaper,
Nov. 26, 1801.*

MR. EDITOR,

PRAY tell your "*honest Yorkshire Man*," that I would fain invite him from his *Flixton Woods*, to try a leash of Greyhounds with him, fairly, on some good ground unknown to the dogs of either country. My competitor is a little incorrect, in asserting, that I had represented the *South-country* GREYHOUNDS as superior to those of the *North*:—a reference to my former note will convince him of his error. I am aware of the *dodge* of the hares on the top of his favourite *wolds*, which often enables a hairy lurcher of that neighbourhood to beat, in *this way*, a good greyhound unpractised in these *FLIXTON* devices!

I wish to meet the *Yorkshire Man*, with no advantage or disadvantage on either side. Let him, therefore, name a leash of Greyhounds *bred by himself*, and *now bona fide his own property*, and I will produce a leash precisely under the same circumstances, and run him, upon any fair Coursing

Coursing Ground within seventy miles of London, on the day he mentioned, viz. the 10th day of February next; and for such sum as may be agreed upon between us.

Should this plain proposal be approved of, a meeting in town is all that is necessary, for proper articles, &c. a summons to which will be duly attended to, by

—Your's, &c.

Nov. 22, 1801. *Old Sono!*

☛ The previous letters on this subject are to be met with in the Sporting Magazine for September and October last.

SPORTING MEETINGS.

LEICESTERSHIRE HUNT.

THE annual meeting of the subscribers to the Leicester Hunt was this year unusually *dashing*.—A Silver Cup was substituted for the *Whip*; which, after a severe and well-contested heat, on Monday, October 26, was won by Captain Morgan's Young Morwick, rode by Captain Wilkie, beating Mr. Hudson's Lotion, Mr. Banbury's Honeysuckle, Mr. Pearson's Candidate, and Mr. J. Cradock's Sprightly.

The odds, at starting, were 2 to 1 against Honeysuckle, 5 to 2 against Young Morwick, 14 to 4 against Lotion, 4 to 1 against Candidate, and 10 to 1 against Sprightly.

The same day, a match between Mr. Meredith and Mr. Dabbs was won by the former. Mr. Dabbs broke his stirrup-leather.—Even betting.

And, on the day following, a match for 150 guineas, one four-mile heat, was run between Capt. Morgan's Young Morwick and Mr. Hudson's Lotion, which afforded

excellent diversion, and was won by the latter. Even betting.

CUMBERLAND HUNT.

The Egremont Meeting, which closed on Thursday the 18th Nov. was more numerously attended than for several former years; and, for conviviality and harmony, was never excelled since the first institution of the society. Some new members were added; and Edmund Lamplugh Irton, Esq. and John Jackson, Esq. were elected stewards for the next meeting.

The Hunt-Ball, at Whitehaven, on Thursday evening, afforded a fine display of beauty and elegance. The company consisted of forty-nine ladies and thirty-one gentlemen.

VARIOUS ACCOUNTS OF THE BOXING MATCHES.

NOVEMBER 25, 1801.

BELCHER AND BURK.

THE anxiously expected contest between the renowned champions of the fist, Belcher and Burk, was this day decided. The public are sufficiently aware of the recent disappointment which occurred at Enfield; consequently the intended place of rendezvous was kept so very secret, that, until Tuesday afternoon, the Campus Martius was not precisely adjusted. Hurley Bottom, a valley situated thirty-two miles from Hyde-Park Corner, and about four miles and an half from Maidenhead, between the Henley and Reading roads, was fixed on.

About ten minutes after twelve o'clock at noon, Belcher appeared on the stage, and having stripped with that gallantry for which he is

the opinion being so strongly in favour of Belcher, that few would back, Burk. One gentleman lost two hundred pounds on Burk. Burk was immediately put into a post chaise, and left standing on the ground half an hour, while another fight took place. This was very scandalous on the part of his friends, as the poor man might possibly be dying. Belcher only received one blow on the face, which left any appearance of his being hurt. He returned to town last night. Burk made one unfair attempt during the fight, by attempting to lift up Belcher by the leg, that he might throw him down with the greater force. Burk, however, appeared as game a man as we ever saw; but Belcher, who had fully established his reputation before, has now proved himself the best man in England. He displayed wonderful activity and courage; but not an equal portion of skill—Burk was still less skilful. All the amateurs declared this to be the severest battle that has been fought since the famous combat between Big Ben and Johnson.

It is quite true, that Belcher is not a man of science, according to the rules of the pugilistic art; but he possesses a style peculiarly his own, which baffles all regular science. He is remarkably quick, springs backwards and forwards like lightning; you hear his blows but never see them; at the conclusion of a round his antagonist is beaten and bloody, but you do not see Belcher give a blow. This is indeed a science peculiarly his own. It is one which none of the regular bred artists can meet; it is felt but not seen, and means cannot be devised of mastering it.

Belcher was in high spirits at his victory; declared he never felt a

blow during the battle; and that the only inconvenience he has since experienced, was a slight sprain of his right hand.

Among the wit sported upon the occasion, we meet with the following remarks, &c.

Knight, the actor, who was present, remarked, somewhat neatly, that Belcher and Caleb Baldwin, having beaten the two *Butchers*, might justly be termed the *Champions of the Brute Creation!*

Another person observed, that *Old Caleb*, when beating, at Hurley, Lee the Butcher, was in the proper exercise of his *gentle* avocation of *ass-diver*.

Belcher and Burk were uncommonly attentive to the punctuality of time in the commencement of their contest. Hundreds were consequently disappointed; and it was laughable to observe two very eager amateurs arrive at the scene of action—in a chaise and four—just as *Old Caleb* was retiring from the stage, after having *punished* his antagonist!

This, however, was not the most remarkable disappointment; for a very worthy *Traveller* arrived at the *Campus Martius* about two hours after the last battle; when, in the demolition or removal of the *stage*, he saw, what he had frequently before witnessed,—“*Much Ado about Nothing!*”

Another correspondent informs us, that a fellow, who has been much the subject of ridicule in a club in the metropolis, avowed his determination to be even with his adversaries “If they make me a *burr*,” says he, “I’ll give them a *punchcon*.”

***The LIFE, ADVENTURES, and
OPINIONS, of COL. GEORGE
HANGER.***

[Continued from page 21.]

I Should never have thought of mentioning the following circumstance, had not my character, both as an officer and a gentleman, been most grossly aspersed by the infamous Philadelphia and Connecticut Journals on that subject. The following is a correct statement of the whole business—So help me God!

The Commander in Chief, after having given orders to General Prescott to evacuate Rhode-Island, destroy the works, and repair with the troops to New York, was induced, a few days after he had sent those instructions, from certain events that took place, to countermand these orders, and sent me to Rhode-Island for that purpose, giving me instructions to examine two particular works; and, if I found them not destroyed, or capable, by a few day's labour, of being put in their former state, General Prescott was by no means to evacuate the Island. I sailed in the Delaware frigate, Captain Mason; and although it is not above an hundred and eighty miles from Sandy Hook, I was seven days on my passage, being forced to work up close under Long-Island, in the very teeth of the wind, as it blew very fresh throughout the whole course of it.

On the seventh day, in the evening, just at dusk, the frigate cast anchor about one mile and an half from the Island, off the mouth of the harbour. On our approach, there were two small armed sloops working out of the harbour; but, on seeing the frigate, they immediately put back. This gave us strong

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suspensions that they were enemies, and that the Island was evacuated; but, as there were small rivers and creeks on the opposite shore of Connecticut, it was possible that they might come from thence, and not from Rhode Island. I consulted with my friend, Captain Mason, on the occasion, who was clearly of opinion, that, from the length of our passage, we were arrived too late, for that the Island was evacuated. I was of the same sentiment: yet, as there was a chance that it might not be so, as when frigates arrive, they always send their boat in, and the General might not think it necessary to send a boat off from shore till the next morning; I suggested to Captain Mason how very absurd I should appear were I to return to New York, and there find that the troops had not left the Island at the time I had arrived; stating to him, at the same time, the magnitude of the business on which I was employed, and that I should never dare to shew my face before Sir Henry Clinton, if I did not do every thing that depended on myself: I was, therefore, anxious to risk any danger in order to investigate the object of my commission. I accordingly requested him to give me an armed boat, being determined to land in the dark, and gain intelligence.

Captain Mason, in compliance with my earnest solicitation, gave me his ten-oared barge, two marines, a cockswain, and one of his lieutenants; so that we consisted of fifteen persons. I timed it so as to enter the harbour just at the latter end of the flood-tide, so that we might have the tide with us on returning. On my departure from the ship, he told the lieutenant strictly to obey my orders, and to do every thing I commanded. At the same time, being sensible of

I the

the danger which I encountered, he requested me to act with the utmost prudence and circumspection, for that he would not, for ten thousand guineas, have the boat's crew lost or taken prisoners, as they had attended on his person, as barge-men, during the whole war. The boat was well armed; every man had a musket and bayonet, with cutlass, pistols, &c. &c. and plenty of ammunition. With oars muffled, I approached the harbour in silence, keeping close under the shade thrown on the water by the high craggy rocks on the right; by which, and the darkness of the night, we were so impervious to the view, that a sloop working out of the harbour, absolutely, when she tacked about, was not above one hundred and fifty yards from the boat, and could not perceive us. We lay on our oars till she had completely tacked and stood half way over to the other side, when we proceeded, and brought the boat to shore directly under the High Bluff of Brinton's Point, and not far from the Battery. A boat might have passed us within thirty yards, and not have perceived us. I then landed with the two marines only, who had sailor's blue jackets over their red ones, to conceal the red and white uniform, and who were ordered to follow me closely, to proceed when I proceeded, and to lie down flat on the ground when I fell down. We then crawled up the precipice, so as to be able to look just above the summit, and remained some time in that position, to observe and determine how I was to proceed. I heard the centinels challenge every now and then, and cry "*All is well*;" for they were quite on the alert, having observed a man-of-war anchor off the harbour, as I was afterwards informed. At last a patrolle from the nearest picket, which, from the fire, I

judged was not above three hundred yards from me, passed me so near that I could distinctly hear them speak; and I heard two sentinels challenge the patrolle, one on my right, the other on my left. I knew, when the patrolle was passed, that I had little to fear, and that I could easily, from the darkness of the night, pass between them. I accordingly ran across the road they went down, and, when over in the next field, which was very rough and bushy, I laid the marines down and sat up myself, in order to set the position of our boat by the seven stars in the north, the pointers of which point to the north polar star, which is immoveable. This every officer, especially of light troops, should be well acquainted with. If I had not known it, I might have been easily taken prisoner in wandering along the cliff in search of the boat on my return.

I then looked about for a house from which I might take some person to gain intelligence, and fixed my eye on two, about a mile distant, as well as I could judge by the lights in them, and quite at a distance from any others. There were several nearer me, but they were too contiguous to the pickets and patrolles along the shore, to suit my purpose. With great caution, and always laying down when I heard any thing, I approached them; they were about two hundred yards apart, in the one I saw two lights, in the other only one; I, therefore, made up to the latter, and laying the two marines down among the cabbages in the garden, I stood about ten yards from the door, at the garden gate, and halloed out—"Holla! house!" when an old woman came to the door, and asked what I wanted, and who I was? I replied, "I am an officer come from town, and am ordered

ordered over to Connecticut * by the General, on business. I have lost my way in the dark, and want to be put into the path† to Brinton's Point: pray send me one to the end of the garden to put me into it." She replied, "One of our family is gone to town, and the other is gone to bed; but if he is not undressed, I will send him to shew you." I had previously determined with my two faithful marines, if I could not entice any one person out of the house, to enter it and take some one away by force; but I dreaded the consequences, knowing, that if resistance was made, we should be obliged to shed blood in our own defence. My stratagem succeeded completely: out came a fine young fellow, as straight and as tall as a poplar tree. The moment I saw him on the steps, I said, "Come along, my good man, just put me into the path to Brinton's Point, and I will give you a dollar."

I retired a few yards from the garden gate, which he passed; and when at a sufficient distance from the house, I took him fast by the coat, and, putting my pistol to his head, told him to look behind him at the two marines, who had their bayonets pointed within two feet of his body. I then charged him not to speak, pledged my honour to him that I would not hurt him; but if he uttered a word, should he hear any soldiers passing, he would be killed, and we must endeavour through the darkness of the night to make our escape. I took him into a rough place close by, and made him sit down by us. I then told him I was a British officer, not

an American, and was landed from the frigate, that lay off the harbour, to gain intelligence. I now gave him a half johannes, and repeated my assurance that I would treat him well; but that he must come along with me. His fears at length subsided, and he told me that the day before I arrived the British had evacuated the island, and that an American force of three thousand men now occupied it.

The marines judging with me that the tide of ebb had made, and that the moon would rise in about an hour, we proceeded to the boat, walking alongside of this man, with my hand fast in his right hand jacket pocket: for I knew too well to trust to a New Englandman's promises; had he got a yard start of us, he would have alarmed the whole country.

When I had proceeded within about four hundred yards of the rock from whence I landed, I had the same road to cross again on which I had seen the patrol pass. As we lay down on one side of it, waiting for the passing of a patrol, that I might hear where the sentinels were, my guide endeavoured to betray me, telling me there was no danger if I went up the path: I knew better, and now no longer trusted him; but put it out of his power to do any mischief, by taking my pocket handkerchief and stuffing the greatest part of it into his mouth, that he should not vociferate. At the same time I made one of the marines hold him fast by the left hand, whilst I held him as fast by the right. When the patrol had passed, we crossed the path, and, on arriving at the brink of the precipice, I had, by keeping my eyes constantly on the north stars, set the boat with such precision, that when I holla'd, "*Mason a-hoy!*" I was answered directly beneath where I stood, "*Hanger a-hoy!*"

* The name of the opposite shore from Rhode-Island.

† This is the cant term the New England people have for all roads; whether little or great, they call them all paths.

"*ahoy!*" which were the signal words fixed on before our departure. I got my gentleman into the boat, and rowed out of the harbour; and the moon did not rise before we were quite clear of it. Every thing turned out well; the tide and rising of the moon was well timed, and with no inconsiderable degree of pleasure I arrived on board the Delaware frigate, to the great joy of my friend Captain Mason. Unfortunately it was not possible to land this man on the opposite shore, or to send him back to Rhode Island. Captain Mason therefore proposed putting him the next day on shore on Block Island, a few leagues from Block Island; but the fog proved so thick, that we could not make it with safety. We therefore stood out to sea, and I was compelled to take him with me to New York. On our arrival there, I provided him with quarters, drew provisions for him, and supplied him with necessaries. It was intended that he should be sent by the first flag of truce to Rhode Island, or by the first boat to New London, or some town contiguous to his home in New England; but he had not been six days in New York, when he sickened of the small-pox, and died of that distemper.

The sudden disappearance of this man certainly wore an aspect of suspicion, which gave room to many unpleasant conjectures. The fact, however, being known, that he had been taken away by force off the island, and his never appearing there again, was productive of many reports, all infamously false, and detrimental to my character. In various shapes and forms was this transaction related, both in the Connecticut and Philadelphia newspapers, whose principle was to render odious, in the eyes of the country, any officer who possessed

the smallest degree of enterprize or resolution. It was stated first, that this man was murdered on the island; and afterwards, that he was thrown overboard at sea. But, after some time, it being publicly known at New York, that I had necessarily brought him there, and treated him with kindness, a more just account was published; but still it was added, that this man had been thrown into prison, where he died of the jail fever. I have pledged myself solemnly to the fact, and should not have troubled the reader with the minute particulars, was it not absolutely necessary to state them, to justify my character as a soldier and a gentleman.

From my having been absent from New York so many days, indeed above double the time usually required to make that passage, (for the wind was foul nearly the whole way back, as well as going there,) I was given over for lost. Some imagined that the frigate had sailed at night into the harbour and was taken, though such croakers little knew the abilities and judgment of Captain Mason; while others supposed that I had landed and was made prisoner. I arrived, however, to set aside all conjecture, just as Sir Henry Clinton was at dinner with fourteen or fifteen officers at table, none of whom, that I recollect, are living, except my old friend Sir Thomas Wallace, who was one of the company, and is well acquainted with this circumstance.

After relating the whole affair, at table, to Sir Henry Clinton, and receiving his thanks in the kindest manner, I never shall forget, to the last day of my life, a very singular remark of his, nearly in the following words: "I commend your prowess much; but at the same time, I am sorry you risked so much, as it was not in my wish you should venture

so far: for, upon my word, my dear Hanger, I believe if they had taken you on the island, they would have hanged you directly." I replied, "My dear General, that never entered into my head, it being a thing totally impossible for the Americans to commit such an outrage on an officer sent by you, in character of an aid-de-camp, with orders to our commanding officer at Rhode Island. I could be subjected to no other danger but of being imprisoned; they could not surely be guilty of such an act." "You may," replied the General, "think so, Hanger; but I give you my word I do not, for I know not what they would not do: and I am happy to see you returned safe." At this time my worthy and intimate friend, Major Andre, aid-de-camp to Sir Henry, was sitting at table; the same who suffered some time afterwards, and of whom I shall have cause to speak hereafter.

Nothing of consequence, or of peculiar notoriety in the history of my life, took place, worthy to be related, until the great expedition sailed from New York for the reduction of the Southern Provinces, except various military incidents and occurrences, in which I acted an inferior part, on the great theatre of the war, by no means interesting to the reader, who long ago must have been heartily tired of every thing relative to that subject, and it is very distant from my intention to trouble him with it. A repetition of the Trojan war, in my humble opinion, would be equally amusing.

Before I pass to the southward, and relate my adventures in Georgia, South and North Carolina, I must mention a singular reverse of fortune which I now suffered. The Devil and Mammon had already conspired to ruin me, and had ran-

sacked and plundered my property in my absence, by compelling the sale of my estate at auction, from the fatality of my agent's death, at a time when lands were one-third less in value than they were before the war or after. Fortune, that fickle goddess, not satisfied with having already turned her wheel from me and my interests, again destined me to be the object of her caprice and neglect. I received a letter from my sister, Mrs. Vansittart, whose tender love and regard for me is deeply imprinted in my breast, informing me that the Duchess of St. Alban's (my god-mother) was dead. She had made a will in my favour, that was witnessed by my mother, in which she made me heir to her whole property, to a very considerable amount. Within the last twelve months of her death, a Mr. Roberts came over from Ireland. She had never seen him before, or ever heard of him. He, however, proved, to her Grace's satisfaction, that he was related to her; so that she reversed her intentions, made a new will, and left every thing to him. Her second will only bore date six months prior to her death; had she died seven months sooner, I should have inherited a considerable property, and a great addition after the Duke's death, who was then living. The Duchess of St. Alban's was a Miss Roberts, a rich heiress: her parents and her near relations dying when she was very young, my father received her into his family, educated and protected her: out of his family she married the Duke of St. Alban's; she stood god-mother to me, and lived in the strictest intimacy and friendship with our family. It was but natural to believe that she would have left some part of her property to our family; but thus she in gratitude repaid my father and mother for their

their tender care and attention to her for many years, by leaving her whole property to a gentleman with whom she never had any acquaintance till about a year before her death. With what great expectation some people look forward to dead men's and dead women's shoes: but those who do may go bare-footed all their lives. I never expected a guinea from her, therefore suffered no disappointment: for my mother, although she, was one of the witnesses to the Duchess's will, which was made before I sailed for America, never, even in the most distant manner, intimated it to me. As I never had buoyed myself up with any hopes of advantage from her, I suffered no mortification on the occasion, though I could not but reflect on the bitterness of my fortune, that, within six months, my interest should have suffered so materially, having been fixed on by her Grace to be her heir, and had never given her cause to withdraw her former good opinion. But fate had decreed this, together with many other mortifications, miseries and distresses, which I was destined to suffer. Doomed as I was to a life chequered with misfortunes, by a Supreme Power, that same Power gave to me a vigorous constitution, and a bold and undaunted mind, to stem the current of adversity, and bear up against a sea of troubles.

[To be continued.]

HANGING A MAN A LITTLE WRONGFULLY.

SOME years ago, while the old Newgate was standing, Jack Ketch, finding himself dying, sent for the curate of the parish, and thus addressed him.—"Ah Mr. Parson,

I've helped many a poor dog out of this world, and I am now going out of it myself; and to tell you the truth, my conscience won't let me alone."—"Well, well," replied the Curate, "take comfort, you are not to blame; the men who suffered, had been condemned by the laws of their country, and you were no more than the instrument in the hand of public justice." "Aye, but I am afraid I once hanged a man a little wrongfully:—come, I'll tell you all about it."

"One execution morning, when the men that were going to Tyburn, came down into the press-yard, one of them whispers to me, as I passed close by him, Master Ketch, could you do a poor wretch a kind service?—"Twenty good guineas,"—"Are they all weight?" says I to him, "Aye, that they be," says he to me, "not a light guinea among 'em."—"My heart was sorry for him, so I bid him to follow my directions, and I would see what could be done for him—When you get to the cart, says I, and all the people about it, pop down when I make the sign, and slip under it, and get away among the crowd. But after he had done so, as ill luck would have it, I happen'd to spy among the mob, a journeyman tailor, with a thin white face, and a red night cap on; so I made a dash at him, seized him by the collar, and hoisted him into the cart. 'Tis as true as you sit there; the poor devil lifted up his hands and eyes, and protested his innocence and all that, but I hawled louder than he did, and told the mob he went on at that rate in jail, and never would confess nothing."

"Now Mr. Parson, I'm really afraid I hanged this man a little wrongfully."

ANECDOTES OF THE LATE DR.
MONSEY.

[Continued from page 13.]

MONSEY was a Whig in the most liberal sense of the word, who, while he valued his own opinion, did not wish to enslave, or, rather, ensnare that of another. He was a friend to limited monarchy and a mixed government, but detested those arts which render religion a mere government machine, to torture and perplex the minds of rational and conscientious men; which deprives them of advantages to which all have a common right, and holds them out to the thoughtless accommodating herd alone, who determine before they are qualified to examine, sacrifice conscience to interest, and sit down infamous and contented.

Among many who admired and respected the Doctor, was the late Dowager Lady Townshend, and she was said, as far as was compatible with being a well-bred woman, which wit sometimes made her forget, greatly to resemble him in conversation. He used to relate a tolerable, or (as you take it) an intolerable, reply she made to the late Lord Bath, at the time he was going to be made a Peer.

"I have a pain in my side," said Mr. Pulteney.—"I don't think you have any side," answered Lady Townshend.—"I have a back-side," cried Pulteney, in a pet.—"I don't know that," said the Lady instantly; "but every body knows that your wife has one."

The Patriot had, I believe, married a Miss or Mrs. Gumley, with whom Lord Bolingbroke had an intrigue; and an official note is extant which he penned in a hurry, without a table, in the lady's bed-chamber, and dated from a very odd place.

Lord Bath, though an opposer of the Minister, and very intimate and full of professions to Dr. Monsey, behaved to him like an errant courtier; and in the business of a subscription towards translating the Bible into the language used by the inhabitants of the Isle of Man, acted by no means like a man of such immense property as he possessed.

Sir Robert Walpole knew and valued the worth of his "Norfolk Doctor," as he called him—he knew it, and neglected it.

The prime Minister was fond of billiards, at which his friend very much excelled him.—"How happens it," said Sir Robert, in his social hour, "that nobody will beat me at billiards, or contradict me, but Dr. Monsey."—"They get," said the Doctor, "places—I get a dinner and praise."

The late Duke of Grafton was mean enough to put off paying him, for a long attendance on himself, and family by promising him a little place at Windsor.

"I take the liberty to call on your Grace to say the place is vacant," said the Chelsea Physician.—"Ecod," (his Grace had not the most harmonious voice, and repeated this elegant word in a very peculiar manner)—"Ecod I know it—the Chamberlain has just been here to tell me he promised it to Jack —."—The disconcerted and never paid Doctor retired, informed the Lord Chamberlain what passed, who said, "Don't, for the world, tell his Grace—but before he knew I had promised it—here is the letter he sent me soliciting for a third person."

Though his Grace's head was not overstocked, nature had been bountiful elsewhere, which occasioned his making a remarkable wager. I decline relating it, though many guineas were laid on the subject

ject of the bet. This, and an unexpected mistake a female acquaintance of his Grace's made, created a hearty laugh.

There was a time when the ingenious Mrs. Montagu was intimate with him; so much so, as for many years to receive from him a poetical compliment on her birthday. Whether from his lines at last not having compliment enough, or from his coolness with Garrick, their acquaintance declined: he was always silent on the subject; though, from what I have heard from another person, I suspect it was owing to an extreme parsimony which had appeared in this lady's conduct ever since she built the magnificent house in Portman Square, a building certainly in a style of grandeur and expence beyond her fortune, rank in life, and extreme old age*.

Dr. Monsey was always strangely infatuated with fears of the public funds, a bug-bear that drove him to place his money on troublesome securities, and productive ultimately of heavy losses. He used to speak (as losers always do) feelingly of the villainy of a Welch Parson and a London Attorney.

Experience, for which he paid so dear, at last taught him to put as much confidence in *public* as in *private* faith, and he invested property to a considerable amount in the funds.

It was a prevailing opinion that he was avaricious—a charge often bestowed on prudence by the foolish and profuse—if he was so, it was not a principle that pervaded his whole conduct; for I have known him, in two instances, burn a bond for a hundred pounds, which he had advanced to industrious tradesmen, who were able, but

* She was not far from seventy when the building began.

would have been distressed to repay it.

A neighbour of the Doctor's, possessed of a large sinecure, used to be fond of ridiculing him in all companies for his meanness and love of money, though the Doctor professed and proved himself a friend on all occasions to him and his wife: he attended them both at different times, for some years, without a fee being thought of or offered; and, on one occasion, at some distance from town, when the Doctor's chaise-hire cost him seven guineas, after some time, this abuser and practiser of sordid actions, sent his friend a ten pound Bank note, which Monsey directly returned, saying, "That the attentions of a friend cannot be repaid with money;" adding, "if he had sent me a piece of plate worth forty shillings, I should have thought myself obliged to him."

This same friend, in another instance, where the payment of rent for an outhouse was to be left to his generosity, paid Monsey thirty shillings a year for what a man, who was not his friend, used to pay five guineas per annum.

"Clodius accusat Mæchos."

In advancing sums to assist inferior tradesmen, he was ever ready—often with little prospect of seeing the money again.

Not long before his death he advanced a servant retiring from a gentleman's service, a hundred pounds to set him up in business.

The tradesman applied to his master to assist him, a finical delicate woman's man, who trembled at a breeze: he generously lent him twenty pounds, which he made him repay in a fortnight. I have heard the performer of this generous action exclaim against the Doctor as a miser and a brute.

This "bug with gilded wings," would

would lavish treble the sum on a squeaking eunuch, or new furniture for his phaeton, in which he was often afraid to ride.—“ Nature certainly at first designed him for a woman,” said Monsey, in a surly hour, “ but was unwilling to disgrace the sex : to choose a coat, or determine a pattern for his waistcoat, is the sedulous but fatiguing business of a day. I used to ask him if he was settling a jointure for one of his daughters, or debating on the purchase of an estate.”

During a prevailing general illness in the Doctor's neighbourhood, all intercourse with this family was interdicted by a very serious letter sent to him. A correspondence by letter was admitted; but even the letter was to pass quarantine for a night and a day, or to be bleached, (as the Doctor used to call it.) If he met them in his post-chaise on the road, the glasses of their coach were carefully and closely shut up, and a waving of hands was the only personal civility that passed between intimate friends for seven months.

“ We are afraid of you, Doctor, you come from a sick room,” exclaimed the *Petit Maitre*.—“ You often make me sick,” said Monsey, “ but never afraid.”

As the Doctor advanced in years, an irregular stop in his pulse gave him much alarm, and he applied to Sir George Baker and Dr. Heberden on the occasion. Of this last gentleman's medical skill he often expressed the highest opinion.

They at first concurred with him in supposing that it arose from some of the great vessels of the heart growing bony, which is said often to happen in old age; but they afterwards altered their opinion when it was discovered that this phenomenon returned only at intervals; observing very justly, that if the cause had been of so local a nature,

the effect would have been permanent and regular*.

His health for twenty years before his death had been subject to frequent attacks; his nights restless and uneasy. This, with some heavy pecuniary losses before mentioned, and the ill usage of some of his near neighbours, visibly soured his temper, added suspicion and acrimony to his behaviour and conversation; and his minute attention to economy, which he took no pains to conceal, occasioned his enemies to remark that he grew too fond of a guinea.

Had I pretended to, or been qualified for, a perfect biography, I should, ere now, have observed, that, before he quitted Bury, he married a widow with a handsome jointure, who died and left him one daughter. This lady was married to a gentleman of a reputable mercantile family in the City, and is now a widow with a numerous family.

Dr. Monsey was certainly bound to attend to these children by every tie of tenderness and duty, which he fulfilled perhaps to a fault, and has amply provided for them in addition to their father's fortune.

If his parsimony in many instances degenerated into meanness, if his mode of life was not equal to his fortune, let it be remembered that he was constantly observing the lamentable effects of dissipation; that he had the warmest affection for his daughter, a purse to assist the unfortunate, and an amiable reason for his weakness.—He was often anxious, in his absence from his apartment, for a safe place, in which to deposit his cash and notes; bureaux and strong boxes he was

* On opening his body, this, however, appeared to be the cause; yet his pulse at times being natural, is still not to be accounted for.

conscious had often failed in security. Previous to a journey into Norfolk, during the hot weather in July, he chose the fire-place of his sitting-room for his treasury, and placed bank notes and cash in that unusual situation under the cinders and shavings. On his return, after a month's absence, he found his old woman preparing to treat a friend or two with tea, and, by way of showing her respect for her guests, the parlour fire-place was chosen to make the water boil, as she never expected her master till she saw him. The fire had just been lighted, when her master arrived in the critical minute: he rushed, without speaking, to the pump, where luckily a pail of water was, and deluged the whole over the fire, and the half-drowned woman, who was diligently employed in removing it. His money was safe; but the notes, if they had not been wrapped in thick brown paper, would inevitably have been destroyed. Sufficient fragments were preserved to enable the Doctor, with some official difficulty, to get paid at the Bank.

It has been observed, that he whom many disapproved must have some radical defects; and Monsey's not being generally liked at Chelsea, has been adduced in support of the argument. An economist and a reformer of abuses is seldom a popular character. To this another reason may be added.

He came to Chelsea from a circle of friends exalted in rank and family, and in general adorned with useful or polite learning.

He was placed in an Hospital of Invalids, the domestic officers of which, according to the design of the institution, should have been filled by disabled or disbanded officers, a well-earned retreat for the brave and unfortunate.

The Temple at Jerusalem was

meant for a house of prayer, but converted into a den of thieves; and the College at Chelsea, which ought to have been devoted to national charity, was over-run by the valets, grooms, or election jobbers, of a Fox*, a Russell, or a Rigby.

By this preposterous misapplication of public rewards, a man, by shaving the Paymaster, brushing his coat, his shoes, or marrying his mistress, became the companion of a General, a Knight of the Bath, a Physician, and a Divine.

To men sprung from the dregs of society, frequently elevated for obsequiousness, folly, or vice, ignorant† and self-conceited, can we wonder that Monsey repaid insolence with satirical invective and contempt?

But real and unassuming merit, in the poorest and lowest situations, he treated with good nature and winning familiarity: the gratitude he experienced from patients of this class he ever spoke of as the most gratifying fee, and was the last man to arrogate adventitious merit from family connection or intellectual excellence.

By way of ridiculing family pride, he used to confess that the first of his ancestors of any note was a Baker and a Dealer in Hops, a trade which enabled him with some difficulty to support a large family.

To procure a present sum he had robbed his feather beds of their contents, and supplied the deficiency with unsaleable hops. In a few years a severe blight universally prevailing, hops became very scarce, and enormously dear, the hoarded

* The first Lord Holland.

† "So you are one of the *usual* electors of ———," said Monsey. "I never had the disorder in my life," said the Freeman, understanding that he meant *usual*.

treasure was ripped out, and a good sum procured for hops which, in a plentiful season, would not have been saleable; "and thus," the Doctor used to add, "our family *begg'd* from obscurity."

He used to speak highly of the present Duke of Leeds for being divested of this false family pride, and related the origin of the Osborn family from the Duke's own mouth at his table.

"My family," said the Duke, "deduces its origin from Jack Osborn, the shop-boy of a pin-maker on London Bridge, in the reign of one of the Henrys. The only daughter of his master fell from a window into the Thames: the lad saw her situation, and rescued her. Some years after the young lady had many noble suitors; but 'Jack won her,' said the old Citizen, 'and he shall wear her.'"

The Doctor, in his visits at the Duke's, occasionally saw the late Marchioness of Carmarthen, and from her attention to her children, and seeing a woman of so exalted a rank making or mending some of the clothes of an infant to which she had been giving suck, he used to foretel she would be an excellent wife: the event proved the Doctor mistaken in his prophecy, as she became too fashionable a one.

May the Marquis in his recent nuptials, derive, as is not unfrequently in life, happiness and peace even from *anguish*, and have no reason to distrust the motto of a noble Lord*.

[*To be continued.*]

A DEEP TAKE IN.

A Military Officer was lately arrested in the following manner:—He received a *polite* invita-

* *Credo Byron.*

tion to dine with an *old friend*, who is an officer in the service of the Sheriff; not suspecting any deceit, he accepted the invitation; after they had dined, and while the bottle was circulating with glee, his *worthy friend* produced a bit of parchment, signed by the *General of the district*, requiring the *hospitable host* to make his house as comfortable as it could be made to Mr. Grant, until a certain sum, specified in the said bit of parchment, was paid. The officer, while narrating the circumstances of this arrest to the Court, seemed to enjoy the privation of liberty which his *friend* had experienced through his means, for he laughed heartily. He was asked by one of the learned Counsel, if he usually behaved so *kind* to his *friends*? He replied, "that he should like to *arrest them all* in the same manner, as it would save him many pounds during the year, in *hunting after shy cocks*." The prisoner was discharged.

LUDICROUS INNOVATIONS IN SIGN-PAINTING.

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

That this growing violation of taste and preposterous innovation, may be nipped in the bud, I beg you will make these observations as public and conspicuous as possible, and you will oblige, yours, &c.

A. B.*

Stamourn, Oct. 13, 1801.

WITH respect to the art of Painting, or representing upon wood, or upon canvass, in a

* The omission of some of our Correspondent's preparatory remarks, upon the symptoms of decension in the Arts and Sciences, though truly judicious and recondite, we hope he will excuse enough being retained to illustrate the humorous instances at present brought forward.

K 2

clear

clear and lively manner, the external appearance of vegetables and animals, the effects of the passions, and the events of history by colours, properly disposed and shaded, it is not only a very curious and ingenious art, but carries with it something of the sublime and wonderful; and those who excel in this art, may justly be said to possess something of a supernatural endowment. This, however, is far from being sufficient, or all that is necessary to form the complete artist in Painting. No, he must rise by slow gradation, through application, frequently and very attentively observing the performances of other artists, the works of nature, the effects of the various passions, and, if he ever attempts the delineation of any particular passage, or event in history, he must first draw the scene in his mind's eye in such a distinct, clear, and lively manner, as though he actually saw it represented by the various agents before his eyes. In short, the painter must proceed in steps similar to those of an author; who first attempts an essay, then a pamphlet, a treatise, a sermon, a history, a tragedy, and lastly, an epic poem.

If it be asked, What were the primary or simple beginnings of painting? the answer must be, a rude and uncouth resemblance of things made with chalk, coal, pencil, or pen; afterwards a genius in drawing a resemblance of such things, attempted the same in colour, laid on with a brush, and imitated the likeness of those objects that chanced to strike his fancy and attention.

The first attempt of an artist in painting, is frequently a sign to hang over the door of a publican, and probably those of Raphael and Guido were much of the same kind. But be that as it may, modern painters often begin with these

rude sketches. I shall, therefore, look on sign-painting as a necessary lesson and exercise for the young student, and a powerful stimulus in calling forth the abilities of those who are ambitious of making some public exhibition of their art.

This being the case, I must lament that the long-established custom of hanging, or placing painted signs at the doors of public-houses, is going out of fashion; and if not put a stop to will probably, in a few years, be entirely disused. In this neighbourhood, instead of the Black Horse, the White Hart, the Swan, the Bell, the Lamb, the Rose, the Vine, &c. which formerly hung decently painted at the doors of the respective public-houses, it is now common to see a bit of blackened board, dangling over them, with a few letters, which some mis-name *golden letters*; that is, letters painted in a turgid yellow, which are, properly speaking, of no colour whatever; and those muddy scrawls and ridiculous flourishes are to inform the public, that it is the Black Horse, the White Hart, &c. &c.

About seven years ago, as I entered a neighbouring market town, my eyes were agreeably entertained with the sign of the Lion, as fine a savage as a man could desire to see. But the fine and lordly animal, though inanimate, like all other things has felt the effects of time; and, through a constant exposure to the various seasons of heat and cold, wind and rain, his beauty vanished, his substance weakened and decayed, and he fell; and with him poor old Boniface, at whose expence he was put up, and in whom his soul delighted. It was a stormy March, the wind roared through the house, the Lion made rapid and violent motions to and fro—at length down he fell. Old Boniface heard the fall, held up his

his head, and lo, the old Lion lay in shattered fragments about the street. "Alas," he exclaimed, lifting the glass to his mouth, to add one more thimbleful to the ocean within, "I knew the poor beast was almost worn out, but did not think his fall so near. Well! we shall all drop one after another. My fall is not far off." He sighed, took down the contents of the glass, and died within an hour after.

Old Boniface was succeeded by one who was too wise and knowing to have common sense; he was what many people call a prudent man; that is, a man too sparing in expences ever to give the least encouragement to any man; one whose whole attention and every action is constantly influenced by motives of self-interest; who submits to drudgery, and any kind of meanness, to save a shilling, but will not suffer the industriously inclined to earn a penny in any thing but in cases of absolute necessity.

This man, I say, was too wise to possess common sense: he was incapable of perceiving the difference between the substance and its shadow, and thought it the same thing to hear or read a tale, as to behold with the eyes the real object, the event, or matter of fact. This over-wise and hyper-prudent mortal, to spare expence, and show his own taste and judgment, hung up a bit of board, with these words, *THE OLD LION*.

His wife remonstrated and said, "My dear, this will never do. Every body will say, 'as how, 'tis done to spare charge, and will never believe that the man who has not a heart to put up a good and handsome sign at his door, will ever have the heart to keep good beer in his cellar. Pray, my dear, do employ Daddy G—, as they call him, to paint the Lion hand-

somely.. He has a nice finger at mixing colours, and a charming hand at the brush. Every body says, as how, he has painted the King's Head, at G—, most delightfully and beautifully, and the house has been full of company ever since."

"I tell you," replied he, "that you, my dear, labour under a great mistake, and err very grossly; for a man of any taste cannot bear to look at that sign; it is hediously done; the coat is of such a glaring red, that it makes the strongest eyes water to look at it. Besides, the colour wont stand, for though it has hung up not more than three months, yet the coat wants turning already. Then only think, my dear, what your fine fellow of a painter did at F—street, where he painted the Serjeant's Head so abominably, that several poor women miscarried soon after it was put up; and those who went their full time, brought children that were cross-eyed; and wry-necked, which was entirely owing solely to his fine painting."

"'Tis all falsehood and scandal," returned the wife, "invented and spread about by an old woman, who pretends to know every thing, and who will always assign some cause for every mark or defect that any child carry about. However, you know he altered it, and made it one of the finest and boldest heads in all the world, nor did he charge a penny for the trouble he took."

All the arguments and remonstrances of the landlady were unavailable; Spare-charge and Half-wit persisted in it, that the letters were as good as the best painting could be, and swore, that he would be damned ere he would give two guineas for a daubing to hang over the door. So the *OLD LION* is still to be seen in letters. Was
ever

ever any thing so preposterous!
THE OLD LION.

Should this absurd innovation, gentlemen, come into general practice, what the wiser or more knowing will the generality of men be from the written characters or names of signs? Mr. Lock, in his learned Treatise on the Human Understanding, very justly observes, that our knowledge is acquired by the senses, and that without their use, men can come to the knowledge of but very few things; and says, "that it is impossible for any man to conceive any just ideas of the scent and flavour of the pineapple, from any arrangement of words or definitions whatever; but that a man must first smell and taste that rare and delicious fruit, before he can arrive at any clear and just ideas about it."

In a word, it must appear evident to every thinking man, that some ideas cannot be imparted to others by words, definitions, or comparisons, but by representation; and that there are other kinds of ideas that cannot be imparted but by words, or something similar and equivalent to them. I shall, therefore, trouble you no farther about words and ideas, but proceed to notice one more instance of the preposterous innovation (which is daily gaining ground and growing into fashion), of giving letters in the place of paintings; that is, the names of things instead of their representation.

A little farther up the street, on the opposite side to the Old Lion, was the Fox and Dogs. This was a pleasing object to behold—the most beautiful sign I ever cast my eyes upon. Even my horse was wont to take much delight in it, and would never willingly pass by it, without stopping to pay it that respect it so justly merited, and as it were demanded; for beauty is

ever very attractive. The Fox was making one of his artful turnings, and appeared to be weighing in his subtle brain, the most advisable ways and means to preserve his carcase, by cheating, and out-witting, the keen-scented pack, which seemed to be in motion after him. The horses and their riders were making their appearance behind, all in health and fine spirits, snuffing as it were the salubrious gales; and something pleasingly joyous and delightful was diffused over the whole group. Oh, it was a pleasing goodly sign—but it is gone; and a bit of board hangs dangling in its place, with these words—

THE FOX AND DOGS!!!

CONFLICT BETWEEN A WILD
BUCK AND A NEGRO-MAN.

LETTERS from Savannah, in South-Carolina, inform us, that on the 21st of July last, a negro-man, on his way to Ogechee, observed a large buck, some distance a-head, running towards him. The negro stepped into the bushes, and picking up a lightwood knot, threw it at him as he passed. The deer jumped into the ditch on the opposite side, and coursing along it the negro pursued him, when the deer springing out made signal of battle. The negro, a second Sampson was not disposed to fly, whereupon a most terrible conflict ensued. The negro, almost exhausted, called aloud for assistance; but none coming to his aid, he, like the Jewish hero before-mentioned, summed up his remaining strength, and seizing the buck by the lower jaw and one horn, with an Herculean jerk, he snapped his neck in twain. The negro is much injured. His name is Adam, and he belongs to Messrs. Denis and Williams.

INQUIRY

**INQUIRY INTO THE ANCIENT
GREEK GAME:**

Invented by Palamedes, antecedent to the siege of Troy; its improvements in China, India, &c. &c.

THE author of this elaborate inquiry, supposed to be Mr. Christie, jun. of Ball-Mall, commences his research by enquiring, in his first chapter, concerning the *Petteia*, the game of Merrills—and whether the *Petteia* were invented by PALAMEDES?

As to the *Petteia* itself, the first object is to supply such other information concerning it as Julius Pollux and Dr. Hyde have imperfectly given, for the purpose of rendering it more clearly understood. Beginning with Saumaise, his erroneous and inconsistent statement of the game is evinced, the equally contradictory and inconclusive remarks of Mearsius, Souter, Bulenger, and Casaubon, are noticed; and, after pointing out an error into which even Dr. Hyde hath been led by the first of these authorities, we are brought to what the author offers from himself.

"We learn from Polybius, that the *petraia* was a game of which the merit consisted in cutting off, and inclosing, or blocking up.

"This is fully expressed in the following words:—'For cutting off many of them by detachments, and, like a skilful player at the *Petteia*, inclosing, or blocking them up, he, without a battle, destroyed them.'

"I think we need not hesitate to believe, therefore, that it was a game of circumvention; and, in this one respect, like the game called *Παιρδιον*, in which the object was to inclose, or circumvent, any one piece by two of the other party. This was effected in the *Παιρδιον* by the throw of a dice,

and in the *Petteia* by skill in moving.

"We find that when a piece was put to its shifts, it was compelled to move from the line or mark in the centre of the board:—'I will move my pebble from the sacred,' says Suidas; and adds, 'And this is said of those who adopt a measure (like this move in the *Petteia*) as their last resource.' Not that any auxiliary attack was made, by this move from the sacred, to rescue any piece in distress, but that danger was avoided by moving from the sacred, and as it were 'out of check.'—*Ad periculum evitandum, potius quam injuriam inferendam.*—P. 7.

"The manner of thus throwing the piece into difficulty, may be learnt from Eustathius, who says, 'Since the player who had the worst of it was forced into a middle station between the piece attacking and the sacred mark, which was (*εσχάτην*), an extreme boundary beyond it.'—P. 8.

"Nor can' (it is observed in p. 9.) be understood of the piece being forced upon the sacred, but being driven up to it."—After obviating objections that might be alleged against this position, the author proceeds to supply the want of the board of Palmedes formerly exhibited at Troy and at Argos; but for this we must refer to the plate; from not possessing which, we regret that his exemplifications of the game must here be suppressed; since, with what is already given, they will account for every thing relating to the *Petteia*, excepting what respects the *ισα γκαμιν*, which is represented by the author as a square in the centre of a board consisting of sixteen squares. Its extension somewhat every way from the central point, he conceives requisite to show its obtrusive power upon any pebble that might be forced

forced by an enemy upon the nearest station to it; and that it was a square he infers from a similarity which the board of the *Petteia* bears to another game, composed of a like number of stations, though differently disposed, in the centre of which such a square existed. The game here alluded to is that of Merrils, well known to the shepherds in our midland counties, the lines of which are often seen cut in turf on sheep-walks, and is stiled by Shakespeare, *The Nine-men's Morrice*. This game, our author has no doubt, was originally played by the shepherds of the western parts of Asia, and thence made known by the Celts over all the north of Europe. It has afforded to Mr. Tresham, the subject for a well-conceived vignette, though the lines of the diagram are out of perspective.

The game of Merrils, known to the Greeks by the name of *ἱερὸς τόπος*, is conjectured to have been more ancient than the *ἱερὴ τεῖα*, and probably the parent of it; inasmuch as depositing the pebbles alternately must have been more ancient than moving them.

“Dr. Hyde observes, that the oriental name for this central square upon the board of Merrils is, *zindân*, *carcer*: *Anglice*, ‘the pound,’—‘quasi *pecorum carcer*’—And indeed it is very probable, that it was originally intended to represent something of this kind. For as the Eastern shepherds amused themselves by playing with the pebbles whilst they watched their flocks, they might afterwards have introduced the figure of the fold itself, as an ornament to the board. This had likewise its use, the pebbles being probably first deposited there, and taken from it, as occasion required, in the course of the game.

“And here I think I observe the origin of the sacred mark; for,

as I have no doubt of the *ἱερὸς τόπος* having taken its rise from this simple game, the sheep-fold was retained in the centre of the board of the *ἱερὴ τεῖα* also, and stiled by the Greeks, the sheep-fold. But in process of time we find this word accepted in a very different sense. And it came first to signify the square inclosure or railing, within which the images of the gods were placed; and, at last, the temple itself. And thus, from want of discriminating between the ancient and modern sense of the word *ἱερὸς*, the spade in the centre of the board was called ‘the sacred;’ and because it covered the central station, or point of intersection.

“Sophocles, it is true, declares that Palamedes invented the *ἱερὴ τεῖα* as a diversion in the time of a famine; but as he attributes the joint invention of the *ἱερὴ τεῖα* and dice to him, which last, as Dr. Hyde proves, were only known at a much later date, this authority is not to be deemed sufficient proof.

“The other tragic writer I allude to (Euripides) has raised a doubt in the mind of Dr. Hyde respecting a passage in the chorus to the first act of the *Iphigenia in Aulis*. But I do not conceive there can be much difficulty in ascertaining the real meaning of the Greek poet. Thus far, I think, may be concluded from the passage, that Palamedes was not the inventor. For we find Ajax Oileus, Ajax Telamon, and Protesilaus, playing at the *ἱερὴ τεῖα*; whilst Palamedes, who would be imagined to be particularly interested by the game had he been its inventor, is described as casting the discuss with Diomedes. And as this was during the time that the fleet lay wind-bound at Aulis, before they had arrived off Troy, this must fix the date earlier than those authors have done, who attribute the invention

vention to Palamedes, during the siege.

But, further, it is a singular circumstance that the poet does not represent the game as being played by two, but by three players.

"Here we must either consider it as a tripartite game, which we cannot easily reconcile, or that two played against the third person; or that one of the three was merely a looker on. And I see no reason why the game played by the Grecian leaders should not have been the *Πεττεία*, as I have described it, which in itself appears to have been a military game; more particularly as no other played with pebbles could have existed at this early period but the *Πεττεία*, or the ruder game of Merrills; every other of the kind requiring the use of dice, and these, as Dr. Hyde has shewn, were not yet invented."—P. 14.

The second chapter is assigned to the *Ludus Latrunculorum*; and as of this game an account has been transmitted in some ancient verses (whether truly or not) to Lucan or Ovid, these are the grounds on which it is traced, and thence inferred as certain, that "as no mention is made in them of dice, the allusion could be to no ancient game but the *Πεττεία*." How far this conclusion be strictly logical, we will candidly submit to the author's reflexion. The discussions of this chapter comprise some very ingenious remarks on a passage of Plautus in *Pœnulo*, and others from Ovid, in which not only Dr. Hyde is corrected, but the *Πεττεία*, in its roman form, is exemplified with success; as is also the *Alveus*, in chapter the third.

In the fourth chapter, the subject of which is the *Παλινδρον*, its origin is thus traced:

"The ancient game which took its rise from the Merrills, upon the first adoption of the moves, assumed

a military appearance; instead of the sports of shepherd boys near their fold, it now appeared to represent their quarrels, which ended in declared hostilities. The parties separated from each other; proper territories were assigned to each; and what before was considered as a sheep-fold, was converted into a mound or barrier against their mutual incursions."—P. 32.

Under this form the *Petteia* had now arrived at its perfect state; we have since seen it declining in the *Ludus Latrunculorum*; but its downfall seems to have been completed by the application of the mischievous invention of dice to this game: a system of warfare was not to be carried on by chance; and accordingly we find, that when skill was nearly excluded, the game lost much of its military appearance, and began to relapse into its pastoral state.

"From hence arose a mixed game, called *Plinthion*, constructed by the orientals upon the foundation of the *Petteia*, which, from the moves in playing it being directed by the cast of the die, resembled rather the wagers of shepherds than the stratagems of war; notwithstanding which, the object in playing the game, and even (as may appear upon minute investigation) the very construction of the board and disposition of the pieces shew it to have been but a perversion of the military *Petteia*, whilst the terms respecting it were purely pastoral."—P. 32.

In a learned disquisition, subjoined as a note, the date of this game is assigned to about six hundred years before the Christian epoch. Continuing his investigations, the author proceeds to discuss with great acuteness the object of the game, the form of the board, and the disposition of the men upon it, for the purpose of identifying

identifying the two games of the *Plinthon* and *Petteia*; and in these, whilst correcting the positions of Hyde, he displays an equal portion of ingenuity and erudition.

We are brought, in the next division of the subject, to consider the *ισα γειρην* as a *vallum* or *mound*, and thence led to the Scythian origin of the *Petteia*. Taking the change of manners in nations for the clue to the variations of idiom in language, he passes on from the *sheep-fold* to the *central mound*, or *boundary*, which, being rendered (as by the Jewish law—*Cursed be he that removeth his neighbour's land-mark*) *inviolable*, was thence considered sacred, and in the East made the site of temples. (See Hallied's *Gentoo Laws*, p. 181.)—Hence,

“—as the *Petteia* was originally borrowed from the Oriental Nomades, the transition from the *sheep-fold* to the temple and mound is but a natural train of consequences, easily to be explained by the manners of the pastoral people, which this game kept pace with, and was ever intended to represent.

“These mounds became, in course of time, objects of defence for whole provinces, which gladly embraced the security they afforded against the incursions of the pastoral tribes. De Pauw has given an account of more than twenty great mounds erected for such purposes in Egypt, Cœlo-Syria, Palestine, Asia Minor, Media, Tartary, China, Russia, Greece and the Peloponnesus, Bulgaria, Switzerland, Britain, Germany; besides the countries round Bochara and Samarcand, which were fortified by walls: in all which instances we may observe this mode of defence prevailing at a very early period in different parts of the world, widely distant from each other; but more

particularly in countries lying towards the northern and middle parts of Asia; and these were peopled by that numerous race, the Scythian Nomades, from whom the Tartars are descended: it is no wonder, therefore, that so striking a circumstance as the *vallum* should have had a place in a game which was designed more particularly to represent the manners and way of life of this wandering people.”—P. 49.

The sixth chapter, introducing a new view of the subject, as it respects the Chinese, Indian, Persian, and European chess, begins with the *Petteia*, as known to the Chinese. This game, in its perfect state, was, as our author has shown, distinguished by some leading particulars, which prevailed more or less in every game derived from it. These were—the pentad of pebbles with which the game was played—the stations and moves, which were upon lines, and not on squares, as in the modern European games—the central mark or boundary,—and the object of circumvention, which was forwarded by that mark, either when the piece attacked was obliged to retire, or where there were no means of escaping, by which the game was finished as if by blockade. Such were the characteristics of the Greek game. The *Petteia* of China had already assumed the military appearance, and that, perhaps, from its first introduction; the pebbles being termed *ping*, or soldiers, of which either party had five. These, as in the Greek game, were stationed and moved upon lines; and the central mark, or boundary, extended so as to touch the sides of the board, was styled the *kià-hà*, or dividing river, under which name the middle line of the *grammai* is concealed. Having pointed out in further details the similarity

similarity between the Chinese and Greek Games as to form, our author proceeds to develop their connexion, from an examination of their object and design.

"The former represents the combat of two hostile armies across a river; which, as Dr. Hyde remarks, may be imagined to be that celebrated river, the largest in all China, known by the name of the Yellow River, from the colour of its waters, which separates that country from India, Thibet, and Tartary on the west; and which, returning, crosses the great wall in an oblique-line, and, proceeding forwards, divides the whole empire into two parts.

"This is not very far from the purpose of the Greek game, in which two hostile armies are engaged across a central mound or boundary. Now the Yellow River was in fact a boundary; and, considering it as such, we shall be able to collect the history of the game, and the source from which it was communicated to the Chinese.

"According to the most approved opinion, Shensi, and the northern parts of China, were first peopled by an outcast race of Hindus. These settlers extended themselves southward, as far as the Hoangho, whilst the provinces below that river were, at that time, but thinly peopled by straggling Tartars, who first opposed by arms, and afterwards coalesced with the Indian strangers, till in the end they were united as one people.—Thus, however, the Kià-hô represented the original boundary between the territories of the two.

"The ping and go (the adverse pawns) were Chinese and Tartars; and their former antipathy to each other may have laid a very probable foundation for the subject of the game. It would be no unreasona-

ble conjecture to suppose that the *Petteia* had long been known among the Tartar tribes; that the Chinese who learnt it from them afterwards received the Indian improvements; and whilst their prejudices prevented them from rejecting the pastoral game, the acknowledged ingenuity of the newly-invented pieces induced them by common consent to admit them, and blend them with it."—P. 59.

Pursuing the details of the foregoing chapter, we are brought to a very interesting part of this elaborate research, which traces the origin of the king and pieces from the sacred square, the inviolability of the king, he never being taken at chess, and the operations of checking and check-mate thence resulting. Having thus established the analogy sought for between the Greek *Petteia* and the chess of the Chinese, who assert that they received this game from India, (and it is certain that the connexion between the inviolable person and the sacred square, exists on the board of the Persian resident in India) the correspondence found between the Chinese and Indian chess is adduced in confirmation of the fact. The author's disquisition on the pieces is extended into the eighth chapter, which displaying a great variety of well applied learning, thus terminates:

"But to return to the subject of the elevation of the pebbles. I am sensible that all I have asserted on this head would be of no avail towards establishing the origin of the game of Chess from the Greek *Petteia*, unless I could adduce some general and striking similitude that had lasted down to the present day. By my hypothesis of the elevation of the pebbles, and the endowing them with the characters of pieces, I obtain only five elevated pebbles, because the *Petteia*

of the Greeks consisted but of five stations, and consequently could admit no more.

"But I contend that this same number is preserved to the present day upon the board of the European chess. If the *ἄνθρωποι* of the *Petteia* were but five, the pieces in the Persian and European chess are no more. Their names are—

"1. The shâh. 2. The pherz. 3. The phil. 4. The asp. 5. The ruch.

"Or, as we express them,

"1. The King. 2. Queen. 3. Bishop. 4. Knight. And, 5. Rook.

"The rest are but duplicates of the three last-mentioned."—P. 72.

From this deduction our author reverts, in the ninth chapter, to the Indian game of chess; and having shown that, by doubling the pebbles, an agreement is established between the Chinese chess and the Indian, he infers, with the highest probability, that the invention of the latter was not, as Sir W. Jones contends, "by the first intention." Whence it is natural to infer a progress from the simple to the more complex form, though changes or intermediate games. This chapter is singularly curious and erudite, as is also the following, which concludes the inquiry with a statement of the Hindu claims to the invention of chess, Phirdausi's account of the same, discussions relative to the Indo-Scythians, and the communication, through their means, between India and Europe. We have, in the preceding article, endeavoured to give as succinct an account as possible of this singular treatise, in which, if we have failed in perspicuity, some allowance is to be claimed from the nature of the subject, and also from want of being able to exhibit the *plâtes*, whence frequent instructions might be brought.

NEW MODE OF SHOOTING AND FISHING.

COLONEL Thornton has introduced among the Northern sportsmen, a new mode of shooting game and deer with air-rifles. From the success which has attended this innovation, it is likely to become general in practice.

A few days ago a bet was decided at Thornville-Royal, that Colonel Thornton would not kill as many head of game by his mode of shooting, as a gentleman of the neighbourhood, who is reckoned a very good shot, with a double-barrelled gun.

A great number of sporting men, interested in the event, met on the occasion, and Colonel Thornton won his match. Many woodcocks were killed in the course of the day. Notwithstanding the mildness of the season, these birds are numerous in that part of the country.

A circumstance happened at the same place the day after, which shews that of all species of sport, fishing requires least teaching; all the company set out for woodcock and pheasant shooting, except a foreign gentleman, who, being rather advanced in years, did not feel himself sufficiently active to make one of the party; accordingly, he requested that he might be left at home, where he proposed to amuse himself with fishing, for the first time in his life.

A few general directions were given him, and he was left by his friends to try his maiden effort, with very little hopes of success.

On their return, however, they found, with astonishment, that in the course of a few hours, he had killed a jack of three pounds, a perch of the same size, and a pike of near twenty pounds.

JOHN

JOHN LAW, THE FINANCIER.—
LUDICROUS ANECDOTES OF
FRENCH GAMBLERS, &c.

THIS once celebrated personage, since the happy arrival of General Laureston in this country, has once more become an object of curiosity. His history is instructive; yet little is to be found, relating to him, in our Biographical Dictionaries.

Law was the son of an advocate at Edinburgh, and born in 1688. In London, he became enamoured of the sister of a lord, whose name I cannot discover. This lord, not approving of her marriage with an adventurer, challenged Law, and fell in the duel. Law immediately escaped into Holland, and was tried, convicted, and outlawed in England. Perhaps it was in Holland he acquired that turn of mind which pleases itself with immense calculations; he became an adept in the mysteries of exchanges and re-exchanges. From thence he proceeded to Venice and other cities, studying the nature of their banks. In 1709, he was at Paris the same speculative genius he had hitherto been.

At the close of the reign of Louis XIV. the French finances were in great disorder; and, having obtained an audience of that monarch, the bankrupt king was much delighted by his projects. Law offered to pay the national debt, by establishing a company, whose paper was to be received with all possible confidence, and who were to make immense profits by their commercial transactions. The minister, Desmarest, to get rid of Law, threatened him, by one of his emissaries, with the Bastille. Law quitted Paris, and was a wanderer through Italy. He addressed himself to the King of Sardinia, who refused our adventurer's assis-

tance, declaring that he was not powerful enough to ruin himself!

At the death of Louis XIV. the Duke of Orleans was regent. Law ventured again to Paris, and found the regent more docile. The duke, indeed, was placed in a most trying situation: the finances were all confusion, and no hope was offered by any one to settle them. The duke lent his ear at first reluctantly to Law, convinced what consequences must follow such ideal wealth as that in which our adventurer dealt. In despair, the numerical quack was called in to relieve, by his powerful remedy, the disorder which no one would attempt to cure.

Law commenced with a most brilliant perspective. He established his bank, was chosen director of the East-India Company, and soon gave his scheme that vital credit which produced real specie; for, in that distracted time, every one buried or otherwise concealed his valuables; but, when the illusion of Law began to operate, every coffer was opened, while the proprietors of estates preferred his paper to the possession of their lands. All Europe seemed delighted; Law acquired millions in a morning; and even the regent himself was duped, and felicitated himself on his possession of so great an alchymist.

Law was honoured with nobility, and created Count of Tankerville: as for marquises, he purchased them at his will. Edinburgh, his native city, humbly presented him with her freedom, in which appear these remarkable expressions:—
 "The corporation of Edinburgh presents its freedom to John Law, Count of Tankerville, &c. &c. &c. a most accomplished gentleman; the first of all bankers in Europe; the fortunate inventor of sources of commerce in all parts of the remote world;

world; and who has so well deserved of his nation."—From a Scotchman (says Voltaire) he became, by naturalization, a Frenchman; from a Protestant, a Catholic; from an adventurer, a prince; and from a banker, a minister of state.

While Law was undergoing these metamorphoses himself, he was performing the same droll exhibition in all kinds of individuals. Fortunes were made in a month, and stock-jobbing was seen even in the narrowest alleys at Paris. Singular anecdotes are recorded of those days.—A coachman gave warning to his master, who begged at least that he would provide him with another as good as himself.—Whip replied, "I have hired two this morning: take your choice, and I will have the other."—A footman also set up his chariot; but, going to it, he got up behind, till he was reminded by his own servant of his mistake.—An old beggar, who had a remarkable hunch on his back, haunted the *Rue Quincampoix*, which was the crowded resort of all stock-jobbers: he acquired a good fortune, by lending it out for five minutes as a desk.

Law himself was adored: the proudest courtiers were humble reptiles before this mighty man; dukes and duchesses patiently waited in his anti-chamber; and Mrs. Law, a haughty beauty, when a duchess was announced, exclaimed "Still more duchesses! There is no animal so tiresome as a duchess!"

In the curious Memoirs of the Duchess of Orleans, a singular fact is recorded:—One morning, when Law was surrounded by a body of princesses, he was going to retire. They enquired the occasion: he gave one, on which they ought to have been silent; but, on the contrary, they said, "Oh! if it is nothing but that, let them bring

here a *chaise perche* for Mr. Law!"

—When the young king was at play, and the stakes were too high even for his Majesty, he refused to cover them ^{all}; young Law (the son of our adventurer) cried out, "If his Majesty will not cover, I will." The king's governor frowned on the boy of millions, who, perceiving his error, threw himself at the king's feet.

The infatuation ran through all classes, and even the French Academy solicited for the honour of Law becoming their associate; the only *calculator* they ever admitted into their body.

But at length the evil hour looked darker and darker; the immense machine became so complicated, that even the head of Law began to turn with its rapid revolutions. In 1719, he created credit; but in May, 1720, uncounted millions disappeared in air. Nothing was seen but paper and bankruptcy every where. Law was considered as the sole origin of the public misfortune; no one taxed his own credulity: they broke his carriages, destroyed his houses, and sought the arithmetician to tear him to pieces. He escaped from Paris in disguise, and long wandered in Europe incognito. After some years, he found a hiding-place in Venice, where he lived, poor, obscure, yet still calculating. Montesquieu, who saw him there, says, "He is still the same man; his mind ever busied in financial schemes, his head is full of figures, of agios, and of banks. His fortune is very small, yet he loves to game high." Indeed, of all his more than princely revenues, he only saved, as a wreck, a large white diamond, which, when he had no money, he used to pawn.

Voltaire saw his widow at Brussels. She was then as humiliated, as miserable, and as obscure, as she

she was triumphant and haughty at Paris—Such revolutions are not the least useful objects in history.

SPORTING with ABRAHAM NEWLAND'S SLANG, &c.

The following are the particulars of the Trial of GEORGE FEARNs, at the last Stafford Assizes, for Forgery.

IN consequence of intelligence received by the Bank of England relative to Fearn's, they sent directions to their agents, in Manchester, to lay some plan for the detection of the prisoner in the uttering of forged Bank notes. Instructions were in consequence given to Mr. Nadin, a constable of Manchester; and on the 1st of October Mr. Nadin, accompanied by Marshal Knowles, another constable of Manchester, went to the house of Fearn's, known by the name of the Bottom Public-house, four or five miles from Leek: it was near eleven at night when they arrived there; Nadin, under the name of W. Oliver, and Knowles, by his christian name of Marshal, disguised as hawking pedlars. As a confirmation of that being their business, they had with them a quantity of muslins, prints, &c. with a one-horse chaise or cart. Fearn's himself attended them, and the only observation Nadin thought proper to make to the prisoner, was, "it is bad times, and a man has few work to live honestly." In the morning (at an early breakfast, of which Fearn's partook) Nadin ordered some rum and milk, and justly supposing that a man who was guilty of one species of villainy would not be very scrupulous, if opportunity offered, of committing another, found fault with the rum, and asked where he bought it? Fearn's replied, of a man at Manchester. Nadin said,

he dealt in that article, and could help him to some very cheap. Fearn's said, "I suppose you are a smuggler; but how low can you afford it?" The other answered, "at six, and six and sixpence a gallon." Fearn's immediately ordered any quantity; but asked how he could manage to send it, without the Exciseman knowing it? Nadin informed him, that he could put a cask of twenty or twenty-one gallons into a barrel of American flour, put flour round it, and send it as flour. Fearn's said, that was a good plan.

Nadin and Knowles now shewed their goods to Fearn's, asking a price not a fourth part of their value; and Nadin said to Knowles, "Marshal, when did that man say he would send the *swag*?" [For an explanation of the cant terms, see the end of this account.] On which Fearn's said, he supposed they were *spoke to*, (pointing to the goods) which Nadin said was the case.—During the conversation, relative to these goods, Nadin put down a forged Halifax one guinea note. Fearn's said, he could not change it. Nadin told him, he did not want it changed; he wanted him to look at it, and say if it was not well done. Prisoner said, he saw it was a forged one, and thought it was badly done.

Nadin then asked Knowles, where the *screeves* were? On his using this cant term, he observed Fearn's countenance to change; he had looked rather gloomy before, but now he appeared quite *licksome*. Fearn's said, the *screeve* business was very good two or three years ago, but one Jackson had quite spoiled it. Nadin asked where Jackson was? Fearn's replied, "he is *gone out of the country*, about some heiters."

Nadin now shewed him some forged Bank of England notes.—

[These,

[These, he informed the Court, he had from a person who was sentenced to transportation, at Chester assizes, for having them in his possession.]—Fearn said, these were very badly executed. Nadin said, he thought he had never seen any that were better done; he had *smashed* several, and had no doubt that he should *smash* a great many more. Fearn asked where he got them? Nadin said, he had them from one Ben Baker, but he was at a loss how to get any more, as Baker was run away. Fearn asked, what he gave for the one-pound *screeves*? Nadin replied, “7s. 6d. and 14s. for the two-pounds.” Fearn said, “that is the price I gave for them; but you must not offer to *smash* in Leek, or Congleton, for, if you do, you will be *leg’d* directly.” Nadin said, he had *smashed* one at the Bull, in Congleton. Fearn said, “it is wonderful you was not *leg’d*! a man was taken up there a little time ago, who is now in Chester gaol, and has been *switching* about me; and the constables and cavalry from Leek have been and searched my house, and several other houses about here, that deal in the *screeve* way.” Nadin asked him, how he knew the man had *switched* him? He said, the man had wrote some letters to his friends at Walsal, which were directed to be left at his house; and, when he saw the Chester post-mark on them, he guessed who they were from, and so opened them.

Prisoner then asked Nadin, if he ever dealt in five-pound or ten-pound *screeves*? Nadin said, he never saw any; he wished he could get some, and then he would go to Ireland and buy salt beef and pork, and could pass any quantity there. Fearn said, he did not mind if he went with them.

Knowles, who had just before

left the room, came in, and said there was a man at the door, who he thought came from Manchester; on which Nadin said, “you must not let any body in here; these goods are all *spoke to*, and if any body sees them and me, I shall be taken up.” Fearn said, he might be quiet there; and added, “I will shew you a five-pound *screeve* before you go.”

He then went out to the person, who was a liquor merchant, and in about an hour after returned to Nadin and Knowles, and brought with him a 5l. and 1l. note, saying “These *are* articles! Look at mine, and look at your’s!” Nadin said, he never saw a 5l. *screeve* before, and asked what he should give for it? Fearn replied, he gave a guinea and a half for it; and being again called out, twatched the note from Nadin, put it into his coat pocket, and went out of the room. After he had stopped some time, Nadin began to think he would not sell any of the notes; he therefore directed Knowles, under the pretence of going for a *smag*, to fetch the constables from Leek, that Fearn might be apprehended under the late act of Parliament, for having the notes in his possession: but after Fearn had been absent an hour, or more, he again returned, and holding two notes in his hand, Nadin offered him three guineas for them, supposing they were two 5l. notes; on which Fearn looked earnestly at him, and said, “Aye, man! but one is a 10l. *screeve*!” Nadin then agreed with him for the 10l. note at three guineas, the 5l. one at one guinea and a half, and a 1l. note at half a guinea: he then put his hand into an inside waistcoat pocket, and pulling out a canvas bag, took from it a 5l. and a 1l. note, which Nadin also wanted to buy; but prisoner refused to part with these, saying, he

he was going into Yorkshire soon, and could *smash* them for their full value.

He then directed Nadin to attend to the dates of the notes, and to soil them accordingly; and said, "this must be done by rubbing them with a sweaty hand, and all one way; that he must not squeeze or rumple them in his hand, as the imitation of the water-mark was done with a stiff substance, and if he squeezed it, it would *break all in holes*." He added; "these are a good sort; my brother Tom and I played the devil with them in Wales last Chester fair: we went to the fair, and from thence to Wales, where we *smashed* about five hundred pounds worth."

Nadin asked, in what manner he laid the sum out? He replied, "In horses and cattle, which I took into Nottinghamshire, and sold. I have a licence to deal in horses."

Fearns then asked Nadin, if he knew *Long Tom*? He said, "Do you mean *Tom Morley*?" Fearns said, he did not know his surname, but that was the man he had them of. "He comes here," said he, "once a month. It is now three weeks since he was here: he will be here again next week, and you may then have any quantity."

The constables from Leek were now arrived; Fearns was taken into custody, and the next morning was committed to the county gaol, by the Rev. Mr. Powis.

Mr. Nadin underwent a severe cross-examination by Mr. Serjeant Williams, but without the least variation in his evidence; which was fully confirmed by Mr. Knowles, whose evidence exactly corresponded with that of Mr. Nadin.

Mr. Glover, an Inspector from the Bank, proved that the several bills purchased by Mr. Nadin, from the prisoner, and those found upon him, were all forged.

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The prisoner, being called upon for his defence, said, he knew nothing of the notes in question: he did not sell them, and had witnesses who could prove that he did not.

James Bloor stated himself to be a bread-baker and dealer in flour, living near the prisoner's house; said he was there at the same time with Nadin and Knowles, and all the time that Knowles was absent, during which no such conversation as that stated by Mr. Nadin, passed between him and the prisoner; nor did he hear of or see any notes, which he must have done, had the prisoner sold or paid any to Nadin. He also contradicted all the principal circumstances.

The Jury, without hesitation, found Fearns guilty—Death.

Bloor, the witness, was taken into custody, the Solicitor for the Bank undertaking to prosecute him for perjury at the next assizes for the county of Stafford.

Fearns has been executed, pursuant to his sentence.

The following is an explanation of the cant terms used in the above trial.

<i>Four-work</i>	-	Difficult.
<i>Swag</i>	-	{ A bundle of stolen goods.
<i>Spoke to</i>	-	Stolen.
<i>Screeve</i>	-	{ A forged Bank-note.
<i>Licksome</i> (a Lancashire phrase)	-	{ Lightsome, cheerful.
<i>Gone out of the country</i>	-	{ Transported.
<i>Smashed</i>	-	Paid away.
<i>Leg'd</i>	-	{ Taken into custody.
<i>Snitching</i>	-	{ Impeaching, informing against.

REVIVAL OF THE GAME LAWS IN FRANCE.

SINCE the abolition of the Game Laws in France, not only every species of game, but even the commoner birds, have almost been exterminated in several parts of that country. To prevent the entire depopulation of the woods and fields, some regulations have lately been adopted in some of the departments, of which the following proclamation of C. Bouqueau, prefect of the Rhine and Moselle, is an example. It runs thus:—

“WHEREAS there has been, for several years, so great a destruction of game and birds of every kind, that the forests are quite deserted, and it becomes necessary to take as many precautions to prevent the entire extermination of useful and innocent animals, as it was in the feudal times to destroy the noxious beasts,—the prefect, conformably with several laws and decrees which exist, but have not been put in force, forbids hunting in those seasons and places in which it would be prejudicial to the public and private territories, to the fruits of the earth, and the re-production of useful animals.”

The destruction of wild animals has, perhaps, been too much recommended in France. Those, at least, which form a part of the food of man, such as the hare, should not be wantonly destroyed, as they are now, by every youngster who can fire a gun, and who does not scruple to kill the female big with young. Still less should those animals be molested, which render essential services to man, by removing various nuisances and noxious insects, such as the swallow, the crow, and a number of other birds; and the lover of nature will plead for those which are entirely

innocuous, and enliven the country with their songs, as the linnet, the goldfinch, and the nightingale.

The following fact may serve to shew that very essential service is done to man by some animals which he has proscribed as noxious.—Some years ago, a Prussian nobleman revived on his territories an ancient law, which imposed on the peasants an annual tribute of a certain number of sparrows heads and crows feet. As his design was well intended, he required this tribute to be paid in kind. Soon the crows no longer dared to follow the plough-share, and the whole race of sparrows appeared to be exterminated in several villages. It was not long before the inhabitants felt the inconvenience of this practice: caterpillars of every kind devoured the leaves of the trees, and all the garden vegetables, for several years successively; the clergyman of the place attributed this to the destruction of the birds; and the nobleman, who was soon convinced of the same, abolished the tribute, and even brought back sparrows into some of the villages from which they had been entirely exterminated.

Another fact of the same kind will serve to confirm the above observations concerning the vast utility of many species of birds.—In the year 1798, the forests of Saxony and Brandenburg were attacked with a general mortality. The greater part of the trees, especially the firs and different kinds of pine, whose bitter and aromatic branches are rarely the prey of insects, died, as if struck at their roots with some secret malady. It was not here, as too often happens, that the foliage alone was devoured by caterpillars; but these trees perished without shewing any external sign of disease. This calamity became so general, that the regency of Saxony sent

sent naturalists and skilful foresters to find out the cause. They soon found it in the unusual multiplication of one of the *lepidopteræ* insects, which, whilst a worm, insinuated itself within the tree, and fed upon the wood. Whenever any bough of fir or pine was broken, this detestable insect was found within it, which had often hollowed it out to the very bark. From the report of the naturalists and most experienced foresters, it seemed highly probable that the extraordinary increase of this insect was owing to the entire disappearance of some species of woodpeckers and titmice, which had not for some years been seen in the forests.—The above insect, in its larva state, was a large white soft-bodied caterpillar, with twelve rings, and a hard and corneous head, furnished with very strong jaws, extremely proper for gnawing wood. On the breast it had two tubercles, and beneath its body, short and fleshy legs. It turned into a moth of remarkable size and beauty.

A DEPUTY ALDERMAN'S
DIARY.

ON A TOUR.

TOLD the Waiter, "Dash my buttons, as you're a good fellow, you shall have my old shoes!"

Paid my lodgings at a watchmaker's; though, by the bye, I ought to have gone on tick.

Told Mr. Apewell, the mimic, I was the best imitator, as I should take myself off.

Discharged my subscription at the Library, "All for Love."—*Mem.* The best part of the book, to read, is the outside.

Got into the chaise at six in the morning; and, feeling myself rather queer, took some rum and water.—Being rather ailing, had a toast and

tankard at Dorchester. Went on to Salisbury, and was determined to aspire to the top of the Cathedral. Dined at Basingstoke, and, being rather impetuous, was resolved to have a rasher on the coals. Read the newspapers, and observed that next Tuesday, owing to the Russian debate, there will be a severe bear-baiting in the House of Commons.—*Mem.* After dinner, had some olives, on account of the peace, though, like many others, made wry faces in swallowing.

Made a point of drinking no more than a pint of wine; and having told Mrs. Widgem, the mistress of the house, that by her bill I should have conceived her to be a wild duck, ordered the boy to drive to Murrell Green, where I looked confused blue, on being informed there was no other milk in the house except cream.

Came on to Hounslow, and, my coat being very much splashed, was told by the landlord, he knew I had been at Egham, as he perceived by my coat I had been through Stanes.—*Mem.* Good for the City, though affraid they won't take it.

Arrived at Tunham Green, and remembered the old story, that "Hammersmith was the way to make peas yellow."

Drank tea at Kensington:—thought of the 9th of November. Hope the Lord Mayor may prove the better horse. Glorious feasting on Monday. Warm work amongst the waiters: suppose they'll run for a heat, instead of a plate.—*Mem.* To look over all my puns and sentiments, and furbish them up against the occasion.

Saw a good pun in the Oracle.—A gentleman never been at Cork, but seen many drawings of it.—*N.B.* Improve upon it, by substituting paintings for drawings.

Met with a friend, who took me down to Hampton a-fishing.—Ar-

ing under Ward the pugilist, living on raw meat, &c. and when he won, he felt the last twenty miles tire him so much, that he thought it quite impossible for Mr. Barclay to go thirty miles further, at the same rate; and hence arose the present bet. — Mr. Barclay has, however, been in training since the beginning of September, under Mr. Smith, an old farmer in Yorkshire, on Lord Fauconberg's estate. — Smith sports a little on the turf, and is very knowing in all sporting science. Among other things, he is particularly well acquainted with the best way of training a person to walk, and therefore Mr. Barclay put himself under his care.

Mr. Fletcher made his bet with great judgment. Not only did he think it impossible for Mr. Barclay to keep up walking at the rate of four miles and a quarter an hour (which was the rate, including stoppages) for twenty-one successive hours, but he stipulated that the task should be performed at this season of the year, when the human frame is the most relaxed, and in the weakest state. There was also a great chance, at this time, of a high wind, heavy rain, or a thick fog, either of which would have proved a fatal obstacle to Mr. Barclay's success. The fog, for a few hours in the morning, proved a heavy drawback on his exertions; and, had it continued all day, it is probable he would have lost. — Mr. Barclay, we believe, did not foresee these difficulties arising from the season, at the time he made the bet; and fortunately he escaped them, as the weather was, except between four and eight in the morning, extremely favourable.

Another letter, from Pocklington, dated Nov. 12, says, "Tuesday night, at twenty minutes past eight

o'clock, Mr. Barclay finished his famous walk of ninety miles, in twenty hours and fifty minutes, being one hour and ten minutes within the time allowed him. I saw him frequently in the course of the day, and was present when he came in. He was so fresh, that the last mile he came in at a run: every body seemed in his favour, and the idea of his bottom was such, that the black-legs could get no bets, such as they wished. — Accompanied by one of my friends, I immediately went to see him after his walk, when he told us, he felt perfectly well."

A third account says, "Mr. Barclay betted 5000l. that he would go ninety miles in twenty-one successive hours and a half; which was to include time for refreshment, change of clothes, and every stoppage that Mr. B. might think needful to make. The match was made some time since, between the above gentleman and Mr. Fletcher, a gentleman well known on the turf, owner of *Allegianti*, &c. to be decided in the month of November; Mr. Barclay to give eight days notice of the day on which he was to start. The agreement stated, that he was to go the above number of miles in twenty-one and a half successive hours of one day. The time was accordingly fixed for Tuesday the 10th of November. The ground chosen by Mr. Barclay, on which he was to decide the bet, was the space of one mile on the high road between York and Hull, about sixteen miles from the former place. The ground was measured by the contracting parties, and a post fixed at the end of the mile, which, in turning, required of Mr. Barclay about one space and a half each mile, but which was not reckoned in the measurement. Persons were stationed at the winning-post; to

to note down the rounds, and observe that every thing was done in a fair manner. On each side of the road were placed a number of lamps, on purpose to give light during the night. A few minutes before twelve o'clock on Monday evening, Mr. Barclay, with several of his friends, appeared on the ground, as did also Mr. Fletcher. Precisely at twelve, six stop-watches were set, put into a box at the winning end, and the box sealed; Mr. Barclay starting at the time. He wore a flannel close shirt, flannel trousers and night-cap, lamb's-wool stockings, and large leather shoes, rather thick in the soles.

"He went the first two miles in twenty-five minutes ten seconds, and continued nearly at the same rate till he had gone sixteen miles, varying only a few seconds each round of two miles. Here he halted. The house into which he went to refresh was situate on the right side of the course, about ten yards from the road side, and which, in going in and coming out, made twenty yards, but which Mr. Barclay did not wish to be included in the distance. Mr. Barclay remained about ten minutes, in taking refreshment and changing clothes: proceeded with his match, went fifteen miles more, and then refreshed and changed as before.

"It was now seven o'clock in the morning, which was rather hazy. Mr. Barclay appeared dull, from the dampness of the night air. Betting, however, was two to one, and five to two, in his favour. After refreshing, he again set out, appeared more cheerful, and went sixteen or seventeen miles more with much apparent strength, going each two miles in about twenty-five minutes twenty seconds.

"By eleven o'clock he had gone fifty miles, and appeared to proceed

on his course with greater ease and vigour. Betting was now four and five to one in his favour.

"When he had gone sixty miles, he stopped to refresh and change clothes, remained about ten minutes in the house, and came out in high spirits, with much cheerfulness in his countenance. Betting increased in his favour, six and seven to one. He proceeded till he had gone seventy miles, hardly varying in regularly performing each round of two miles in about twenty-five minutes and a half, when he again refreshed and changed clothes, appeared well and strong, and proceeded with his match in a gallant style.

"He refreshed twice more, *viz.* when he had gone seventy-eight and eighty-four miles; and performed the whole by twenty-two minutes four seconds past eight o'clock on Tuesday evening, being one hour, seven minutes, fifty-six seconds, within the specified time. —What is rather deserving of notice is, that he went three successive rounds of two miles in exactly the same time, *viz.* twenty-five minutes and fifteen seconds.

"When he came in, he was strong and hearty, and said, he found himself so well as to be able to go twenty miles farther. Thousands, on foot and horse, attended during the course of his walking. When he had finished, he was loudly huzzaed, and carried on the shoulders of the multitude.

"Every attention was paid to him during the performance of his match. Carriages, mail-coaches, waggons, people on horseback and on foot, all went to the sides of the road, in order to leave him a free passage. He never met with the least interruption: all seemed to wish him well. The West York militia, who were on their route from

from Hull to York, halted, and filed in single divisions to the sides of the road, leaving him a free passage; which had a most beautiful effect. The soldiers greeted him, as he passed along, with "We wish you may win!" Indeed, the steady and great exertions he used to win this match, prepossessed all the spectators in his favour; in return for which he seemed highly pleased, and even much affected, by their kind attention."

It appears, on the whole, that Mr. Barclay, after deducting the time he took for refresment, &c. went the ninety miles in little more than nineteen hours, exclusive of the extra yards in going to and coming from the house, and in turning the posts. The weather, except from about four to seven in the morning, was extremely favourable.

Mr. Barclay had been in training, for some time before starting, by the renowned and well-known Mr. John Smith, of Oulston, near Easingwoud. Mr. Smith's son, a young man about nineteen years of age, went the last thirty miles with Mr. Barclay, in order to keep him company; and which he went with much credit to himself, and every appearance of future performance.

Mr. Barclay is about twenty-two years of age, stout made, and about five feet eleven inches high. He walked much in the manner of the celebrated Powell. The ground he chose had several gentle risings: when he came to these, he, in general, made a sort of run up; all the other parts he mostly walked. He eat very heartily when he stopped: his food was boiled fowls, mutton steaks, &c. and his drink, strong old beer.

A BAIT FOR AN EXCISEMAN.

A Few days since a curious hoax was played upon an Excise Officer:—

A countryman was stopped by a Revenue Officer at Bursledon, where he took from him two casks of spirits, which he suspected had been smuggled. After the officer had carried the liquor from Bursledon to Titchfield, a distance of three miles, the man suddenly stopped at a house, saying, "It is to be left here!" The officer replied, "No: as I have seized it, it must go to the Excise Office!" and immediately proceeded with the casks—"Not so fast, master!" replied the countryman, "I have a little bit of paper here, which, if you will take the time and trouble of reading, will tell you it is to be left at this house."

The officer having read the paper, exclaimed, "Why, you rascal, this is a permit! Why did you not shew it me before?"—"Because," said the man, "if I had, you would not have been so kind as to have carried the liquor so far for me."

ANOTHER HOAX.

THE inhabitants of Richmond, in Surrey, have been for some time in a state of alarm at the appearance of a *ghost* in that neighbourhood, which has shewn itself to several persons, under a variety of forms. Sometimes it is all black, with a long tail, bearing the human form; and at others, it appears in white, with black face and black hands.

To one lady it appeared, a few nights since, at her bed-chamber window, on a moon-light night; the

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The church bell was at the moment striking the hour of twelve. The lady was found by the servants (whom she had called to her assistance by ringing the bell) in a swoon, and was with difficulty restored to her senses.

A young girl, walking near the Theatre at a late hour, was tapped on the shoulder by the ghost: she was so much frightened, as to be some time confined to her bed.

Two ladies and a gentleman walking by the water-side, one of the ladies suddenly exclaimed, "There it is now!" This exclamation had such an effect upon the gentleman, that the ladies, notwithstanding their fright, were obliged to support him to the town, or he would have fainted.

The town is all in confusion; and two guineas reward have actually been offered to any one who can apprehend the ghost.

A lady, an inhabitant of the place, has left it, in consequence of one of her sons being accused of knowing the ghost!

OCCURRENCE IN DUKE'S PLACE.

[An Etching.]

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

LATELY passing, in the neighbourhood of Duke's Place. I was witness to the last scene of a kind of tragi-comical farce, performed *ad frisco*, which, in the hands of one of your ingenious designers, I think would furnish a good subject for the decorative department of the *Sporting Magazine*.

It seems, two near neighbours of the parish of —; the one a Knight of the Shears, and the other of the Cleaver, pot companions,

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had each entertained a *penchant* for the wife of his friend.—As the Knights were pressing so were the ladies kind. An appointment was fixed (as the genius of ill-luck would have it) at the same house, and nearly the same point of time. The Paphian temple was situated in an obscure street; not far from the Great Synagogue of the Jews, to which the amorous tailor was the first to repair, followed at some little distance by his beloved spouse, whom, seeing approach, and being apprehensive of having been seen by her, little suspecting her engagement, he prudently gave up his own, pretending not to notice her, and proceeded towards home.—The lady, however, kept her appointment, and arrived at the house of rendezvous nearly at the same moment as her gailant.

The interview of the lovers, I shall not attempt to describe; suffice it to say, it was soon disturbed by the bursting open the door of the apartment in which they met, when in rushed *Madam Marrow-bone*, whose patience had been nearly exhausted waiting for her fickle paramour, in an adjoining room; when, hearing the whisperings of love through the wainscot, she applied her eye to a crevice, and beheld, oh shame and confusion her next door neighbour and tea-table companion, the gosom wife of her faithless knight, in the arms of her own husband.

Disappointed passions now assumed the air of indignant virtue, and she fell, with tooth and nail, upon her unfortunate friend, who, flying from her immediate fury down stairs, made a stand in the street; where our two amazons, each experiencing support from the surrounding crowd, maintained a doubtful fight for some time; victory, however, at length, declared in favour of the virtuous lady.

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ment; but after he had given, "A friend and a bottle," the jackanapes had the assurance to make me his confidante, in an intrigue he had with his master's maid. By this time, to use Mr. Marc Anthony's phrase, I was nearly *done over*, and took the first opportunity of leaving this very

genteel company, and retiring to my inn; where, being alone, I could not forbear reflecting on the absurdity of a man in a middle line of life, complaining of hard times, and, at the same time, entertaining his friends with all the extravagant luxury of a Lucullus.

I. I. B.

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

THE admirable talents of the popular Syren, justify the opinion of the late Duke of Cumberland, who, when orators were raving about Cheyt Sing, exclaimed—*Woe! nobody can sing like Mrs. Bllington!*

An odd affair happened at Croydon the other day—a gentleman and lady had invited a large party to dinner, when, just as the meat was setting down, the Cook was taken up by the Parish Officers, for having *aresed* a bantling without matrimonial sauce!!

A few days ago, a couple went to Heanor Church, in Derbyshire, to be joined together in holy bands of matrimony: at the altar, when the priest came to that part of the ceremony, when it expressly says, "Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife?" the rustic gravely replied, "Noa, I wonner." The priest, surprised at this reply, desired to know his reasons.—"Whoy," says he, "it wonner do to dey." Not satisfied with this, he expostulated on the impropriety of such conduct, and desired to be informed, in positive terms, of his motives for so doing? The swain answered, "Whoy, I've changed my mind since I came intoth church, and I wonner ha her." From this determination, no argu-

ments whatever could remove him. On coming out of church, the intended bride-maids set to, and gave the fickle youth so sound a drubbing, that it is thought the next time his courage leads him there again, the remembrance of aching bones will carry him through the business.

A gentleman, on the point, lately, of marrying a young lady of considerable fortune, was conversing with her on the subject of Chinese customs. She thought bandaging their female infants feet, to make them small, and thereby rendering them almost cripples, was a very reprehensible custom. The gentleman replied, that it was chiefly done with a view of preventing the Chinese Ladies from gadding too much about; and added, he was of opinion that it was a very wise institution.—"Then, Sir," cried his enamorata, "a *Chinese wife* will best suit you."—The match was instantly broke off.

Two ladies, both of them very handsome, met one day at the house of a milliner. They both admired and essayed an infinite number of ribbands, caps, and laces: they exhibited themselves in the glass. "Which of us two," said the one to the other, "which of us two do you think prettiest?" The lady to whom this difficult question

question was addressed, did not know what to do in such an emergency, when politeness and vanity were so irreconcilably at variance. Being, however, a person of wit, she extricated herself with considerable success. "Madame," replied she, "I will wager, at least, that you and I do not agree in our opinions on that subject!"—The lady was right; and she, who would have extorted a confession of her own superior charms, at the expense of another's vanity, scarce deserved so ingenious an evasion.

On the death, lately, of a facetious jolly fellow, a member of the club to which the deceased had belonged observed, that it was unjust in Death to deprive them of so merry a soul!"—"I think the reverse," cried a grave old *Quidnunc*, "and shall be glad to hear your reason."—"Because," replied the former, "he was the very reverse of you: he kept his company—all ALIVE!"

An odd circumstance occurred the other day in ——— church, in Leicestershire. The Lord of the Manor having brought an action against the Parson, for shooting upon his lands, and imagining himself to be addressed from the desk, in the words—"O Lord, forgive us our trespasses!"—the Squire rose in a fury, and swore "he would see him d—'d first!"

A gentleman, on hiring a servant from the country, in the capacity of Valet, asked him, whether he should be able to undertake the situation for which he intended him? "O yes," replied the countryman; "to be sure I may be a little awkwardish at first, as a body may say, but I thinks as how I shall very soon be able to shoot your honour mortally!"

The following charge, worthy of Dogberry himself, was lately taken by a constable of the night, and

produced the next day, before the sitting magistrate at Worship-street:—"John Brown gave charge of Martha Brown, his wife, for wilfully scolding him; for being intoxicated, and quarrelsome in her liquor, at twelve o'clock at night."—The magistrate dismissed it, as being an evil beyond the reach of law to remedy!

A man of the name of *Ruscoe*, of the parish of Loppington, in the county of Salop, lately apprehended on a charge of having run away, leaving his wife chargeable on the parish, has pleaded, as a set-off, that he ran away with another man's wife, who was left in the same situation by her husband.—It is a clear case, that he has not burdened the parish, and the magistrates are a good deal puzzled.

A witty shaver of Rochester inhabits a shop in that place having two doors, over one of which is written, "Shave for a Penny;" and over the other, "Shave for Nothing!"—Most of his customers, of course, prefer the latter, at which they are ushered in with the greatest politeness, and take their seats accordingly; when the operator shaves one side of the face to the *meridian line*, with the greatest exactitude, where he ceases, sheathing his razor, and gracefully delivers the napkin to his customer, who now, too late, discovers his mistake, and, for the sake of uniformity, readily offers his penny, to have the important business completed.

When Foote's Bankrupt was first announced, Mr. F. had failed for 300,000*l.* which occasioned Mr. F.'s brother to call upon Foote, and threaten, if he exposed him, he would thrash him handsomely; to which Aristophanes coolly answered, "Don't be alarmed! It can't mean your brother; for my Bankrupt is an honest man!"

Card of a Jew.—"Mordecai Levi, at his warehouse, up one pair of stairs, No. 5, Solomon's Court, Little Duke's Place, London: dealer in all sorts of merchandize.—Foreign goods of all kinds to be had *cheap*, without duty.—Most money given for gold, silver, jewels, wearing apparel, &c. *honestly come by.*—*N. B.* A furnace always kept a-light, for gentlemen that chuse to see their plate melted.—* * * *Slight of hand taught.*"

An Innkeeper fishing in the neighbourhood of Hampton, exclaimed, on entangling a fish,—*"Coming, Sir!—Zounds! there is the bar-bell!"*

Effort at a Pun.—An American ship had long been at sea, and the crew were greatly in want of provisions. A poor Welchman who was on board, and who had been carried from the plough to America, whence he was returning to his own country, appeared to suffer most from this circumstance, when he was agreeably surprized by the Mate announcing that they had sprung a leak. "Ah!" said Taffy, "that is fine news; for I wanted something comfortable to my stomach!"

During Marquis Cornwallis's residence in Dublin, as Viceroy, he often went in disguise through the city. He had heard much of the wit of a Shoe-black, known by the name of *Blind Peter*, whose stand was always at the Globe coffee-house door. Having found him out, he stopped to get his boots cleaned; which was no sooner done, than his Lordship asked *Peter* to give him change for half a guinea. "Half a guinea! your Honour!" said the ragged wit; "Change for half a guinea from me! By G—, Sir, you might as well ask a *Highlander* for a knee-buckle!"—His Lordship was so well pleased, that

he left him the bit of gold, and walked off.

A prisoner being lately sentenced by the Judge, on circuit, to be whipped one hundred yards, for stealing three yards of lace, humorously observed, that it was not fair in his Lordship, for every *inch* given in evidence to take an *ell*.

A humorous innkeeper, in one of the midland counties, instead of numbering his rooms assigned for the accommodation of travellers, has them distinguished in a sort of *thermometrical* manner, and, according to the *weather*, or the *constitution* of his customer, he puts him into one or other of the apartments. If his guest express no sense of cold, he shews him into *Temperate*; if chilly, into *Summer Heat*; but, if he makes the least complaint of the sharpness of the air, he pops him instantly into *Blood Heat*.

A wit will have it, that the spirit of *Sunday routs* has diffused itself among the higher order of mortals, ycleped *fashionable*:—"For," says he, "they now sit down as regularly to cards, as their great grandmothers did to read the Bible. The *Ace of Spades* has turned *Moses* and the *Prophets* out of doors; and the *Four Kings* triumphed over the *Twelve Apostles*!"

A gay young City Sportsman lately boasting of his skill as a marksman, was advised by a friend to *Shoot Folly as it flies*. "No: faith," replied he, "I have too much affection for my friends!—Were I to kill *all the game* presented by *Folly*, I should bring down your sister and my own: nay, you would run a great risk of being peppered yourself; and, worse than all, I should be—*obliged to commit suicide*!"

Some of the dashing *Parisian beaux* have lately adopted the fashion of having their heads shaved. And this

this is certainly as it ought to be : where all is *emptiness* within, it is emblematically proper that all should be *bare without*.

A provincial paper contains the following advertisement :—" Ran away, leaving his wife chargeable to the parish, E. T. by trade a Sawyer, or Rough Carpenter; a frequenter of public houses; and, when in *spirits*, a very good singer."

An Irishman, lately seeing his neighbour driving an unruly pig before him, asked him, what he

was going to do with it?—"Faith," replies Paddy, "I am going to take it home, to eat the children to their *potatoes*!"

Some of the spectators to see the poor wretches suffer in the Old Bailey, at a late execution, exclaimed against the Hangman for hurrying them.—"Och! be aisy!" says a Hibernian, "It is sheer humanity in Jack Ketch; for, were the poor souls to stand long in the rain, they would catch their death with cold!"

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

ON the 8th of November, — Marshall, a butcher, of the age of sixty, undertook to walk thirty miles in six hours, for a considerable wager, and very large sums were depending. The place he chose for deciding the bet, was a mile of the road on the other side of Lea Bridge. He started, at seven o'clock in the morning, walking one mile in, and one mile out, till he performed the task, which he did with ease in eleven minutes less than the time allowed.

Mr. Coke, and a party with him, killed this season, at Castleacre, in Norfolk, in five days, seven hundred and twenty-six partridges.

A Mr. G. Pugh, of the New Pale, at Chester, lately went sixty-six yards and a half, in twenty hops, and won his wager with apparent ease. But these exertions being accompanied with betting, a great deal of money immediately hopped from one pocket to another.

Studs Extraordinary.—A recent traveller in Africa, tells us that the life-guard of the King of Monamo-

pota, consists of two hundred large mastiffs; and that he is further attended by three hundred court fools. Two other African Kings having very large menageries, entitle themselves, Kings of Lions.—Another King in Mexico, used to rear all sorts of beasts in his palace, and had cellars stored with vipers, scorpions, and other poisonous creatures.

The Linton altercation from the Cambridge Newspapers.—1st. Paragraph.—As Mr. Raymer, a respectable farmer at Duxford, was sporting a few days ago on his *own ground*, he was perceived by the Rev. Edmund Fisher, jun. of Linton, who laid an information against him: and as he could not prove himself possessed of Freehold Landed Property, to the amount of One Hundred Pounds a year, he was, although he had taken out a certificate, fined Five Pounds.

2nd Paragraph.—We have authority to say, that the paragraph inserted in several Papers the latter end of September last, is a misstatement;

statement; and to state, that Mr. Raymer was shooting indiscriminately in the common fields of Duxford, and not particularly upon his own land; that Mr. Fisher has two Manors and considerable property in the said parish; that Mr. F. does not shoot in the manor above once in the season; and that the very illiberal and unprecedented conduct of Mr. Raymer to Mr. Fisher, was the cause why an information was laid against him.

3d and last Paragraph.—We have authority to say, that the statement in our paper of the 26th ult. respecting an information laid against Mr. Raymer, of Duxford, by the Rev. Edmund Fisher, jun. of Linton, was correct. In reply to the attack upon Mr. R.'s conduct, we are desired to add, that so far from Mr. R. acting "illiberally," he very civilly directed Mr. F. to two coverts on the day the information was laid, and Mr. R.'s behaviour on the occasion, and general character for civility, are so well known, that Mrs. Crop, who owns the Paramount Manor, has given Mr. R. a deputation to secure him in future against similar illiberal conduct. It is true, Mr. F. owns a petty Manor, but it is so insignificant, that it is difficult to say in what part of the field it lies. Mr. F. told Mr. Raymer, "that he expected every one should keep off the field on the day he chose to come sporting."

A private letter lately received from Calcutta states, that the elephants in the Rohilchund country have commenced their depredations, and destroyed a number of sugar plantations, to the great detriment of the natives. Parties have been ordered out, in consequence, to shoot these destructive animals, who, being of an inferior size, are only caught for the purpose of taking their teeth.

A *warhead and silver cup* were lately stolen out of the parish Church of Hamsey, near Lewes, and a bible and prayer-book out of an Inn, on the same night, in the same neighbourhood.

A Provincial Paper of a recent date contains the following paragraph:—"Yesterday seven *meal-factors* (probably *male-factors*) were executed at the New Drop in Market-street."

Anecdote.—Monsieur Bouret, the famous Fermier General, a man of immense fortune, but stupid even to a proverb, being one day in the King's apartment at Versailles, *L'œul de Beuf*, where two noblemen were engaged in a party at Piquet, one of them happening to play the wrong card, and by that lose the game, he exclaimed, "Oh! what a Beuret am I!"—Offended at this liberty, Bouret instantly resented it, in these words: "Sir, you are an ass!"—"The very thing I meant!" replied the other, with a *sang froid* that gave the epigram its full poignancy.

A Pedestrian Race.—Two gentlemen of Manchester, the one an Organist, the other a Tailor, a short time since ran a race, once round Kersal-moor, for one guinea a side.—Both of them being of *Falstaffian* dimension, the singularity of the scene excited no small interest, and a very considerable number of spectators attended.—They had not run more than half round, when the lungs, or *bellows*, of the Organist shewed *limping* symptoms of a want of *wind*; and the triumphant Tailor *clipt* the laurels of his antagonist, by *running away with the guinea and the glory*.

A Barber, in a town in Devonshire, put a transparency over his door, on the night of illuminating for peace, containing these words:—"Shave and draw Teeth, during the Illumination, at Half-Price."

POETRY,

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

LORD-MAYOR'S DAY,

THE PARODIES FROM SHAKESPEARE.

O For a Muse of fire, that would em-
blaze
The brightest morn o'th city calendar;
A stage for Lords, and eke for Peers and
Princes,
And Monarchs, to behold the passing
scene!
Thus should they see our knighted Ma-
gistrate
Assume the port of King; and, at his
side,
Like body-guards, bright splendour,
wealth, and plenty,
Crowd for employment:—pardon, gentles
all,
This flat unpensioned laureat, that hath
dared
In these unworthy numbers, to bring
forth
So great an object. Can this paper hold
London's vast theme? Can we compress
In the Sporting Magazine, the champion
That did affright the very air in Cheapside
With open mouth, gaping on his bright ar-
mour?
O pardon,—'tis your thoughts must deck
our show,
Carry it here and there, hurry it thro'
streets,
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance.

First entertain conjecture of the toil,
When countless turbot and unnumber'd
soles
Fill the wide kitchens of each livery hall.
From spit to copper, to Kettle, pot, and
pan,
The busy hum of greasy scullion sounds,
That the fix'd benches do almost perceive
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The secret dainties of each others watch.
Fire answers fire, and thro' their paly
flames
Each table sees the others bill of fare:
Cook threatens cook in high and saucy
vaunt,
Of rare and new-made dishes! confec-
tioners
(Both pastry-cooks and fruiterers in
league)
With candied art their dishes closing up
Give pleasing notice of a rich desert.

Now, proud of numbers, and elate in
spirits,
The confident and overluxury 'prentices
Do chide from Cripplegate the drowsy
morn
That limps so tediously away—but, hark!
Bow-bells ring out their peal, St. Bride's
the same,
And half-past nine St. Paul's doth heavy
toil.

Now, quick as fancy's speed, the swift
scene flies,
Or motion of no less celerity
Than fairy-magic. Grant that you have
seen
The new-appointed Mayor at Queen-
street Stairs
Embark his royalty; and there his com-
pany
With silken streamers the young ganders
pleasing,
Painted with different fancies; have be-
held
Upon the golden galleries music playing,
And the horns echo, which do take the
lead
Of other sounds! Still view the city barge
Draw its huge bottom thro' the furrow'd
Thames,

O

Breasting

Breasting the adverse surge. O do but
think
You stand in Temple Gardens, and be-
hold
London herself, on her proud stream afloat,
For so appears this fleet of Magistracy,
Holding due course to Westminster. Now
follow,
Follow with scullers, oars, and skiffs,
who can;
And leave your Spitalfields as midnight
still,
Guarded with grandsires, babies, and
old women;
For who is he, whose's pocket's but en-
rich'd
With one appearing tester, and will not
follow
These choice and well-row'd companies
by water?

Next bear we the Lord Mayor
Towards the Exchequer—land him—and
being sworn,
Have him away upon the applause of
thousands
Adown the stream—beyond the Adelphi
buildings
Pale in the Strand, with men, their wives
and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the
shrill-mouth'd trumpeter,
Which like a mighty whistler, clears the
way,
That you may see him land at Blackfriars
Bridge.
The Sheriffs there desire to have him
borne,
The mace and sword before him, thro' the
City,
(Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent)
For London doth pour out her citizens
In best sort, like the senators of Rome,
Whilst the plebians, swarming at their
heels,
Crowd to conduct their much-lov'd Præ-
tor home;
And now to Guildhall do we shift the
scene.

Here Common Council in their maz'rine
gowns
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The dinners luxury; invited Courtiers,
Garter-invested Peers, and grave Judges,
Present them to the gazing company,
So many honoured guests; and now be-
hold
The Lord Mayor entering with the Alder-
men;
From side to side he greets them all in
turn,

Bids them fair welcome, with a gracious
smile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and
citizens.
Upon his placid brow there is no note
How the days honour hath fatigued him,
But freshly looks, and overbears attaint
With cheerful-semblance, and sweet cour-
tesy;
And every guest beholding dinner serv'd
up,
Plucks comfort from the noble sumptuous
banquet,
A largess universal (—Now, last behold
A little touch of revels in the night,
And so our scene must to the ball-room
fly;
Where, (O for a ticket) only to behold
"Earth treading stars"—"lights that
mislead the morn,"
Right well disposed in dance harmonious,
To close the honours of this happy day.

Now the choice gallant youth are all on
fire,
And silken dalliance from the wardrobe
hies;
Now thrive perfumers, and fashion's
images,
Reign solely in each charm'd beholder's
breast;
While peerless beauty holds her court this
night,
In all her pomp, and graceful charms of
dress,
Transporting looks, and heart-subduing
smiles.

Nov. 9.

I. I. B.

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING MA-
GAZINE:

GENTLEMEN,
I never have ventured my feeble Epigram-
matic talents in public, keeping them
only for my brother rhymers, the 'Squibs
of the Parish'; as he approves the under
Jeu d'Esprit, he insists on my sending
it to you, hoping you will insert it in the
next Magazine. I am, Gentlemen,
your's, T. P.

EPIGRAM

Addressed to the lovely Miss W——, re-
siding at Woodstock, Oct. 1, 1801.

SINCE you've permission, lovely fair,
In Blenheim Park to take the air,
Stroll not beyond your knowledge;
For oft-times bucks in brambles hide,
Spreading great terror far and wide,
Besides those stay'd from College—

Then be it your chief study, fair !
 Whene'er you mean to take the air,
 To guard against those foes ;
 Some with their antlers may annoy,
 Others your peaceful breast destroy,
 And banish hence repose.

Where virtue, honour, truth reside,
 And daily stalk too at her side,
 What has the fair to fear ?
 Sure calm and tranquil is that breast,
 Whose mind is free, by cares not prest,
 And ever fair and clear.

LITTLE CAMPO.

Cav-w da Hall.

A RECEIPT TO MAKE A JOCKEY.

TAKE a pestle and mortar of moderate
 size,
 Into Queensberry's* head put Bunbu-
 ry's† eyes,
 Cut Dick Vernon's throat and save all the
 blood,
 To answer your purpose there's none half
 so good.
 Pound Clermont to dust, you'll find it
 expedient,
 The world cannot furnish a better ingre-
 dient ;
 From Derby and Bedford take plenty of
 spirit,
 Successful or not, they have always that
 merit.
 Tommy Pantom's‡ address, John Was-
 tell's|| advice,
 And a touch of Prometheus, 'tis done in
 a trice.

LOVE IN ALL SHAPES—A SONG.

YOU ask for a song, and, by Jove,
 I'll sing one as well as I'm able ;
 The theme I have chosen is love,
 A theme known to all at this table.

* The Duke is said to have the longest
 surf head, with but a single eye.

† Sir Charles's eyes are so good, that
 he can see the horses the length of the
 Beacon, a four-mile course at Newmar-
 ket.

‡ Mr. Pantom is reckoned the most po-
 lite man on the turf.

|| Mr. Wastell's skill in the breed of
 horses is remarkable, and his advice is
 sought after by young sportsmen.

For where is the soul that escapes
 The subtle and searching sensation ?
 It comes in all manner of shapes,
 And fills the whole range of creation.

It spares neither aged nor young,
 But travels the blessed world over ;
 And though never told by the tongue,
 The eyes are most sure to discover.
 'Tis the essence of spiritual flame,
 The source of each tender emotion ;
 A feeling that fills the whole frame,
 And speaks in each feature and motion.

It warms ev'ry thought of the soul,
 It opens a new world to the senses ;
 Fair fancy it frees from controul,
 And breaks down stupidity's fences.
 It opens the mind of the Sage ;
 The growth of bright genius it quick-
 ens ;
 Gives warmth to the coldness of age,
 And health to the bosom that sickens.

If sometimes the source of much pain,
 Its joys, in proportion, are greater ;
 And though long we suffer in vain,
 Reward will come sooner or later.
 Thus Phyllis once broke my repose,
 But Myra is not so hard-hearted ;
 Her kindness has banished my woes,
 And cur'd all the wounds that once
 smarted.

Now, as for myself, I declare,
 The passion I ne'er will let languish ;
 For sweet are the smiles of the fair,
 And frowns are my torment and an-
 guish.

O those who have known well as I,
 The value of love's sacred pleasures,
 Find charms in the glance of an eye,
 Surpassing the world's richest treasures,

The Sex then, in bumpers, I'll boast,
 Whilst wine I can purchase or borrow ;
 For comfort without them were lost,
 And life would be nothing but sorrow.
 They e'er shall be praised by my pen,
 Their health I will drink in my glasses,
 For who cares a straw for the men,
 So long as he's lov'd by the ladies ?

PROLOGUE,

On opening the Theatre, at Sydney, Bo-
 tany Bay, spoken by the celebrated Mr.
 BARRINGTON.

FROM distant climes o'er wide-spread
 seas we come,
 Though not with much eclat or beat of
 drum,

True patriots all, for be it understood,
We left our country, for our country's
good;
No private views disgrac'd our generous
zeal,
What urg'd our travels was our country's
weal;
And none will doubt but that our emigra-
tion
Has prov'd most useful to the British na-
tion.

But, you enquire, what could our breast
inflame,
With this new passion for Theatrical fame?
What, in the practice of our former days,
Could shape our talents to exhibit plays?
Your patience, Sirs, some observations
made,
You'll grant us equal to the scenic trade.

He, who to midnight ladders is go
stranger,
You'll own will make an admirable
Ranger.
To seek Mackheath we have not far to
roam,
And sure in Filch I shall be quite at
home.
Unrival'd there, none will dispute my
claim
To high pre-eminence and exalted fame.

As oft on Gadshill we have ta'en our
stand,
When 'twas so dark you could not see
your hand,
Some true-bred Falstaff we may hope to
start,
Who, when well bolster'd, well will play
his part.
The scene to vary, we shall try in time
To treat you with a little Pantomime.
Here light and easy Columbines are found,
And well-tried Harlequins with us a-
bound;
From durance vile our precious selves to
keep,
We often had recourse to th' flying leap;
To a black face have sometimes ow'd
escape,
And Hounslow Heath has prov'd the
worth of crape.

But how, you ask, can we e'er hope to
soar,
Above these scenes, and rise to Tragic
lore?
Too oft, alas, we've forc'd th' unwilling
tear,
And petrified the heart with real fear.

Macbeth, a harvest of applause will reap,
For some of us, I fear, have murder'd
sleep;
His lady too with grace will sleep and
talk,
Our females have been us'd at night to
walk.

Sometimes indeed, so various is our
art,
An actor may improve and mend his
part:
"Give me a horse," bawls Richard, like
a drone,
We'll find a man would help himself to
one.
Grant us your favour, put us to the test,
To gain your smiles we'll do our very
best;
And, without dread of future Turkey
Lockits,
Thus, in an honest way, still pick your
pockets.

FROM ANACREON.

By MR. DYER.

BULLS with horns kind Nature
arms,
Guards with hoof the Horse from harms,
Hares with swiftness she endued,
With strength of teeth the lion brood;
Fish she taught to swim and play,
Birds to fly and carol gay.
Man to reason—Has then Heaven
Nought to gentle woman given?
Woman lives by beauty's charms
Stronger than the force of arms;
Charms like helmet that secure,
And as jav'lin swift and sure!
Steel and fire of living light
Yield to woman's beauty bright!

LINES

Inscribed on the Monument of NICOLAUS COPERNICUS, at Berlin, which he uttered with his dying breath.

NON panem Pauli gratiam require,
Veniam petri neque posco; sed
quam
In crucis legno dederat Latroni;
Sedulus ero.

TRANSLATED.

I ask not the grace that distinguished Paul,
Or the pardon that Peter dispenses to all;
But I pray to my God to attest my belief,
And to grant me that pardon he gave to
the thief.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE; OR, MONTHLY CALENDAR,

OF THE
TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,
And every other DIVERSION interesting to the
MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRIZE, AND SPIRIT.
For DECEMBER, 1801.

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Embellished with an Engraving of—FLYING LEAP, by Mr. SARTORIOUS;
and an Etching of TAG, by Mr. HOWITT.

London:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS;

And Sold by J. WHEBLE, Warwick Square, Warwick Lane, near St. Paul's;
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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have again to apologize to the Gentleman who sent us the Poem, entitled, "CAMPAANOLOGY," but we shall endeavour to insert the whole in our next.

A JOCKEY OF THE LAST AGE will perceive that we have paid the earliest attention to his favours; his discrimination will ever entitle his productions to the notice of every liberal-minded Sportsman.

We are much obliged to the Gentleman who sent us the Copy of the List of the Jury presented to Judge Dodderidge.—We have added the epithet *Grand*, as thinking it eminently entitled to that distinction.

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Seeley's Del.

Flying Leap.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE,

FOR DECEMBER, 1801.

EXPLANATION OF PLATE I.

FLYING LEAP.

[From a Painting by SARTORIUS.]

WE have no Horse named for this subject. It is most likely a *fancy*, representing an excellent Hunter taking a Flying Leap over a River: but, whether *fancy* or *portrait*, we persuade ourselves the Print will, as well on account of its Design as Engraving, give general satisfaction.

PERFORMANCES OF OLD PILOT.

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING
MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

A Constant Reader of your amusing Miscellany, I observe, would esteem it a favour to be informed, whether the horse Old Pilot, the founder of the late Mr. Lade's stud, be living, and whether he is to be obtained as a stallion. This question, as far as I am able, I will, with much pleasure, satisfy.

Sir Harry Harpur's grey horse Pilot, by Dainty Davy, ran an *aged horse* over York, in 1771, winning the City Subscription Purse, against Dorimant, Maiden, and Ancaster, and a balance, of some twenty pounds or upwards, from the purse of your very humble servant. He

afterwards, the same year, at Doncaster, beat Phocion, Cannibal, and the famous Glow-worm; with which, certain knowing ones accommodated the Marquis de Conflans at the moderate price of twelve hundred guineas.

Every body has heard how the French stranger was taken in. He did not indeed catch the white owl, or prick in the belt, but he stood, gaping by while they threw the bull over the bridge. No doubt could possibly remain with the Marquis of his new bargain being *bon marché*, after having seen the wonderful fact of his beating, over the course, the famous Dorimant!!! But alas! as they say in Suffolk, this French jockey perceived, when too late, that he had found a mare's nest, and had then nothing to do but to play with the eggs. A certain sportsman, with *good eyes*, no doubt, saw something pleasing in all this.

But to return to York, where Pilot beat Dorimant, then the best horse in England; since he, the same year, beat those two celebrated horses, Shark and Dictator; we South-country jockies always get beat in the North. We were aware of it in this case, yet could not bring ourselves to believe that such a horse as Pilot could possibly beat us; being fully convinced that, on our own Newmarket dung-hill, (to use a vulgar phrase) Dorimant could give him ten pounds over the course. But travelling makes a vast difference; and, to say the

truth, Pilot was a good horse, ran his course through like a true racer, and had, besides, good speed.

Your Correspondent will now perceive, Gentlemen, that, granting Old Pilot be now alive, he cannot be very fit for the purpose of procreation, at thirty-one years of age, to say the least; for I do not exactly recollect, but he might have been *aged*, before the year 1777. Besides, I saw the poor old fellow sold at Aldridge's, in St. Martin's Lane, with a part of the late Sir Harry Harpur's stud, about twelve or fourteen years ago, for the paltry sum (to the best of my recollection) of about twenty pounds: too probably, to have his latter days worn out, notwithstanding his past services, in some cruel, starving, and laborious drudgery;—to be run to death in a fish-cart, like Squirrel, or starved in a cabbage-cart, in London streets, like Admiral.—I wish, most heartily, some one of your Correspondents, with a heart endowed with feeling for this most noble of brute animals, the Horse, may have it in his power to give a more favourable account of the latter days of poor Old Pilot.

But, Gentlemen, it is no less true than to be regretted, that some of our best and truest racing cattle, in Bakewell's despite, fail to be true in one important respect—I mean as Stallions, in producing *their like*: witness Gimcrack, Shark, and many others, amongst which we may reckon Pilot, who never got any thing of a runner, excepting the Counsellor's horse, Grey Pilot; and he was the best four-year old of his day, merely because there did not happen to be a good one in the country, of his year.—A man with one eye is a king among the blind.—I have seen this horse, whilst belonging to Cannon Park, led about our market, at Newbury, like a common cart-

horse, in search of stray custom. In truth, his upright thick shoulder, and short prick ears, were not unlike those of the cart-breed; but he had good bone, and what he did in the racing way was apparently by virtue of his length and strength, rather than from the excellence of his conformation. He may get good Hacks and Hunters; but, if your friend is in want of a Stallion for the ensuing spring, on describing his Mare, we can very promptly recommend him one far preferable to Lade's Pilot, or even the sire of him, supposing him alive and in vigour.

Heartily congratulating you on the increasing circulation, as well as the increased merit, of your most entertaining publication, I am,

Gentlemen,

Your most obedient servant,

A JOCKEY OF THE LAST AGE.

Speenham Lands, Dec. 10, 1801.

NEW BOOKS.

RURAL SPORTS, Vol. I.

By W. B. DANIEL.

Embellished with Engravings, from Paintings by Stubbs, Gilpin, Reinagle, Chalon, S. Elmer, &c.

[Bunney and Gold, Shoe-lane; White, Fleet-street; Cadell, &c. &c.]

THE elegant execution, the superior style, and the real interest of this splendid work to the Sporting World, not admitting us to go into a detail of its contents this month, we shall, in our next, endeavour to do justice to its merits. Neither the Printer, the Engraver, nor the Author, who is an experienced Sportsman, seem to have spared any pains in rendering his *RURAL SPORTS* a genuine desideratum

ratum to the man of taste, science, and enterprize.

THE ANATOMY and PHYSIOLOGY of the HORSE'S FOOT described; with Practical Observations on SHOEING.

By JAMES WHITE,

Veterinary Surgeon to the First, or Royal Dragoons.

THE various states of sound and unsound Hoofs, the different views of the Foot with its manifold parts, and the several modes of shoeing, are so excellently portrayed in fourteen neat engravings, that, were they not accompanied (as they are) with judicious observations, the subject would be fully elucidated.

In addition to this, the author has described the symptoms of the Diseases incident to this noble animal, and stated the most approved Remedies for their prevention or cure.

He closes with a short account of that useful institution, the VETERINARY COLLEGE, together with some general remarks; amongst which, those on the management of a Horse during a journey, and on feeding and exercise, are deserving of attention.

VETERINARY PATHOLOGY, or, A TREATISE on the CAUSE and PROGRESS of the DISEASES of the HORSE.

By WILLIAM RIDING,

Veterinary Surgeon to the Eighteenth Light Dragoons.

BLEEDING, Firing, Rowelling, Wounds, and the various Diseases of the Horse, are in this work scientifically treated upon, with such conciseness and perspicuity, that it will be a useful guide and companion to the Gentleman, Veterinarian, and Farrier.

The whole concludes with an

Appendix, or Veterinary Dispensatory, containing prescriptions for the different complaints to which the Horse is liable.

COURSING CHALLENGE.

Another Letter to the Editor of the Morning Herald.

MR. EDITOR,

I Beg leave to notice a sort of reply to a former letter of mine, on the part of "OLD SOHO," in your paper of Thursday the 26th of November last, and to whom I now send my *final* answer.

I will *not* condescend to start three capital Greyhounds within seventy miles of London, because there is no Coursing there but what has been well denominated "*fit for old ladies and children.*"

I will meet him in February next, to run over Flixton, Sherborn, or Ganton Wolds, Yorkshire. — I named the former, only as being the most severe of the three, for a severe trial: and I now repeat my offer to him, or to any other South-Country Gentleman whatever, who fancies he has South-Country Greyhounds superior to those of Yorkshire.

When he talks of "*Lurchers winning Matches,*" and understanding "*the Dodge of the Wolds,*" the gentleman does not shew much skill in Coursing. The running over Flixton requires, from the length of the Courses, the highest bred dogs possible; because high blood only can produce deep wind: and every man who has attempted to follow a Flixton Hare, on the best Blood Horse, has declared it to be "*the Fox-hunting of Coursing.*"

If, therefore, OLD SOHO has an inclination to see such Hares as he never saw before, and to learn what real Coursing is, he has nothing

thing to do but to accept my challenge, of producing a Leash of Greyhounds, *my own property*,—against his, *with the same restrictions*,—to run for *any sum* to be mutually agreed upon, and tried by THREE Gentlemen. And he may rest assured, that his dogs not being accustomed to the country will be an advantage to him; as dogs that run cunning, or save themselves, will be sure to lose their match, in any country whatever.

If this challenge be not accepted, the Yorkshire Greyhounds will still hold their reputation; and I fear, from the *shy kind* of answer of OLD SOHO, that he never will venture to be *Schoed* in Yorkshire!

A YORKSHIREMAN.

RETORT.

MR. EDITOR,

I Will not denominate your Coursing Correspondent a *Yorkshire bite*, as he only *snaps*, but will not *lay hold*!—This North-Country *Thistle Whipper*, after beating round the bush in your Herald for the last three months, has at length picked up a thorn—turned tail—and run home!—I pray you, therefore, Mr. Editor, let it be heraldized throughout the *Flixton, Sherborn, or Ganton WOLDS*, that the valiant *Yorkshire Sportsman*, who challenged to run his *Greyhounds* against ALL ENGLAND, has had the two following proposals publicly submitted to his choice, and both of which he has most heroically refused, *viz.*

“To run, *home and home*, a leash of *South-Country Greyhounds*, bred by their present proprietor, against the same number of *North-Country Dogs*, so bred and retained; and, should they beat alternately in their own district, to run three decisive

courses in a central county, unknown to either.”—Or

“To run a leash of *South-Country Greyhounds* against as many from the *North*, under the above restrictions, on *any ground whatever*, at the option of the *Yorkshireman*, within seventy miles of London.”

Now, Mr. Editor, so these fair proposals, or rather these fair acceptions of his *own challenge*, I beseech you to record once more, in his *own words*, his *own curious answer*:—

“I will not condescend to start three capital Greyhounds, within seventy miles of London: because there is no Coursing there, but what I have denominated fit for *old ladies and children*!”

What shall we now say to this *Coursing Bobadil* of the *WOLDS*, who fancies himself *too far North* to have seen or heard of the *Berkshire or Wiltshire Downs*, or he might have condescended to exhibit his leash of *Lurchers* on one of these celebrated grounds, for the amusement of “the *Old Ladies and Children* of the *SOUTH*.”

The Sporting World will allow, that I have struggled hard to get a *fair RACE* out of this *Yorkshireman*, either *on*, or *off*, his own favourite ground; where, if the *DOGS* do not *run cunning*, their *MASTER*, at least, *fight shy*!

Your's, &c.

Dec. 16, 1801.

OLD SOHO!

THE SKAITING

THE Serpentine River, in Hyde Park, was attended about noon (on Sunday, Dec. 20) by nearly six thousand persons, about three hundred of whom were Skaiters.

A cavalcade of about two hundred carriages appeared, soon after one

one o'clock, on the north side of the river, the part where good skaiters usually assemble: but we noticed very few who had any pretensions to the elegant part of that agreeable amusement. Among those few, were the Hon. Arthur Upton, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Legge, and Mr. Vernon.—We should also add, that a common sailor displayed much skill and grace.

The ice, from the sudden thaw, was in a very bad state—wet and sloppy: this, no doubt, prevented many from enjoying the healthful exercise. The ice gave way about three o'clock, and two fell in near the edge, but with no other mischief than a ducking. Many, as is generally the case, met with severe falls.

A few women of fashion ventured to walk by the river-side, as far as Kensington Gardens; but the cold was too keen for many others. The ladies in carriages kept closely muffled up in their furs, contented with being spectators of the scene through the coach windows.

The ladies were principally dressed in sarsnet pelisses, trimmed with fur.—A new dress was sported by three dashing females—scarlet kerseymere pelisses, and bonnets of the same, each trimmed with fur. The appearance was singular, but not unbecoming.

In St. James's Park, one or two fell in; but we heard of no lives being lost.

The RULES of the NEW BOXING CLUB.

We have been favoured with some of the principal Rules and Ordonnances of the celebrated CLUB, called the CRUDIVEROUS, lately instituted by the Dilettanti of the *Corps Aibletique*. We have no doubt but the Public will receive these Regulations with great applause.

RULES for the CRUDIVEROUS CLUB.

Approved Dec. 5, 1801.

DANIEL MENDOZA,
his M mark.

THAT the Club consist of the following twenty-four Members, and their Bottle-holders.

[Here follow the Noblemen and Gentlemen's names.]

That every Member be at liberty to introduce one other candidate, to be boxed for at the next meeting. Three black eyes to exclude.

That no Gentleman is to walk into the Club-room without a starting certificate from the Fifty-mile stone, upon one of the principal roads, dated within ten hours after his arrival.

Any Gentleman unprovided of such certificate, is to declare, *upon honour*, that he has either been present at a Bull-baiting, Bear or Badger-bait, or Cock-fight; or that he has fought himself a battle of not less than twenty rounds, or been Second or Bottle-holder to another Member of the Club.

Any Gentleman reporting himself to have been interrupted, or in custody of the Police Officers, may take his seat; but the fact is to be verified at the next meeting.

No Member to bring more than one bull-dog into the Club-room at the same time.

Gentlemen's bludgeons to be of the weight, length, and standard of the Club.

No cards, dice, odd-horse, or tossing-up, to be permitted; but all wagers to be fought upon the spot. The first knock-down to be the winner.

Any Gentleman's bull-dog taking another Member by the shins, and not letting go upon the first pail of water, to be expelled.

That

That it be a standing order, that the Club do annually, upon the anniversary of their institution, *challenge all England*.

That, for thirty days previous to the said annual challenge taking effect, no bye-battles to be permitted in the Club, nor any private walking matches; but that every Member do, *bona fide*, put himself into strict training, for the honour of the Club. During this time, all differences of sentiment to be settled by the bull-dogs.

Resolved, however, that fighting in the Lobbies at the Play-houses be not considered as a breach of this statute, being taken for good training exercise, provided the cause of the battle do not offend against any of the rules of training.

That the Club employ none but Travelling Bankers, in order to keep itself in wind.

That a Walking Committee do constantly sit, in order to start after the said Bankers, as often as any of them shall walk off.

That a subscription be set on foot, and a fund be raised, for the widows and orphans of the Members of the Club.

That smart-money be given to any Member whose nose or ears may be eaten up in battle; and that wigs of honour, or Taliacotian noses, be provided, and presented them, at the expence of the Club.

That every Member enter into a general release of all actions for assaults, batteries, maims, &c. and that the Club acknowledge no law but Club-law, and the law it gives, in walking or drawing wagers.

That dinner be killed at six o'clock precisely.

That no Member be allowed to roast another, &c. &c. &c.

A True List of a GRAND JURY, taken before JUDGE DODDERIDGE, at the Assizes holden at HUNTINGDON, July 1619.

MAXIMILIAN, *King of Tose-land.*

Henry, *Prince of Godmanchester.*

George, *Duke of Sommersham.*

William, *Marquis of Stukeley.*

Edmund, *Earl of Hartford.*

Richard, *Baron of Bythorn.*

Stephen, *Pope of Newton.*

Stephen, *Cardinal of Kimbolton.*

Humphrey, *Bishop of Bugden.*

Robert, *Lord of Waresley.*

Robert, *Knight of Winwick.*

William, *Abbot of Stukely.*

Robert, *Baron of St. Neot's.*

William, *Dean of Old Weston.*

John, *Archdeacon of Paxton.*

Peter, *Esquire of Easton.*

Edward, *Fryer of Ellington.*

Henry, *Monk of Stukeley.*

George, *Gentleman of Spaldwick.*

George, *Priest of Grafham.*

Richard, *Deacon of Catworth.*

Thomas, *Yeoman of Barham.*

N. B. Judge *Dodderidge* having the Circuit preceding this, found fault with the Sheriff for empanelling men not qualified for the Grand Jury, the Sheriff, being a merry man, resolved to fit the Judge, with *sounds* at least. Calling over the above-said names emphatically, his Lordship began to think he had, indeed, a *Jury* of quality.

SINGULARITY.

A Woman in the neighbourhood of Stapleton (whether widow or not, we are not informed) took two of her children to the work-house, buried her mother, married a husband, and was brought to bed, all in the course of a week.

HISTORY

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

HISTORY OF CLUBS.

No. I.

THE STROLLER—a new Club.

THE Spectator, in his elegant essays, described a number of clubs that he found collected in the great theatre of the world, but which had no peculiar existence and constitution in any one quarter of it. A man, unblest with the genius of an Addison, may, however, by industrious observation, find in this large metropolis, assemblages as whimsical and humorous as any of those that the above celebrated writer has supposed. We mean, from this inexhaustible fund of mirth and character, to select whatever may be valuable; and we trust that an account of one of either of the curious clubs, in the cities of London and Westminster, will be found a source of entertainment to the readers of the *Sporting Magazine*.

That which we have selected for the present month, is one of the latest institutions with which we are acquainted, and one of the most joyous. At the beginning of the present winter, it had its origin in the accidental meeting of some of the performers at the two Theatres: it was proposed that they should dine together once a week, and that the chairman for the day should give them the dinner at any tavern, within a few minutes walk of the Theatres, which he should please. The pleasures of the meeting advancing with the numbers of which it was composed, they formed themselves into a society, and called themselves "*The Strollers*," as applicable at once to their profession, and to their custom of strolling from house to house to dinner. A set of regulations were made for

their government, all which were calculated to promote and increase the festivity of this meeting, and to make the club permanent, by its order and system.

Among other rules, it was established that none but persons who were or had been Strollers should be admitted members; this being found necessary, on account of the introduction of several gentlemen who were not of that character. Certain toasts of order were appointed, and a form prescribed for the initiation of future members.

Among other rules contrived and established for the mirth of the company, there was one which certainly affords them considerable entertainment, though it may not be esteemed sufficiently polished for the sentimental circles of the present day. This is the play of *Conundrums*. In a company of men, whose lives are spent in the study of whatever is gay, droll, or whimsical, this is a happy method of striking out most humorous allusions and laughable analogies.

The club is now risen to be one of the most respectable in London: they have dramatic poets, musical composers, and certainly the best singers in Britain; so that they write, set, and perform their own songs, catches, and glees, and they are all written in the character of the club.

A plan is formed for the conduct and operations of the club during Passion Week, when there is no Play at the two houses. They mean to stroll within the distance of ten miles round London; and they have formed the plan of a dramatic entertainment which, we think, cannot fail of producing much delight. In this jaunt, to come as close to the true undisguised character of the Stroller as possible, they are to walk on foot, and to have their baggage carried

Q in

in a cart, but none, to carry more baggage than can be contained in the foot of an old stocking. They have limited the number of the club, and every new-admitted member is bound to pronounce one initiation speech. Several comic and facetious harangues have been made in consequence of this injunction; and we think that one of the best of them was the following parody on the speech of Othello. It must be remarked, that it is necessary for the new member to prove his qualification; that is, to prove that he has been a Stroller.

*PARODY on the Speech of OTHELLO,
referred to above.*

MOST potent, gay, irreverend seigniors,
My very noble and approved good fellows,
That I have been a vagrant strolling Player
It is most true!—True, I have been a
mummer!—

The very head and front of my profession
Hath this extent no more.—Loud am I in
speech,

And little blessed with the smooth phrase
of towns;

For since these arms of mine had seven
years pith,

Till now some nine months wasted, they
have used

This dearest action in the rafter'd barn;
And little of the Theatre can I speak,
More than pertains to claps, and groans,
and hisses;

And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself: yet, by your gra-
cious patience,

I will a round unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of life,—what corks,
what brick-dust,

What poverty, and what mighty shifts,
(For such calamities I've met withal)
Rank me with your honours.

EULOGIUM ON CARD-PLAYING.

Amusement reigns
Man's great demand.

YOUNG.

IT cannot be denied, that, among
the amusements peculiar to this

season of the year, Card-playing is not without its advantages: it does, at least, associate the sexes together, and assists much in giving a polished ease to the manners and conversation. This amusement is, indeed, admirably adapted to abridge the length, and dissipate the gloom, of a winter evening, because its fascinating influence is so great, that the most splenetic son of Mortality, when engaged in it, insensibly loses his spleen, and unwittingly communicates to, while he only means to receive pleasure from others. It is an amusement also calculated for all ranks of people, and in the enjoyment of which there is a perfect equality; for the nobleman cannot boast more exquisite pleasure in a run of good luck at Quadrille or Piquet, than the vulgar peasant in his cottage, or plebeian in his hut, does, in being successful at One-and-thirty or All-fours.

Dec. 13.

J. J. B.

A PAIR OF PORTRAITS.

A BITING BAKER.

ONE of this business was charged, by a person in a different line, with purloining from the articles sent from the neighbours to his oven. He admitted the accusation to be well founded, and challenged his accuser to guard against his impositions. For this purpose, he proposed a bet of one shilling's worth of punch, that, out of three, he would take one rib of beef, without discovery. The proposal was readily accepted, and the meat brought to the Baker's shop; he took off a rib, and with it the principal part of the flesh belonging to the adjoining one; and in this state it was returned to the owner.

A meeting

A meeting was held to decide the wager. The Baker asked, if he had not performed his engagement? His opponent answered in the negative; for that the theft was evident. "Why, then," replied *Burnt-crust*, "I must pay my shilling!"—Thus did he artfully turn the tables on his antagonist, and, for twelve penny-worth of punch, entitle himself to seven pounds of prime roasting beef.

A PUFFING BARBER.

To the Inhabitants of the Town of BRIGHTON; also to the Nobility and Gentry, of either Sex, who may resort to that favourite Watering Place, the ensuing Season, for the Pleasure or the Benefit of Bathing.

THIS is intended to inform the world, that a native of London, Mr. GEORGE FERDINAND AUGUSTUS CHARLEMORE, has had the honour of carrying arms in the Middlesex Militia, and was particularly distinguished in the course of the last campaign, when he had the good fortune to be employed in some eminent services at Dover Castle, the advanced fortress of his Majesty's British dominions.—He combines the intrepidity of *Alexander* with the caution of *Fabius*: his principles patriotic: equal to *Cæsar* as a man, nor inferior to *Brutus* as the friend to Liberty. Amorous as *Anthony*, and like him, too, of irresistible person. Incorrupt as *Aristides*; patient as *Socrates*; eloquent as *Cicero*. In manners and address, what *Chatterfield* was, *he is*. Although a stranger to *Locke*, and unacquainted with *Newton*, he is familiar with the Seven Wise Masters.

This extraordinary young man, since the conclusion of war, received his discharge from the service of his country—not enriched by plunder, rapine, or extortion. Poor as *Fabricius*, he retires; and

now practises the improvement of those heads *without*, which nothing can *within*.

* * * He is avowedly the first Hair-dresser, Shaver, and Wig-maker, of the present age; and humbly solicits that encouragement and support his transcendent abilities and exalted virtues so justly demand.

P. S. He condescends to shave the Poor almost *gratis*, viz. for a PENNY each.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

SATURDAY, NOV. 21.

DEFAMATORY SONG-WRITING.

MR. Garrow moved for the judgment of the Court against Margarott Wyburn, a Cornet in the 18th regiment of Dragoons, quartered at Deal, who had been convicted of writing defamatory letters, and causing the same to be printed and published. Several unmarried ladies, residents of Middledean House, in the vicinity of Deal, were the objects of this gentleman's attack.

It appeared that he had written a number of stanzas, which composed a song, intitled *The House of Iniquity*; that he had written to a person of the name of Whittle, in London, enclosing a copy of this song, stating that it was written on a parcel of old, ugly, and ill-natured virgins, who, as no man could call them to account, constantly amused themselves with traducing the character of every woman of virtue and respectability in the neighbourhood, and that this was the only way to punish them; that he requested Whittle to get

eight dozen copies of the song printed, to erase the Printer's name, to send them as letters according to a list of directions which he transmitted, (the more to obviate suspicion, to send him one also) and that he would immediately after settle with him for the expence; that one of these letters was sent to almost every respectable person in Deal; that the printed copies did not contain the names of the parties traduced in full, but that he afterwards sent a written letter to Middledean House, with five additional stanzas, and the names of the parties at full length.

The verses were here read; but they were so ill written, so vulgar, so gross, so filthy, that to detail their contents would be to insult the eyes and ears of our readers.

Mr. Erskine, who rose on the part of the prosecutors, professed himself willing to believe that, as the unfortunate young gentleman on the floor had since offered to apologize, his contrition was real; and he was also willing to admit of every thing that could be offered in extenuation of his crime: but he could not help remarking, that he had not told the Court under what misapprehension, or false belief, he had considered that those ladies, the prosecutors, had engaged in the calumny of innocence; he had not said a word upon this subject, and that could not but appear unfavourable to his cause. He said, there was something so detestable in calumny, that he knew not how to reconcile it with the common feelings of humanity, and he sincerely wished that this young man had sworn under what impression he had acted.—For his own part, he said, the pain of hearing such verses was greater than any penalty, any punishment, which his Lordship could possibly

inflict. There was something so peculiarly unfortunate too, he said, for ~~women~~ who became the objects of slander, that every effort which they made to repel it, only tended to increase its circulation. Had this young man sworn that he had acted under a false impression? Had the things which he had called verses shewn the least sudden impulse of passion, or exhibited the least ray of genius, some apology might be offered for the offence; but, when malignity and dulness jostled each other in every line,—when the Muses themselves were not much better treated than the ladies whom they had been retained to calumniate,—when, without any apparent provocation, a beautiful young lady, who was on the eve of marriage with a man of worth and respectability, was represented as possessing a stinking breath and the king's evil, as a wretch that no man would associate with, he knew not what could be advanced in his favours.

Mr. Garrow rose, and observed, that there was no disease which the remedies of this Court were calculated to cure, which were so apt to break out again, as that of defamation. He said, there were many of those ill-omened birds now singing in their cages, and lampooning every thing in the shape of virtue which came in their way. This young man, said he, is presented to the Court as an officer in the army; but what was he when he committed the offence now under consideration? Why, he was then an attorney's clerk, and ought to have been employed in filling up writs behind his master's desk, instead of writing scurrilous verses. He had apologized to his law agent in town for not writing to him sooner, because he had been engaged in writing this song; and he knew at least as much

much of the law, as to direct him to cut off the printer's name; and, the more to screen himself, to send one to him also. In consequence of his desires, every military and naval officer, every clergyman, and every person of whatever description, of the least respectability in the neighbourhood, had received these infamous letters. His impudence was excessive: one of the ladies, who had fallen under the lash of his satire, had, from an accident, been unfortunately compelled to move with the assistance of crutches; this he had represented as a family device, for the concealment of a disease of a very different nature. He had also attempted to describe places into which he never had the honour of being admitted. His malignity was still greater than his impudence: he had said, in the last stanza of his song—

“ His heart knew, that it could not be right

“ To knock innocents down !”

yet he had proceeded to the severest defamation of innocence; and he considered that the Court owed it to justice, to inflict a punishment accordingly.

Mr. Gibbs rose, and submitted to his Lordship, that the young man was now fully sensible of his crime; that there were other crimes of much greater aggravation than that which now occupied the attention of the Court; that he was a very young man; that he was only eighteen when the verses were written, and he hoped that his Lordship would not animadvert with as much severity on him as on an older person. He thought Mr. Erskine had been unnecessarily severe; that he had taken an unfair advantage as to the badness of the poetry. He admitted, however, that the verses were as bad as Mr. Erskine had represented them; but that, when young men were

addicted to the writing of verse, the *cacothet* was much stronger than in writing any thing else. Some punishment, he was aware, must be inflicted on the unfortunate poet; but, from the period of his publishing these verses, from the period of his waking out of his dream of folly, a considerable length of time had elapsed; he was now fully conscious of, and sorry for, his error; and he hoped that his Lordship's sentence would be as lenient as possible.

Mr. Fielding next rose, and said, Mr. Erskine had enquired why it had not been said, by affidavit, under what misapprehension or false belief this young man had acted? He said, that the unfortunate youth had been so completely overwhelmed with shame, that he had not ventured to advance a syllable in defence, but threw himself entirely on the mercy of the Court. Mr. Garrow had also adverted to his quitting the profession of the law, and entering into the army: he believed that he would find himself the loser by the exchange, but this unfortunate affair had driven him to the army as to a last resource. Human life, he said, should be considered in all its degrees and relations, from the cabals of a court to the disputes of a corporation,—from the disputes of a corporation to the gossip of a family. Much of that sort of scandal, which ladies sometimes love to indulge in, had certainly been circulated in this neighbourhood; there had been some quarrel among the ladies; a considerable portion of the fair and beautiful part of the neighbourhood had been ridiculed and abused; and it was evident, on a view of the case, that this young gentleman had not been revenging his own quarrel, but had rather officiously, and with a degree of Quixotism, taken up the cause

cause of the injured ladies. He had, by his folly, lost his profession, and he had nothing to satisfy the Court with in a pecuniary way: the verses could not possibly hurt the ladies at whom they were levelled, and he trusted that his Lordship would exercise as little severity as the case would admit.

The prisoner was remanded to the prison of this Court, and ordered to be brought up again on the last day but one of Term.

LUDICROUS CHALLENGE.

On the 24th of November, the judgment of the Court was moved for against M. Fouchier D'Alembert, a *ci-devant* French Nobleman, and *Chevalier de la Grande Croix*, for challenging Walter Houghton, the Town Clerk of Caermathen, to mortal strife.

The defendant had been indicted at the Great Session at Caermarthen; but the indictment had been removed into this Court, and he was tried and convicted at the last Hereford assizes. The report of the trial was read by Mr. Justice Le Blanc. It appeared, that on the 1st of August last year, Mr. Houghton and his wife were passing by the defendant's house, between one and two in the day-time, when a large dog, belonging to the defendant, leaped upon the prosecutor's wife. She cried out, "There is the dog again!" and she struck him with her fan. The defendant looked out of his house, and said, "D—n you, you b—h? Vat you strike my dog for?" The prosecutor said, "None of that language, *Munsheer*! It won't do!" He went to his own house, and soon after saw the defendant coming towards it in a furious and angry manner. He knocked at the door; and the prosecutor desired his wife to go out of the parlour: after

which he went and opened the door, and asked the defendant what he wanted. He replied, "I vant your wife!" and he added, addressing himself to the prosecutor, "If your wife insult my dog, or my wife, or any of my family, I will take up her petticoats, lay her across my knee, and whip her —!" The prosecutor observed, that was not language to be used to a gentleman. —The defendant passed the parlour, and looking up stairs, repeated the same words, adding, he hoped she now heard him. He then clenched his fist, and said, "God d—n you!" The prosecutor asked if he meant to strike him? He said, "No: I will not do that; but I will jump upon you, and screw your head off, and throw your head one way, and your body another!" —He afterwards said, "Have you any spirit? I will teach you to fire: I will bring pistol; and you shall kill me, or I will you!" —The prosecutor was at that time under a recognizance to keep the peace; and he asked the defendant, if he wished to provoke him to break it?"

The defendant produced an affidavit, in which he declared that he never had the least intention of challenging the prosecutor to fight. He said, he had been twice in company with the prosecutor, after the circumstance happened, and no notice whatever was taken of it; and that six months elapsed before any prosecution took place.

The affidavits of Lord George Murray, Bishop of St. David's, Lady Baroness Aymer, Lady Mansell, and of several other persons of the first distinction, represented the defendant as a man of peaceable demeanour, charitable to the poor, and universally respected by his friends and neighbours.

Lord Kenyon said, that the Court was bound to repress any thing that led

led to a challenge; but, for a professional man, as the prosecutor was, to let six months pass, meet the defendant in the mean time on terms of friendship, then prosecute at the Great Sessions, and afterwards carry the indictment down to Hereford to be tried, was not very commendable.

Mr. Justice Grose observed to the defendant, that, however improper the conduct of the prosecutor had been, it was impossible not to censure what he (the defendant) had done.—The sentence of the Court was, that he should pay a fine of 5*l.* and enter into his own recognizance in 50*l.* to keep the peace for one year.—This done, the defendant was discharged.

SPORTING WITH HONOURS, &c.

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

BEING at an inn, where I was to lodge for the night, I was shewn into a room, divided but by a slight partition from one in which there was a numerous company. Though no listener, it was impossible for me not to hear some words, whenever any one raised his voice to begin a sentence.—I heard scarcely any thing, from any voice, but the words, "*Our house! Our house!*" which were generally delivered with a truly *ore rotundo*. One gentleman spoke of the interest he had with the "heads of the house;" another, of the "*junior branches*;" another, of the "*loans*" they had formerly negotiated; and another, which struck me still more, of the "*bills they had passed*!"—I was astonished at the importance of my neighbouring guests, and still more at the indiscretion of the inn-

keeper, in placing them where they were so likely to be overheard.—By and by, one of the company began a longer speech than the rest, of which I only heard these words:—"Now, gentlemen, the first *commission* I received"—Him I concluded to be an old officer relating his progress in life. He was followed by another, with the words, "*the house* I represent—"

Here, I must confess, I determined to listen more than I ought to have done, to their conversation; for, the inn being upon the Dover road, I had no doubt that my neighbours were Plenipotentiaries, Envoys, or at least Secretaries, going to the Congress at Amiens, after some negotiation in London; and, as I am myself a very *deep hand* at a bargain in the stocks, I thought this no bad opportunity for a great stroke in the *Omnium*. I expected to hear something of all the *houses* in Europe: Just as I was about to apply my unfair ear to the wainscot, the waiter came to enquire whether I would please to sup with the gentlemen in the adjoining room; and, while I had scarcely breath to express my hope of that honour, he told me that they were all *riders* from Manchester, going to France for orders! I am, Your's, &c.

THE RETURN OF EVERY BODY TO TOWN.

NOW the Perfumer racks his invention to prepare some *new scent* for the ladies, some lotion that will sustain the rigour of the winter's wind, or some old beautifier exhibited in a different form, with a new name to attract capricious customers. Nor is the *wig-maker* idle: his active hands are busily engaged in adjusting curls which

which shall adorn a neck lovely as the Cyprian Queen; and he has an apartment of *ornamental* hair suited to every complexion, from the delicate bloom of *HEBE* to the permanent tinge of the *Mulatto*.

Meanwhile, the caterers for the amusement of the public are preparing all their *horrors*, their *smiles*, and their *graces*, to entertain their *maritime visitors*. The twin *Richards* of the principal theatres are daily practising the most dreadful frowns and ferocious looks imaginable; and they are each making such rapid improvements in the sublime science of assassination and havock, that it is presumed they will afford the most extatic delight to the *purified* critics who have been "*purging their bosom of the perilous stuff*" during summer. Methinks I hear the heroes of the buskin, with Stentonian voices, vociferating, on the entrance of a host of the great, "You are heartily welcome to town!—We'll please you, if we can!"

Now Mademoiselle *PARISOT* is twisting her pliant limbs into innumerable evolutions, and practising *some new steps* for the entertainment of her noble patrons; and, doubtless, when she appears before them, her graceful courtesy and sprightly air will sufficiently evince that she—welcomes them to town.

Even in the streets, we behold the pleasing effects of sociality. A vast number of the itinerant sons of *APOLLO* perambulate our squares and streets, nay, even lanes and courts, grinding away with their barrel organs, and rattling their tambourines. Their looks of *hopeful* satisfaction seem to say—"Aye, aye! we are come back again to play you a tune!" while the generous connoisseur of *street-music* throws up the sash, and flings them a shilling, as much as to say—"You are welcome to town!"

Coffee-houses, taverns, and gaming-houses, besides others that must not be named, now demonstrate their hospitality, by opening their doors for the reception of their elegant visitors; while, in the exposure of their respective wares, every thing that can allure the palate, or please the eye, is presented for the acceptance of the *man of spirit*, who every where reads, in the placid looks and ready obedience of the waiters,—
"Sir, you are welcome to town!"

Let no foreigner, then, censure London as inhospitable; for, if he has plenty of cash, he will find, by pleasing experience, that he is welcome to town!—And pray let us ask him, Would he find accommodation, even in Paris, without a compensation?

Such is the urbanity, the hospitality, and the joy, that at present animates the busy people of this happy place, where every man, possessed of money, wit, or knowledge, will find numbers to bid him—welcome to town.

RAGE FOR THE DRAMA.

DRAMATIC Entertainments have ever been popular; but it was reserved for the present age to render them general. An universal passion for pleasure is the epidemic of the season, and people of all classes choose that species of the Drama most congenial to their minds.

Melpomene, *Thalia*, *Momus*, *Clio*, and *Comus*, have extended their rising influence over the English capital. The butcher, the barber, and others who delight in slaughter, prefer tragedy. A butcher's boy the other evening passing along Holborn, began to rehearse his part of *King Richard the Third*, which he was to act at a private theatre.

He

He suddenly exclaimed; "One or both of us must die?" at the same time fixing his eye on a Jewish old-clothes-man, who was so much terrified at the ferocious look and harsh voice of the young Tragedian, that he dropped his bag filled with garments, and took to his heels.—The young fellow, however, like a true hero, proceeded with his part till he came to the last line, when, throwing himself against a cobbler's bulk, he cried out, "Let darkness be the burier of the dead!"—"No: that I shan't!" replied an Undertaker, raising him up. "If you die, I shall bury you—if you have got money!"—The cobbler now made his appearance, and, with a contracted brow and hoarse voice, exclaimed, "What the Devil are you both at!—Get along, and don't break my windows! or I'll call the watch!"

Comedy has a still more numerous class of votaries. Almost the whole host of *amphibia*, who passed the summer at Brighton, have enlisted under her banners. A young Coxcomb and his Kept-Mistress, lately represented *Joseph Surface* and *Lady Teazle* with the happiest effect, to the great amusement of their companions; and the lady entertained the company with a *bracura* of her own composition!—Happy age! elegant beings, who can thus, like Proteus, assume any character except the real one, and prudently ape every species of folly and insignificance—to conceal their own!

But it is in *Masquerade* that our pedestrians principally excel. A Coxcomb, of such delicate nerves that he would be ready to start at his own shadow, by assuming the masculine stride of *Rolla*, or *Perrause*, might pass for as great a hero as either.—The *Demiop*, by her meek smirk, might be mistaken for a modest woman, did not the

cloven foot appear under her half-boot.—The *Black-leg*, by the aid of a little hair-powder and a pair of spectacles, can pass for a very respectable scientific man.—And the *Puffing-Publisher*, at the moment he designs to circumvent some unfortunate author, by publishing a spurious edition of his book, can take him by the hand, and express the utmost esteem, with all apparent cordiality.

From the dress and demeanour of our Young Ladies, we may conclude they are proficient in *Pantomime*. Indeed, by the pains taken, at some boarding-schools, to sophisticate their minds, they readily acquire that air of seeming sensibility which seems to whisper to the passing Beau, "You can never do better than take me! I am a very amiable girl, indeed!"

In short, "*All the Town's a Stage*," on which a wonderful variety of characters are continually acting—not the parts prompted by nature, but the affectation of whatever qualification they think will recommend them to others. *Gunning* often overshoots its mark: the paltry arts of the debauchee, the quack, and the hypocrite, must eventually tumble like temporary structures; while the man of integrity, like a stately column, shall be admired, both as the strength and ornament of society.

ON THE SIGNS IN THE METROPOLIS.

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING MAGAZINE

GENTLEMEN,
BEING a man of independent fortune, rather advanced in years, and of a very curious disposition, I frequently amuse myself with perambulating the streets of this extensive "Forest of Chimneys,"

neys," and endeavour to glean such food as may tend to gratify my ravenous appetite for enquiry. —It has often struck me, that the Signs in this Metropolis are so opposite to the several professions they are intended to designate, that some remedy should be applied, or we shall have foreigners, in consequence of the influx occasioned by the peace, entering the *Lamb Public-house for Fleecy Hosiery*, and the *Rose Bagnio for a Bouquet*.

Walking the other day near Smithfield, I was surprized at observing a sign called the "*Cow and Snuffers!*" and, whilst I was endeavouring to throw some light upon the subject, and puzzling myself in attempting to discover how a cow could snuff a candle, or even a farthing rush-light, I was saluted on turning round with a fine varnished board, on which some artist had exercised his ingenuity in painting a "*Goat in Boots!*"—I at first thought this a satire on our old *debauchees*, most of whom hide their spindle legs in the tasselled Hessian; but was told it conveyed a political meaning, and was a poignant philippic against the *Welch Ambassador*.

Pursuing my walk, I observed, against a strong new-built house, a "*Hole in the Wall!*" and chancing to pass near the *Fleet Prison*, perceived, with some surprize, a "*Friend at hand!*"—Over a house kept by "*Nic. Coward!*" I saw the "*Fighting Cocks!*" and at a *Crimping Rendezvous*, I remarked the "*Tree of Liberty!*"—The "*Jolly Gardeners!*" were stuck up at a *Putt-house*; and it was with much mortification I detected the "*Three Graces!*" at a *Gin Shop*.

Passing by a public-house, the landlady of which was exercising the most *clamorous volubility*, I could scarcely credit my eyes on viewing "*The Good Woman!*" or, in other

words, "a Woman without a head."—Entering a house for refreshment, I was told, after calling the waiter for an hour, that I was at the sign of the "*Bell!*" and, upon desiring the master of "*the Hen and Chickens!*" to send me home a fine capon, he shewed me some *cambric*, and assured me it was under *prime cost*. The most ominous sign for the customer, I thought, was the "*Three Pigeons!*" and I own it was with considerable astonishment, when, after ordering a bed at the "*Feathers!*" I was compelled to pass the night on a *straw mattress!*

I breakfasted at the "*Red Cow!*" where there was no milk to be had; nor could I procure a single rasher of bacon at the "*Sow and Pigs!*"

It would militate, gentlemen, against the sentiments of your publication, were I to particularize the different degradations of *crowned heads*, though I cannot help mentioning, that, under "*the Crown and Sceptre!*" I was almost petrified at observing, in large letters, "*Spirits and Compounds, by Thomas Paine!*" and the hostile name of "*Peter!*" under the sign of "*Charles the Twelfth of Sweden!*"—Many other incongruities I witnessed during my walk: such as "*the Royal Oak!*" in Broad St. Giles's; a "*Ship!*" in full sail up Holborn-Hill; a "*Castle!*" over a hovel; the "*Prince of Orange!*" *booted*, on one side of the street, and the "*Saracen's Head!*" *grinning*, on the other; the sign of the "*Bull!*" kept by a *Frenchman*, and the "*White Swan!*" by a *Blackamoor*; independent of "*Red Lions!*" "*Blue Boars!*" and all the perverted monsters of the forest.

Were signs, gentlemen, properly analogous to the dispositions and professions of men, much good would result from such a *Pharos* to warn the unwary. I therefore, through

through the extensive circulation of your valuable Magazine, recommend that

A Courtier	} be represented by	A Jackall.
A Priest		A Wolf.
A Sailor		A Bull-dog.
A Lawyer		A Vulture.
An Alderman		An Ass.
Lord Kenyon		The Eye of an Eagle.
Bonaparte		A Fox; and
Lord Nelson		A Lion.

Your's,

TOM TRUEPENNY.

EXTRAVAGANT STAGE TRICK.

WHEN the Earl of B—— returned from being Viceroy of Ireland, and was asked his opinion of the stage in that country, he replied, "It was conducted so very badly by Rider, (the then manager) that, if he had not been passionately fond of Plays, he would not have attended."

Among many other singular traits of the performers there, he mentioned the following:—One night, Moss, a good low Comedian, but full of the furor of extravagance in his acting, played the character of *Love-gold*, in the Comedy of the *Miser*. To give an additional, and, as he thought, a happy stroke to the part, when he was frantic for the loss of his money, he ran to the front of the stage, and snatched the harpsichord-player's wig off, exclaiming, as loud as he could, "You have got my money! You have got my money! and I'll keep your wig till you return it!" The gentlemen of Cecelia's band instantly clapped their hands on their heads, to secure their wigs, and immediately quitted the orchestra.—The poor man, whose bald head had been exposed, and the sight of which got the ridiculous Player a thunder of applause, could get no satisfaction from Moss

for the insult, who called it a *theatrical joke!*

A NEW ANECDOTE OF QUIN.

JAMES QUIN, the actor, so celebrated for his blunt humour and his sensuality, was in the habit of spending his evening at the Three Tuns tavern, in Stall-street, which, at that period, was a tavern of importance, and had the credit of selling the best wine in Bath.—The Vicar of Rodstock, (a village in the neighbourhood) being instigated by the same motives, used this tavern also; and hearing that Mr. Quin was not only a *bon vivant*, but a great drinker, the Parson challenged him to a trial of skill, which took place after dinner. In this Bacchanalian effort, the son of the Church triumphed over the son of the Muse, and by nine o'clock the same evening poor Quin sunk motionless on the floor, when the rubicund Priest bestrode the body of his fallen competitor, and drank another bottle, while he pronounced a *requiem* over the prostrate Silenus.—After this adventure, the Parson proudly walked home, and Quin awaking, staggered towards the Parade, where he resided. His landlady meeting him at the door, was alarmed at his dishevelled appearance, and cried, "Lord, Mr. Quin! where, in the name of Heaven, have you been?"—"At the Two Tuns tavern, mine hostess!"—"Why, Sir, you must mistake! There is no such tavern in Bath! There are the Three Tuns, if you please!"—"There were Three Tuns, you mean, hostess!" rejoined the Comedian: "but now there are only Two; for I'll be sworn that the Parson of Rodstock and I have drank up the other this evening!"

*The LIFE, ADVENTURES, and
OPINIONS, of COL. GEORGE
HANGER.*

[Continued from page 70.]

WHEN the expedition from New York took place for the reduction of the Southern Provinces, my worthy friend Sir Henry Clinton fulfilled the promise he had made me, of giving me a command. It consisted of the two hundred picked men from the Hessian army, Colonel Emetick's company of riflemen commanded by Captain Abthouze, and about sixty German Jagers. On their arrival at Savannah in Georgia, some companies of Provincial light infantry were to be added to the above men; and, at my own request, I was to join my corps to that of my most intimate, affectionate, and deceased friend, Colonel Ferguson, an officer whose distinguished merit and gallantry is well known to the British army. The above-mentioned men were put on board the ship *Anne*. In the violent gale of wind, which arose about five days after we quitted the harbour of New York, (Sandy-Hook,) this ship ran foul of another in the night, and carried away both her main and mizen masts; of course, having but the foremast remaining, she was compelled to put before the wind, and make every wind a fair one. She found herself unable to make either the American coast, or bear down upon the West Indies; therefore, putting the troops and crew to a shorter allowance, bore away right before the wind, it then blowing hard at north-west, and the first port she made was St. Ives in Cornwall. The oldest navigator must acknowledge this as a most singular event—a ship dismasted, bound for Georgia, and driven to England.

The kindest inquiries after my health were made (as I have since been informed) by some of those philanthropic gentlemen who had shared in plundering me of my estate, on their hearing that a corps of soldiers, commanded by Major Hanger, were arrived from America at St. Ives in Cornwall. However, the mutual happiness which both parties would have reciprocally enjoyed at meeting, was for that time prevented, by my having sailed on board the ship *John*, at the particular request of my worthy friend Sir Henry Clinton, to see that proper attention was paid to three favourite horses of his during the voyage, which were placed under my particular directions. Thus did I escape being driven to England, by which I should have been obliged to have taken a passage once more over that small herring-pool to America to join the army, beside the good fortune perhaps, of falling in with some one of those tender-hearted gentlemen who were so kindly interested in my health, and experiencing from them the pleasure of a familiar tap on the shoulder.

This was a fortunate event for the soldiers in the ship *Anne*, who escaped, by this singular event, the miseries of ill health, to which all those are doomed who are fated to serve in those intensely hot and sickly climates, whose baneful influence is known only to those who have experienced it. To me it was a misfortune, as it deprived me, for some length of time, of the command of a corps of light troops, so desirable an object to all officers.

My worthy friend Sir Henry Clinton, until an opportunity presented itself of employing me more actively, honoured me, during the siege of Charlestown, by continuing me in his family as one of his aides-de-camps. Before I quit
New

New York altogether, I must relate a circumstance that had nearly cost me my life. The Commander in Chief had fallen down to Sandy Hook, preparatory to his sailing with the army, and had desired me to remain in New York till the next day, to bring some papers of consequence to him from his secretary, which were not then finished; and, having received them, I thought of the best means of proceeding to the Hook myself. The transports had all dropped down for some days; and I could not, even in all the river, find a sloop or schooner for my purpose; I therefore, pressed a strong row-boat, with two men, from the Flymarket Stairs, and proceeded on my way to the Hook. The frost had set in intensely severe for two or three days, so that vast sheets of ice floated up and down the channel with the tide. Before I had got half-way to Staten Island, the eddy-tide, from round the back point of it, drove several large sheets of ice into the channel, in which my boat got completely entangled; and we could find no way out, the ice approaching nearer to us every moment. At this instant, Mr. Hamilton, a gentleman in the quarter-master and transport service, was fortunately going down from the dock-yard, in a very strong large sloop. Mr. Hamilton, seeing a boat in distress, surrounded by the ice, and endeavouring to find her way out, knowing the danger we were exposed to, very humanely bore down upon us, breaking, by the force of his vessel, through the flakes of ice. I was on a very intimate footing with Mr. Hamilton, but knew not who my deliverer was, until I came within fifty or sixty yards of him. He was astonished how I could have been so imprudent as to attempt passing down the river amongst the ice in a

row-boat. I told him I had been warned of the danger, and knew it at my departure, but I could get no sloop or schooner; and, as the papers were of consequence to the Commander in Chief, it was necessary he should have them, as the fleet was to sail that night; besides, I thought, as the tide of ebb ran very strong down to the Hook, I should not meet any ice in my way sufficient to block me up, as it would go the same way with me, and therefore would not greatly endanger me. Indeed I never dreamed of the shoals of ice that are hurried round the point of Staten Island, by the eddy-tide meeting the other bodies of ice going down to the island with the ebb-tide, which completely hemmed me in between them.

Myself and one of the watermen had not stepped on board the sloop above two or three minutes, when, as the other waterman and my servant were handing a favourite spaniel and my portmanteau out of the boat, a sheet of ice stove her nearly in two. My servant jumped on board; but the waterman slipped down, and would have been crushed between the vessel and the ice, if we had not thrown down a rope to his assistance, and hauled him up. Thus I providentially escaped from a most miserable death, as I was above three miles from any shore, and must evidently have foreseen my death approaching, without any chance whatever of escaping. I arrived, however, safe at the Hook, delivered the papers to the Commander in Chief, and sailed at day-break the next morning. This happened on Christmas-eve.

Had this expedition been delayed forty-eight hours longer, the whole fleet of transports would have been frozen fast in the river, as the frost that winter was more intense

appointed Major to the British Legion; and the Commander in Chief, Sir H. Clinton, appointed me before he sailed for New York.

[To be continued.]

CORRESPONDENCE upon BULL-BAITING.

[From the Bury and Stamford Papers.]

To the Editor of the Bury Paper.

SIR, Bury, Nov. 6, 1801.

I Am concerned to say, that I came to this town (now in the first year of the 19th century) to hear, yesterday evening, of a BULL-BAITING, which had taken place in the day, pursuant to a custom which assuredly would be "more honoured in the breach than in the observance." And I heard that this persecuted creature, instead of being tied to a stake, out of the town, (a sport, if human beings can call it such, sufficiently ferocious and horrible) was driven about, as long as its harassed limbs could support it; and then, whether in cruelty or mercy, at length killed. I understand a shocking and nearly fatal accident took place about three years back, in consequence of this barbarous and shameful diversion, in one of the streets of this town. I hear that this noble but wretched animal was perfectly gentle and inoffensive when turned out;—an aggravation of the horrible cruelty, if it were so: but it needs not, and it scarcely admits of, aggravation. And I was told, that some compassionate persons complaining of the cruelty to the poor creature—the offence to those who were obliged to be spectators—the danger to the innocent and helpless—the injury to the public morals and feelings—and wondering that such

a practice was not suppressed, were told (what I can indeed readily believe) that the Magistracy of the borough would have been glad to suppress it, but, with this addition,—that they were unable; for that a Bill in Parliament had been thrown out, which was introduced for the purpose of putting an end to these barbarities. We know that such a Bill was brought in, and thrown out; and it will not soon be forgotten by whose arguments, and by what kind of arguments, and from what station these arguments proceeded. I thought then, and think now, that the chief argument, that of keeping up the natural courage and spirit of the people of England, implied the most unmerited reproach on this country, and on those qualities. These qualities are most remote from an alliance with cruelty. Thus far, however, may be observed,—that, although in *War*, such a custom was useless and odious, in *PEACE* it must appear yet more shocking and abominable. And all such trainings of the minds of a people, to delight in scenes of cruelty, are as dangerous in their tendency to the public peace and order, as they are corruptive of the young and uninstructed, whose most natural principles (benevolence and compassion) they extinguish, and pervert their hearts to the contrary.

But although, for the present, the statute-remedy which was intended has been lost, the Common Law of this country is not so feeble that it *can* not, nor so alien from humanity, individual and general security, and good order, that it *will* not, suppress a *public nuisance* of this shocking and dangerous nature, without the aid of an Act of Parliament: I conclude, therefore, and I am persuaded, that the Magistracy of the town has a legal Adviser

Adviser and Assessor, and Judge of their Courts, who will not think this opinion unfounded in law,—that such conduct is a breach of the peace, on the part of those who bait the poor animal; that they are liable to be apprehended for it accordingly; and that they are *indictable* for such offence. I remain, Sir, your's sincerely,

C. L.

SIR,

ON the 5th of November, as I entered the town of Bury St. Edmund's, in Suffolk, my horse was startled by the shouts of a mob, who were indulging themselves in the inhuman amusement of baiting a Bull, in a spacious square near the Playhouse. My wife and myself, who were together in a gig, were in great danger of being hurt, or killed, from the fright of the horse; and, when we had with difficulty reached the inn, our feelings were disgusted and shocked beyond measure, at the following relation:—The poor animal had been privately baited in the morning, and goaded with sharp instruments, in order to render him furious enough for public exhibition, which he afterwards experienced, tied down with ropes, baited by dogs, and gored by brutes in the shape of men, till, in his agony and rage, he burst from his tethers, to the terror of his tormentors, and the great danger of the peaceable inhabitants of the place, some of whom were obliged to shut up their shops.—After this the poor beast was doomed to be the victim of still greater barbarity, he was entangled again with ropes, and (monstrous to relate!) his hoofs were cut off, and he was again baited, while he had to defend himself on his mangled bleeding stumps!—"God of Nature!" I cried, "in what country am I? In what period of the

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world do I live?—I have read of Abyssinian feasts, and of the cruelty of the Dutch boors, about the Cape of Good Hope, to their oxen. In the former instance, the beast is tortured to satisfy hunger; and in the other, they are cut with knives to quicken pain:—but the Bull of St. Edmund's Bury is tormented merely for the amusement of Christian Savages, who take delight in inflicting torture!—Can the most gloomy Divine draw a more horrible picture of the infernal demons, who delight in contriving fresh tortures to inflict upon condemned spirits?—Can the philosophic Windham, the Champion of Christianity and Social Order, stand up in Parliament, and vindicate such amusements?

I found, upon enquiry, that the Aldermen of Bury had tried to prevent such demoniacal proceedings; but the demons are sanctioned by an Act of Parliament!—Surely such an Act is highly disgraceful to the British nation!

Let the poor have their amusements; let them be as gay as they please; nay, let them, if they will, sing and dance on a Sunday, rather than enjoy such a truly hellish amusement as the one I lately witnessed.

Your's, &c.

VIATOR.

[From the Stamford and Lincoln Papers]

Nov. 20.

ON Friday last reverted the practice, sanctioned only by long usage, of Bull-running, or baiting, in this town; but the 13th falling on the market-day, the celebration of this event was postponed to Saturday, when another melancholy accident which afforded incontestible proof that this wanton custom would be "more honoured in the breach than in the observance."—After having enjoyed as much

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sport

sport with their victim, pent in St. George's Street as the *bullards* thought proper, a wider field of operation was afforded the poor animal, which, immediately quitting the town, crossed the Welland in the direction of its home (Bainton).

—Here was a field for your true town-horn babes to evince their zeal and intrepidity in their *chartered* sport! And in this field we have to lament the accident that put a momentary (alas! only momentary) check to the *pleasures* of the chase:—

Benj. Overton, a horse-keeper, of this place, whilst violently perspiring, out of breath, and in a state of intoxication, plunged into the river after the fugitive bull; and, as might be expected, struck with the sudden intense cold, was unable to save himself from a watery grave. Boats were immediately brought to the spot, and three or four young men (whose humane exertions do them indelible credit) dived for the sufferer; but it was more than half an hour 'ere his body was found, which rendered abortive the means a long time persisted in for restoring animation. —The unfortunate man has left a wife and child, and two aged parents, to deplore his fate.

LOVE AND MAGIC.

A Young man, named JEAN BAYLE, wishing to obtain in marriage a girl possessed of thirty thousand francs, addressed himself to some of the dispensers of good fortune in his department, and promised them a handsome recompence if they would gratify his wishes.

These persons, as it may be believed, readily consented; but informed him, he must retire into a

certain cave, by himself, for the purpose of communicating the magical operations.

The lover was directed to take with him all his money, in a bag; to drink a certain quantity of a liquor, contained in a little phial, which they gave him; to say, in the course of three days, three prayers; and, at the end of that time, to light up a candle, pierced through with three pins: as soon as the pins became red, the lady with the thirty thousand francs was to yield to the flames of his love. — Lastly, our sorcerers requested the loan of his horse and chaise, for a short journey.

Having given his consent to this request, he descended into the cave, with his money, his dispensers of good fortune, his light, and his phial. He drank the liquor, and began the performance of the other mysterious ceremonies, according to the directions of his magical advisers, firmly persuaded that what they had told him would come to pass, and that he should soon be in possession of the lady, with the agreeable addition of the thirty thousand francs.

Scarcely were these sharpers departed, than he began to experience the most cruel tortments, very different from those of Love. He was compelled to run immediately in search of a physician, who having administered a counterpoison, his pains became somewhat mitigated; but it is extremely doubtful whether he will recover the effects of his superstitious credulity.

On searching the cave, there was found the phial, the candle, the three pins, and several pieces of lead, instead of his money; the loss of the whole of which, added to that of his horse and chaise, and to the most tormenting bodily pains, give him sufficient cause for lamentation.

COLOUR

COLOURS worn by the RIDERS of the following NOBLEMEN and GENTLEMEN.

In our First Volume, page 206, we gave an account of the Colours then worn by the different Jockeys; but a period of above nine years having elapsed, several alterations have taken place, by the death of some, and the addition of others to the Turf; we have therefore judged it necessary to state the Colours as now worn.

D UKE of Grafton	-	Sky blue, with black cap.	
Duke of Queensbury,	-	Deep red, with black cap.	
Duke of Bedford,	-	Purple and white stripe.	
Lord Grosvenor,	-	Orange, with black cap.	
Lord Clermont,	-	Scarlet.	
Lord Derby,	-	Black, with white cap.	
Lord Egremont,	-	Dark green, with black cap.	
Lord G. H. Cavendish,	-	Straw colour, with black cap.	
Lord A. Hamilton,	-	Black.	
Sir Charles Bunbury,	-	Pink and white stripe.	
Sir H. Featherston,	-	Yellow, with black cap.	
Sir F. Standish,	-	Mazarine blue, with white cap.	
Mr. Vernon,	-	White, with black cap.	
Mr. Panton,	-	White, with red cap.	
Hon. C. Wyndham,	-	Yellow, with blue cap.	
Sir Willoughby Aston,	-	Black and white stripe.	
Mr. Wentworth,	-	White sattin.	
Mr. Wastell,	-	Pink, with black cap.	
Sir John Lade,	-	Harlequin.	[dered with silver.
Mr. Bullock,	-	Purple, the buttons and button-holes embroi-	
Lord Sondes,	-	Straw colour, with black cap.	
Mr. Dawson,	-	Pea green, with black cap.	
Mr. Wilson,	-	Light blue, trimmed with black.	
Lord Darlington,	-	Pink and black stripe, cap the same.	
Mr. O'Kelly,	-	Scarlet, with light blue cap.	
Mr. Hammond,	-	Green and buff stripe, and black cap.	
Lord Winchelsea,	-	Yellow, with black cap.	
Lord Belfast,	-	Red, with black cap.	
Mr. Galwey,	-	Straw colour with purple sleeves, and straw-	
Lord Sackville,	-	White, with black cap.	[coloured cap.
Mr. Broadhurst,	-	Pink, with black cap.	
Mr. Delme,	-	Blue, trimmed with pink.	
Major Lewis,	-	Blue and yellow, with yellow cap.	
Sir J. Honeywood,	-	Purple waistcoat, with orange sleeves and cap.	
Mr. Lade,	-	Blue and yellow broad stripe.	
Mr. Cookson,	-	Purple trimmed with crimson, and black cap.	
Mr. Churchill,	-	Yellow, with purple spots.	
Lord Clarendon,	-	Black waistcoat, with red cap.	
Mr. Sharpe,	-	Blue, with black cap.	
Mr. Concannon,	-	Purple, with black cap.	
Sir J. Shelley,	-	Orange.	
Mr. Hutchinson,	-	Green with crimson collar, and black cap.	
Mr. Hallett,	-	Orange with black sleeves.	
Mr. Golding,	-	Yellow and purple stripe.	
Mr. Durant,	-	Pink and white broad stripe.	
Mr. Heathcote,	-	Green and orange stripe, and black cap.	

136 Distance of Newmarket Courses.—Pedigree of Gabriel.

The EXACT DISTANCES of the
COURSES at NEWMARKET.

	Miles.	Furlongs.	Yards.
THE Beacon Course			
is - - -	4	1	138
Last 3 Miles of ditto - -	3	0	45
Ditch-in - - -	2	0	97
The last Mile and a Dis- tance of B. C. - -	1	1	156
Ancaster Mile - -	1	0	18
Fox's Course - -	1	6	55
From the Turn of the Lands in - -	0	5	184
Clermont Course, from the Ditch to the Duke's Stand - -	1	5	217
Across the Flat - -	1	2	44
Rowley's Mile - -	1	0	1
Ditch Mile - -	0	7	178
Abingdon Mile - -	0	7	211
Two Middle Miles of B. C. - -	1	7	125
Two Years Old Course -	0	5	136
Yealingle Course - -	0	2	147
Round Course - -	3	6	93
Duke's Course - -	4	0	184
Bunbury Mile - -	0	7	208
Dutton's Course - -	3	0	0

PEDIGREE and PERFORMANCES of GABRIEL.

HE was bred by the Earl of Ossory, and got by Dorimant; his dam by Highflyer; grand dam by Snap, out of the dam of Chalkstone, Iris, Plafet, &c.—She was got by Cade, out of the Little Hartley mare.

In 1794, Gabriel (then the property of Sir J. Honeywood) won a Fifty Pound Plate at Newmarket, beating Lord Sackville's Spider, and three others, and a match for One Hundred Guineas at Epsom, giving nine pounds to Mr. Hammond's Portland; and the same day won the Fifty Pounds Plate.

The same year (when the property of Mr. Delme) he won the Sweepstakes for all ages, and two Fifties, at Canterbury.

In 1795, at Newmarket, he won the first class of the Oatlands Stakes, beating Hermione, Polyanthus, Gohanna, Patriot, Aimiator, and several others.—Received compromises in three matches, viz. with Lord Sackville's Silver, Sir W. Aston's Pandolpho, and Sir J. Shelley's Lady.—Beat Lord Clermont's Aimiator a match for Three Hundred Guineas, carrying eight stone each, over the Course; and won the King's Plate, for six year olds, weight twelve stone, being then only five years old.

In 1796, he won the King's Plate at Newmarket, beating Sir F. Poole's Waxy, Lord Sackville's Silver, and two others; walked over for the King's Plate at Winchester; and won the King's Plate at Nottingham.

He is now a Stallion at Bishop Burton, near Beverley, Yorkshire.

EXTRAORDINARY ODD FISHES.

A Piece of water, at Thornville, Yorkshire, which for several years had been ordered to be filled up, and for which purpose logs of wood, roots of trees, rubbish, &c. had been thrown into it, lately being found useful, the steward was ordered to clear it out. Persons were accordingly employed, and, though almost choked up by weeds and mud, so that little water remained, and no persons conceived any fish, except possibly a few large eels, would be found, yet about two hundred brace of tench of all sizes, and as many perch, were found; about ten brace of which were from three to four pounds weight each,

After

After the pond was supposed to be quite free, under some roots there seemed to be an animal, which was conceived to be an otter. The place was surrounded, and on opening an entrance among the roots, a tench of a most extraordinary form was found, having literally assumed the shape of the hole, in which he had, of course, for many, many years, been confined. His form was an irregular semicircle: his length, from fork to eye, was two feet nine inches; his circumference, to almost the tail, was two feet three inches; his weight, eleven pounds, nine ounces and a quarter; his colour, that of a char, or a vermillion.

This extraordinary fish (there being a sculptor in the house) was sketched, and a model is taking of it.

After having been shewn to many sporting men, it was carefully put into a pond; but, either from confinement, or age, or bulk, it only floated, and with difficulty at last swam gently away. It is now alive and well.

AS Captain Bochar, of Granville, who is still alive, was fishing for cod-fish in the harbour of Ferole, in the Strait of Belleisle, in North America, one of his men had a line with a mackerel as bait for the cod, and took upon his hook a fish called a *Marache*, but which is not found in the European seas.

The *Marache* is a third part cartilaginous in its bone, and on the exterior is rather of the cetaceous quality.

This fish was eighteen feet long, and not more than eight feet in its greatest diameter. Neither the hook, nor the line, which was no thicker than whip-cord, could have resisted the efforts of such an animal, if it had made any resistance; but, yielding to the pain, it suffered

itself to be drawn along-side the sloop as the line was pulled, and there one of the fishermen cleaved its skull with a hatchet, and with several more blows killed it, and it was afterwards towed on shore.

A very large *monk-fish*, nearly five feet in length, was a few weeks ago caught in a troller, near the mouth of Whitehaven harbour.

The monk-fish is a species of the *squalus*. Its shape is between that of the long and flat cartilaginous kind of fishes. It is covered with a mucous substance, but under it the skin is harsh, and rough enough to serve for the polishing of wood or ivory. It is of a brownish grey on the back and sides, and white under the belly: the head flattened and roundish, and the mouth large, and opening at the extremity of the snout. In the mouth are three rows of teeth, eighteen in each row.

A great number of flooks were found in its belly.

It was purchased, and sent to the Museum at Kendal.

AN uncommon large fish, of the Shark kind, was lately taken and brought on shore at Blyth, by the fishermen of that place, not without great difficulty, as well as danger.

The body measured twenty-nine feet and a half in length, and at the shoulders sixteen feet in circumference, decreasing gradually towards the tail.

The mouth was placed near the extremity of the head, in which were numerous teeth, disposed in several rows around the jaws: they were small, sharp pointed, and bending inward. It had five linear apertures across the neck, with flaps covering the gills.

On the back were two fins, the anterior one considerably larger than the other. Underneath the ventral

ventral fins was a double genital, which is appropriate to the males of this genus; and below them, a small anal fin, near the tail.

The skin was very rough, of a light grey colour on the sides, and growing darker towards the back.

It agreed, in general, with the *Catulus Maximus* (Greatest Dog-fish) of Linnæus, who says, that "It inhabits the Arctic Ocean, rivals a whale in bulk, is of great agility, and subsists principally on the *Medusæ*, or what are commonly called Sea-Jellies, or Blubbers."

A most uncommon non-descript animal has lately been exhibited at Liverpool.—In its form, we are told, it approaches nearest to the Land Tortoise, has a tail exactly like a Crocodile, and is extremely fierce.

MORE PUGILISM.

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

WALKING into a coffee-house, at the west end of the town, a short time since, and being told by the waiter that the *Oracle and Daily Advertiser*, in which I wanted to see an account of the late boxing-match, was engaged by three companies deep, I was compelled to wait patiently my turn, when I reflected that human nature ever has and ever will be so subject to quarrels, some trifling, and others serious; and that custom has established, in every nation, a mode of decision consonant to the manners, genius, and temper of it's natives. The ancients fought with infinitely more ferocity than the moderns, using the *cestus*, which consisted of leather thongs, to each of which was at-

tached a lump of lead, which were hurled round the head with uncommon strength and velocity: indeed the elegant Bard of Mantua has in his *Æneid* given so accurate an account of the *Cestus Fight*, that I defy even Burk, the heroic Butcher, (who is, no doubt, a *Latinist*) to read the celebrated combat between Entellus and Dares, without feeling his teeth chatter, and his jaws ache most sympathetically.

The Greeks boxed, but so unfairly, that the combatant first knocked down was beaten upon the ground till he was killed. The Americans seize each other by the hair, and mutually screw their thumbs into the eye. The Swedes slap each other open-handed. The French either cut each other down genteely with sabres, or politely run one another through with small swords. The Dutch, Portuguese, and Spaniards, kindly scarify each other with knives,—the Turks with daggers,—the Irish with cudgels,—and the effeminate Italian *thrills a cadence*, and musically stabs you with a stiletto.—So much to prove the general prevalence of fighting!

One thing further, Gentlemen. As there are so many *various* ways of fighting in this country, why should *pugilism* be particularly reprobated? and why should it be more allowable for

A Courtier to fight with bows.

A Blood pistols.

An Attorney (seconded by John Doe and Richard Roe), writs.

A Counsel, briefs.

An M. P. scurrility.

A Fishwoman, eloquence.

A Lover, vows.

A Lady, the tongue; or for, Belcher and Burk to set-to, with fists? Your's,

PHILO-PUGNI.

The Fighting Cocks, Hockley in the Hole, Saturday night.

THEATRE,

THEATRE, COVENT GARDEN.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 9.

A New Opera, called, *The Chains of the Heart*; or, *The Slaves by Choice*, was brought forward this evening.

This story is taken from the Siege of Ceuta, about the year 1415: when that place was taken by the Portuguese through the prowess of Prince Henry, the celebrated patron of navigation, and in a joint attack where great naval and military ardour was displayed. The author has, with much ingenuity and effect, interwoven a little French piece, called *Guinace* into his plot; and has given us sufficient variety of character, from the accomplished hero and the suffering noble captives to a *ci-devant* dancing master and a regimental cook.—To enter more minutely into the story would be ridiculous to those who mean to see the piece, because it would prevent the author from “elevating and surprising,” and would be entirely uninteresting to the novel-reading masters and misses.

Of Mr. Hoare’s talents, as a dramatic Poet, the public has long known the extent. Many of his pieces have made “laughter hold both his sides,” and forced the smile of approbation from the most fastidious. It is to be lamented, that in the present he has sacrificed too much to the fancy and caprice of the Performers, till his scenes appear disjointed and his plot irregular. The critic, unacquainted with the stage, would be ready to condemn his judgment; while those who are sometimes behind the curtain, know too well how many difficulties the writer of an Opera has to encounter: nor would wonder, if by the continual changes of poetry and situations during a re-

hearsal, he should not even know his own Piece on the first night of representation.

The Performers sustained their parts with great propriety; Miss Murray looked and acted charmingly. Messrs. Munden, Fawcett, and the two Johnstones did all that could be done. Madame Storace appeared too unwell to form a just opinion of that improvement in voice and science which the amateurs contend for.—Of Mr. Braham it is impossible to speak too highly: his rapidity, flexibility, roundness, and certainty of tones, are indescribable; he is perfect master of the half notes, and expresses the sentiment with equal fire and feeling—he betrayed, in our opinion, two faults very easily remedied, the one loading the airs with chromatic divisions, and almost tiring the ear with rapid execution—we should wonder more, and admire the more, if he sometimes gave us a simple melody unaccompanied with this waste of ornament; he sang one verse in the ballad of the third act with such exquisite sweetness and simplicity, as to warrant our assertion, for it was felt by the audience. The other fault consists in—how shall we speak it technically? It is impossible—it consists in tiring tones like those of the bugle horn, only more dissonant; this is not a good description of it; we must descend to a very vulgar phrase, he seems to be what children call “breaking out in fresh places.”—We before mentioned that these faults are easily remedied; and then he will be a perfect singer. We have heard whispers of much jealousy between him and Mr. Incedon; this need not be; their only competition should be, who can please the public most; as few things can be less easily compared than the talents of each; they are so entirely dissimilar

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lar as to remind us of the old Irish story, when the servant asks which his master would prefer, to have his wig oil'd with, vinegar or mustard?

In discussing the merits of Braham and Storace, we cannot help halting for the purpose of paying a just and proper compliment to the spirit of Mr. Harris, in collecting such a combination of musical talents, as to soar above all other musical spheres through all the annals of opera.

If we consider Braham as the first tenor in the known world; Storace as the most scientific and humorous Buffa: Incledon, with the voice and feeling of a true-born Englishman, and possessing a taste and execution little inferior to the richest of the Italian school; if we look towards Mrs. Billington, "who

" " takes the prisoned soul,
" " And laps it in Elysium," —

where can be found, either in ancient or modern times, so liberal, and so sweet a banquet.—To him "who has no music in his soul" we would not apply the harsh passions and scowling manners which our Poets ascribe to him; yet we cannot but pity the enjoyment he loses in being unable to taste so fascinating, so rational, and so luxurious an entertainment. The undertaking has, no doubt, been hazardous, for the expence is great beyond all common calculation; still, from the present taste for excellence in all the sciences, no less than in that more delightful one, music, it appears, almost to a certainty, that the Proprietor's speculation will be sufficiently remunerated—and we heartily wish him success, for "he has deserved it."

The dresses and scenery are magnificent. The following is a specimen of the Poetry—

AIR—MR. MUNDEN.

When I was a tiny boy, no higher than
my knee,
A chubby boy, a merry boy, as any you
could see,
So nice the women handled me,
And fondled me, and dandled me,
They call'd me their dear little slave;
Round about my neck then, they tied a
silken string,
Come along, my chicky bid, you pretty
little thing!

I rattled well,
And tattled well,
And prated well,
And waited well,

I was ev'ry thing the ladies wish'd to
have.

When I grew a little man, a pretty little
man,
Good Lord! how nimbly after me the
merry lasses ran!

So pleasing me,
And teasing me,
Admiring me,
Desiring me,

A nod from me the pretty creatures
crave!

High and smart my turban then at all the
girls I set,

Ev'ry where, with ev'ry fair, is handsome
Azam met;

What, tho' I own,
I'm older grown,
Yet, so complete,
From head to feet,

I hope I'm still the very thing the la-
dies wish to have.

A TRUE MEMBER OF THE
CHURCH MILITANT.

A Clergyman, in Devonshire, remarkable for nothing but his wit, and a life perfectly inconsistent with his profession, particularly the practice of pugilism, one Sunday after divine service, had a quarrel with some of his parishioners; in which a severe battle ensued, but though he had several to encounter with, he gained a complete victory. The next Sunday, his antagonist appeared at Church with black eyes, and other marks of his pro-

ess: when, to add to their mortification, he very archly took his text from these words of Nehemiah xiii. 25.—“ And I contended with them, and cursed them, and smote certain of them, and plucked off their hair, and made them swear by God,” &c.

ANECDOTES OF THE LATE DR.
MONSEY.

[*Continued from page 71.*]

IT was (I believe, but am not certain) at the table of the Duke of Leeds, that our Chelsea Physician sometimes met Leonidas Glover, who soon after married a lady of an athletic make and constitution, and then made a rural excursion.

“ Have you seen Glover since his marriage,” said an acquaintance: “ I fear he is lost.”—“ No,” said Monsey, “ but I hope he has not perished, like his hero, in the Straits of Thermophylæ.”

I have said that he occasionally amused himself in rhyme, and I have seen a long Poem, in doggerel verse, in which many humorous sallies and laughable stories occur: but it was not remarkable for clearness of language, closeness of connection, or delicate expression.—

This performance, for a reason I am not acquainted with, he called Jack Shade, and it is still extant.

As an excuse for listening to the Goddess of Nonsense, whom he invoked as his Muse, he used to lead long confinement from the put in both his thumbs—an unaccountable reason, I confess, for seeking, or at least being able to find, amusement with his pen.

But at the age of eighty-four he addressed a copy of verses to Miss Berry, a young lady, who, if I recollect right, lived at Chiswick—a

poetical effort which Pope need not blush to own—but who, with the feelings of a man, could behold Miss Berry without love, emotion, and desire!

He was not much in the habit of exercising his pen either on medical or miscellaneous subjects for public view.

An account of his drawing up, of a man whose body was blistered whenever the sun shone upon it, has been published, with the Doctor's successful mode of treatment.

And my medical readers may possibly recollect a description he gave, in some periodical publication, of the case of Mr. Fraine at Chelsea, a being marked by fate for horrible and hideous nervous affection, for a family destroyed in their bloom by suicide, and for his own untimely death.

His son, an amiable young man, in the memory and (I trust) the esteem of many of my readers, destroyed himself before his glass in the Temple soon after his return from his travels, because he hinted to his father, that as he had educated him as a gentleman, he ought to support him as one, and received in return abuse and cruelty. The daughter, the very character drawn by Marmontel in Agathe, in the *Connoisseur*, whose eyes spoke love and benevolence, whose heart was the seat of tenderness and sentiment, put an end to her existence soon after a marriage she was seized into with one man, while her heart was with another. Not long after, this father received a blow on his head as he was hastily getting out of a coach, of which, in a few hours, he died.

The effects of the disease, described by Monsey in the case he published, were, a shocking wolf-like yell, agonizing pain, attended with diabolical distortion of countenance; none of which could be

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relieved but by the constant application of the hand of an attendant to the upper and back part of his head, which was in all places, and on all occasions, unceasingly stroked or tapped.

Such an accumulation of personal and domestic calamity, on any other man, would have the strongest claim to our pity—his children certainly have to our tears.

The father, a man of considerable fortune, very much increased it by firmly adhering to a rule, which was never to pay any debt till obliged to it by a course of law, in which he was so well versed as to evade or terrify a number of claimants—it would be severe to say he deserved such evils.

Monsey, as a Physician, was of the old Boerhaavian school, and adhered to rules which he used to say he had sanctioned by fifty years trial; of course he either knew not or neglected the acknowledged improvement of the moderns both in theory and practice. But Sir George Baker and Dr. Heberden can bear witness to the frequency of his happy prognostics, his minute and accurate delineation of symptoms, and his undeviating attention to nature.

That he was a nasty dog, wore a dirty shirt, and was fond of contrayerva, is the utmost that the malignity of Ranby could object against him.

"Thou, Nature, art my Goddess," he used to say should be the Physician's motto.

The medical authors he most attended to were Hippocrates, Boerhaave, Friend, Simpson (of St. Andrew's), and Sydenham.

In polite literature, Horace and Juvenal, Swift and Pope, claimed his strongest approbation.

Of Horace's productions, the Ode beginning "*Ulla si juris tibi pejerati*," and the Satires where

Davus and his Master appear in dialogue, he most admired.

"*Addē quod horam tecum non esse potes,
Teque ipsum vitas fugitivus ut erro,*"

he often and emphatically repeated.

Of Juvenal, the Satire beginning with "*Omnibus in terris*," and in Pope, the Essay on Criticism, he perused with most pleasure.

With the Translator of Homer, as Dr. Warren thinks, or, rather, as in his first volume, he did think, he conceives that good poetry ceased.

He was highly gratified with the perusal of Gibbon's History, and waited on him to thank him for the pleasure and instruction he received. The historian received him with politeness, and, after a variety of subjects, his altercation with Mr. Davis came on the carpet. "Mr. Davis," said Gibbon, "accuses me of not having a sufficient number of books; if he will call any day, *when I am not at home*, the servant shall shew him my library."—Mr. Gibbon entered into the contest with Davis very reluctantly. "I was forced into it," he would say; "but I think it very hard, after declining the massy polemic club of a Horsley, and the fine-edged blade of a Watson, to encounter the rustic cudgel of a Davis."

Mandeville's Fable of the Bees he often read, a book which, from the peculiar wording of its second title, and from the outcry at first made against it, has roused the groundless fears of the zealous, and, like many other books, attained an apparent consequence to which it is by no means entitled, either for novelty or dangerous tendency.

The tenet of Mandeville, as old, I believe, as the Christian æra, was merely this:—Providence severely punishes wicked men, but at the

same

same time extracts advantages even from their vices. Is it credible that a doctrine setting Divine wisdom and policy in the highest point of view, should have been presented by a Grand Jury, and furiously attacked by a Bishop?

Mandeville inherited cunning by his Dutch extraction. His father had fled from Holland, because, in a popular commotion, he had pointed out to an exasperated mob where there were cannon, with which they might soon level the house of a concealed, but unpopular, Burgomaster.—“We know he is in the house,” said the Boors, “but can’t find him, so let’s set it on fire.”—“He’ll escape in the smoke and confusion,” said old Mandeville: “level the house into a heap of ruins with your great guns, and the bird cannot escape.” His advice was instantly followed.

Mandeville (I speak of the author of that name) had the art of adopting alarming, and of course saleable, titles for his works, such as *Private Vices Public Benefits*, *The Virgin Unmask’d*, *A Defence of Public Stews*, and *An Attack on Charitable Foundations*. In this last, though he carries his doctrine too far, his arguments are generally right, and his deductions proved by late experience to be just.

[To be continued.]

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

HORSE CAUSES, &c.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS, Dec. 8.

O’KELLY v. PERRING AND CADELL.

THIS was an action of trover, brought by the plaintiff to recover a race horse, named *Wrangler*, which had been seized by the

defendants, on the 2d of December, as Sheriffs of Middlesex, under an execution against the Marquis of Donegall, but the plaintiff contended it was his property.

Sir Charles Bunbury was first called, and deposed that he sold the horse to Colonel O’Kelly during the Brighton races 1800, for three hundred guineas, and was to have the further sum of fifty guineas the first time the horse won a match, which he did the next week at Lewes.

The Marquis of Donegall deposed, that the horse never was his property. On his cross-examination he admitted, that the horse was taken care of in his stables at Epsom, with some other racers; that it ran at Oxford races in his name for the King’s plate that year; Colonel O’Kelly was present.

Here Lord Alvanley ordered a clause of an Act of Parliament of George the Second to be read, which enacts, “that if any horse shall be entered to be run for a King’s Plate which is not *bona fide* the property of the person who shall enter it, the horse shall be forfeited, and treble his value.” His Lordship then said, he did not see how, after this, it was possible to contend that the horse could be considered as the property of Colonel O’Kelly, and thought the cause should end here.

The Counsel for the plaintiff thought proper to proceed, and the Noble Marquis was shewn by the counsel for the defendant, a letter, which his Lordship admitted was his writing, to a man of the name of Larkins, who had the care of this horse, containing some directions respecting him, but his Lordship denied that Larkins was in his service, saying he was Colonel O’Kelly’s servant.

Colonel Mathew swore he was present at the Oxford races when

T 2 Colonel

Colonel O'Kelly matched Wrangler with Mr. Cookson's Jack Andrews, when the Marquis "d—d him for a Bolter, and said he would have nothing to do with him." On cross-examination the Colonel admitted, that it was the practice of Colonel O'Kelly to match the race horses of the Marquis.

An under-groom, who had conveyed Wrangler from Lewes to Oxford, and from thence to the Marquis's stable at Epsom, was then examined. He swore he did not know who hired him, but he was paid by Colonel O'Kelly and Chiffney, the Marquis's principal groom. He acknowledged Wrangler was brought to town with the other racers that were at Epsom, belonging to the Marquis, and were all seized at Moorhead's stables.

Larkins was then called, and on being asked whose horse he considered Wrangler to be? he said, the Marquis of Donegall's.

The Lord Chief Justice here said the cause was at an end; and the plaintiff was nonsuited.

Another action of a similar nature was tried against the Sheriff of the county of Sussex. The Marquis's carriages, horses, &c. were seized at Brighton for twenty thousand pounds, but by a private agreement with the plaintiff, he was allowed the use of them; a Sheriff's officer remaining in possession. The Marquis took them out of the county. In the course of the trial, the Marquis in Court swore the horses were the property of his training groom. He said he executed a bill of sale of the horses to Sutton, his training groom, in part of a debt he owed him of one thousand four hundred pounds, or one thousand five hundred pounds, and that he had agreed to allow him one hundred and sixty pounds, or one hundred and seventy pounds a year for the use of them, but they

were fed at his Lordship's expense.

Lord Alvanley here expressed much anxiety to see the bill of sale, and to have the officer's discharge produced; but neither of them were brought forward.

The defence set up was, that the plaintiff took off the responsibility of the Sheriff by his private agreement with the Marquis.—Verdict for the defendant.

Wrangler, it has been noticed, deserves his name. He is not more celebrated upon the Turf than in the Attornies' Offices, and has gained a victory in Westminster Hall as *near by the neck* as he will ever win at York or Newmarket.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

SATURDAY, NOV. 21.

A BOLD STROKE *for an ESTATE.*

A Rule was obtained in the Court of King's Bench, in the late Term, by Mr. Scarlet, to file a criminal information against William Withrington, Thomas Weaver, John Groom, and John Sharpless *alias* Flat, for conspiracy; and the affidavits charged them with one of the boldest conspiracies that ever was entered into.

It was sworn that these men, of whom one is a bankrupt cheesemonger; another, a man who called "*Hot peas! all hot!*" through the streets of Deptford; and a third an attorney, who had passed *seven years in the hulks*, conspired to set up Withrington as heir at law to Lord Withrington, who died in 1774, possessed of large estates in the north of England.

With that intention they repaired to Durham,—printed hand-bills, setting forth a pedigree false in every particular,—distributed them among the tenants of the manor of Stothem,

Stothen, now the property of a Mr. Standish,—by various artful pretences prevailed upon some of them to attorn to Withrington as their rightful lord,—collected an immense crowd, by giving a grand dinner,—and proceeded in a tumultuous manner to take possession of the mansion-house.

Amongst other artifices, Withrington promised the tenants, that the whole of the estate should be laid out in small farms; that he would present them with half a year's rent each; and that the peasantry should have milk *gratis*.

The Court granted a Rule.

AN UNQUAKER-LIKE QUAKER.

BURTON v. DAY.

Friday, Dec. 11.]—Mr. Erskine stated, that this was an action brought by the plaintiff, a gardener, in the service of Mr. Smith, a Quaker, a person of fortune at Walworth, against the defendant, a member of the Walworth corps of Volunteers, for an assault.

On the night of the general rejoicing for the termination of hostilities against the French Republic, the plaintiff was directed, by his master, to attend before his house, and prevent the mob assembled there committing any excesses.—All the houses were illuminated, except Mr. Smith's.—Mr. Day, and some other gentlemen of the corps, had been to Major Burn's, whose house was splendidly illuminated, and had fired a *feu-de-joye* in commemoration of the day, and in honour of their officer.

A number of persons had assembled before Mr. Smith's house, and a stone was thrown, and broke one of the windows. Upon another stone being thrown, by a person of the name of Cooke, the

plaintiff asked who he was? upon which Cooke immediately fired a gun close to his ear, as a sort of insult, and loaded it again. The defendant took the gun out of Cooke's hand, and said to the plaintiff, "What are you doing here? Go away!"—The plaintiff was standing before his master's house, without any weapon of offence, when the defendant, who ought, as a member of a volunteer corps, to have protected him against any breach of the peace, forgetting his situation and character, fired his piece close to the plaintiff, who had put up his hand to prevent its coming too near him. The defendant afterwards turned round, clubbed the piece, struck the plaintiff with the butt-end, and cut open his face. He was preparing to repeat his blow, when several persons interfered, and prevented him.

Several other witnesses having deposed to the same effect; the Attorney General said, it was not his intention to cast any discredit upon a sect tolerated by the laws of the country; but he could not avoid observing, that a set of people, who had no participation in the dangers of war, but who lived protected by society, without furnishing any part of that protection they received, ought to be the first to rejoice at an event which put a period to the calamities of war. If there was any person who had more particular reason than another for rejoicing at peace, it was a Quaker, and one who carried on a profession which had been peculiarly obnoxious. In the course of the unfortunate and shameful tumults that had recently taken place, persons of that description had been marked out the objects of popular indignation, and therefore it might have been expected they would have rejoiced more than any other

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set of men, at a peace that relieved them from the inconveniences to which they had been subjected.—His learned friend had said, it was contrary to the religion of Quakers to illuminate their houses, or shew outward demonstrations of joy upon any occasion. He knew not what part of their code his learned friend might have read, justifying that opinion: he did not think their religion commanded them to preserve a gloomy sadness, when every one round them was rejoicing. The present action was not so much the action of the plaintiff as his master.—What did the evidence of the plaintiff amount to?—That a few members of a volunteer corps, in the ebullition of their joy, had fired a *feu-de-joye* opposite their Major's house, which was next door to Mr. Smith's: the plaintiff came up, and declared, if any man fired again, he would knock him down: the defendant, to whom the piece in the hands of Cooke belonged, took it from him, and did fire; upon which the plaintiff carried his threat into execution, by assaulting him. This Quaker had no right to spread his gloomy sadness beyond his own family: he had thought it would render him obnoxious, to come forward himself to claim redress for his broken windows, and therefore had promoted this action by his servant, for a supposed assault.—In the case of Mr. Rawlinson, of Lancaster, whose windows had been broken, he had alledged, that it was not consonant to his principles to rejoice for any warlike successes, that were attended with the loss of the lives of so many of his fellow creatures. This was reasoning in a Quaker-like manner: but it had never been known before, that a Quaker had refused expressing his joy for the return of peace.

A number of witnesses were

examined for the defendant. The result of their evidence was, that Cooke had fired off the piece across the road, and that the plaintiff said it had flashed in his face, which the other denied. The plaintiff d—d him, and said, he would knock the first man down who fired again. The defendant came up, and told the plaintiff he had no business there, and he would fire in any way he liked. That the defendant did not present his piece with a view to insult the plaintiff; but that, in consequence of the plaintiff putting himself in a menacing attitude, and offering to assault him, he did strike him with his piece, but not so as to hurt him.

Mr. Erskine replied: after which Sir S. Le Blanc having summed up the evidence, the Jury retired for about two hours, and returned with a verdict for the defendant.

HACKETT V. BLUNDELL.

This was an action for the value of a mare warranted sound. It appeared, the animal so far from being sound, had the disorder arising from water in her chest, which wholly incapacitated her from going through the least fatigue; in fact, in the course of a tedious and painful journey to Gravesend she was knocked up, and soon after died.

As is usual in cases of this kind, the opinions of the hippophysical tribe (always contradictory to each other) formed the most prominent feature of the evidence. The result was, a verdict for the plaintiff for the value of the mare.

GUN V. WHITE.

This was an action against the defendant, for unskilfully and negligently driving his chaise against the plaintiff's horse.

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The evidence stated, that on the 23d of October last, about six in the evening, the plaintiff drove his chaise very rapidly down the City Road, on the wrong side of it, where, encountering the plaintiff's horse, the shaft went through part of his chest, entering at the shoulder-bone, and coming out near the saddle-plate.

Several witnesses were called on the side of the defendant, who attempted to establish that he was going at a moderate pace, and on the right side of the road; but scarce any two of them agreed in one fact.—Verdict for plaintiff—Fourteen Pounds.

BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

ANN ANDREWS v. MORRISON.

Saturday, Dec. 12.—Mr. Erskine, who led in this cause, descanted upon the injuries arising to a young woman who had been courted for marriage, and abandoned by her lover. Perhaps, he said, no injury was so severe—loss of fortune and loss of friends might be borne; but no one could endure a wounded spirit. A woman who had been thus addressed and deserted, was disparaged. However amiable or virtuous she might be—she no longer remained of the same value, for there was a pride in the nature of man, that he would not esteem that which might have been enjoyed by another and had been rejected. In the present case he should shew that the defendant went the length of purchasing the ring and licence, but suddenly stopped short without any reason and married another. The licence, he stated, had been in the possession of the young woman, but was obtained from her by the defendant,

who sent the parish beadle for it. Having made some humorous allusions to the gravity and importance of such a messenger, he proceeded to call the evidence to substantiate his case.

William Andrews, brother to the plaintiff, said, he knew the defendant; he was a baker in Goswell-street, and lived opposite to him. The witness's father was now dead; he was a grocer. The families had known each other many years, and visited as neighbours. The defendant had visited for three years at their house, as suitor to his sister. Since his father's death, he had heard him say that he intended to marry her. In April or May last, he presented his sister with a wedding ring. He asked, "if it would do?" She said, "Yes!"—He then said, "there was nothing further to be done, but to go to church;" and added, "When shall that be?"—She answered, "That is for you to say."—"Shall it be next week?" "If you please," was her answer.—He had also frequent conversations with the defendant, respecting his property. He had represented himself as having 150*l. per annum* more than his business; which, he said, he would settle all on his sister. He told him, "that would be imprudent, and foolish."

On cross-examination, he said, he did not think the defendant a fool:—he was not of the brightest parts, nor of the most steady deportment.

Ann Andrews, the mother of the young woman, gave the same testimony. She saw the ring on the table, though she was not present when it was first given. She remarked, that she had not been consulted; upon which the defendant asked, if she would give her consent? She said, she would.—A licence was received by her daughter

daughter from Mr. Morrison.—In May, by his invitation, she went to see his house, and she expressed her satisfaction at finding every thing better provided than she expected.

On cross-examination she said, that, after he had sent the licence, he abstained from coming to the house for three weeks. It was then that she went to visit his house; and her daughter and she took a walk with the defendant that evening. She denied that there was any quarrel.

[The register of the defendant's marriage with another woman was put in, and read.]

Joseph Hawes, the Beadle of St. Luke's, stated, that, by the direction of Mr. Morrison, he fetched away the licence from Mrs. Andrews's.

Mr. Gibbs, for the defendant, contended, that the contract was rescinded between the parties; and stated, that after they had taken the walk, as stated by Mrs. Andrews, finding they could not accommodate the difference, the licence was by mutual consent given up the next day. The circumstance of its having been fetched away so soon afterwards, he argued, was sufficient proof of the fact. He said, the marriage was also not approved of by any of the defendant's friends; not from any imputation against the plaintiff, but only because she was thought to be too highly educated for a simple Baker's wife.—To make out this case, he called

Jane Gilmore, sister to the defendant, who spoke to a conversation between her and the plaintiff on the day the licence was procured, in which the plaintiff declared, that she was incapable of attending to the Baker's business, as the witness's mother had done. She also stated, that Miss Andrews

proposed that the witness should attend to the business, and she live in the dining-room.—So far from her brother having 150*l.* a year, clear of his business, she did not believe he had a shilling more than would pay his debts.

Mr. Erskine having replied, and the learned Judge summed up, the Jury, with little hesitation, found a verdict for the plaintiff—*Damages Two Hundred Pounds.*

HORSE-WARRANTING.

WARDLE v. WHITE.

Monday, Dec. 14.—This was an action by the plaintiff, a gentleman of Durham, against the defendant, a horse-dealer, upon the warranting of a horse.

William Guy, clerk to the defendant, proved the hand-writing of White, in which he undertook that the horse in question was sound.

William Giddins, servant to Mr. Wardle, said, he remembered the day when the horse in question was brought to Kendall's livery stables, where his master's horses stood. The following day, or the day after, he rode it out as far as Hyde Park: he then discovered the horse was lame; the lameness was in the hind off-leg. Upon examination, he found it had a *curb* (a swelling under the fetlock).—His master was then at Ascot: he informed him when he came home; and, on the seventh day, the horse was returned to the defendant.

John Pritchard, ostler at Kendall's, said, he remembered when the horse came: it was on the 8th of June; and he immediately discovered it to be lame.

Theophilus Coombe, Farrier in Theobald's Road, said, he examined the horse, and found it lame, with a *curb* in the off hind-leg.

On behalf of the defendant, — Collinson, a horse-dealer, said, he was with Mr. Wardle when he bought the horse: he tried it in all its paces; and the horse was then sound.

Several other witnesses were called, who swore that the horse was sound.

Lord Kenyon said, when he found it was a Horse cause, he expected contrariety of evidence; for they usually had it in such cases.

—His Lordship was, however, of opinion, that the weight of evidence was in favour of the plaintiff.

—Verdict for plaintiff, *Forty-five* *Guineas*.

CRIM. CON.

CORNWALL v. WRIGHT.

Tuesday, Dec. 15.]—Mr. Erskine stated this action to be brought to recover a compensation in damages from the defendant, for criminal conversation with the wife of the plaintiff.

The learned Counsel said, that much of this case would depend upon the circumstances complained of. If it should appear to the Jury that the plaintiff had paid every attention to his family, and that the defendant had broke in upon his conjugal rights, then they would give such damages as the injury required. He was certain of being supported by his Lordship, in saying, that whatever a person's station in life, complaining of such an injury, might be, no damages could be too great, where the offence was clear; but, if the party complaining stood in a contrary predicament, then he had no right to a verdict. He understood the defendant meant to say, that this was one of those infamous class of cases which merited no attention: he should, therefore, make no preli-

minary observations, but wait the event of what shall be disclosed. If it should appear otherwise, and that this woman was virtuous until seduced by the defendant, and that the plaintiff's conduct was meritorious, they would give their verdict accordingly.

[The copy of the register of the plaintiff's marriage was produced, by which it appeared that he was married on the 8th December, 1793, by banns, to Jane Rowe Pearson, widow.]

Mr. Tolson was present at the wedding. The plaintiff had formerly lived with the witness; and since the marriage he visited him. He always thought Mrs. Cornwall appeared comfortable, though she sometimes complained the plaintiff staid out late at night. The plaintiff is a grocer, and the defendant is also in the same business, in partnership with Mrs. Eagleton, of Newgate-street. — He is a single man, and lodged at the plaintiff's house. — In March last, the witness was sent for by the plaintiff, when a conversation took place, in consequence of which he waited upon the defendant, and told him, that it was a very unpleasant piece of business which had occurred at the plaintiff's. — The defendant then agreed to meet and settle the business with the witness. Accordingly, on the following day he met the defendant, and Mr. Tomlinson, his attorney. — The witness said, that what passed on that occasion was in *confidence*, and he could not disclose it.

Mr. Parke submitted, that he had no right to withhold it.

Mr. Tolson then proceeded. He said, the defendant informed him how the connection first happened between him and Mrs. Cornwall. — She called on him, and said, she wished to speak to him out of doors. He accordingly went out

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with her, and they appointed to meet in Aldersgate-street. They met, and went to some house there, where Mrs. Cornwall told him she was very unhappy with her husband; and that, if he approved of it, she would put herself under his protection. She asked him to do something. He said, he could not for shame do it. He then went out, and presently returned, and told her it could not be complied with; and then the act of adultery took place, and from that day it was carried on. She was frequently teasing the defendant in the shop. — On his cross-examination, he said Mrs. Cornwall used to come down from her husband's bed, to let the defendant in; and at those times had nothing on but her bed gown, and behaved otherwise indecently.

Mr. Erskine here said, that in a case, like the present, so singularly circumstanced, he must withdraw the record: he had withdrawn it last Term, and wished the plaintiff not to bring it on, but he obstinately refused.

Lord Kenyon said, if a man would run his head against a wall, there was no help for it.

Mr. Attorney General observed, this was a most abominable case. If it had gone on, he had evidence to shew the plaintiff's conduct to be most infamous, and that he was —

Lord Kenyon said, out of mercy to the plaintiff, he thought it best to have him called.

Plaintiff nonsuited.

A NOTORIOUS SWINDLER.

DURING the late session at Clerkenwell, came on the trial of Thomas Ogle, otherwise Surtees Pullen, otherwise William Smith, otherwise Thomas Robinson, otherwise Captain Johnson, other-

wise Charles Fashford, otherwise Lieutenant Pullen, otherwise William Batty, a notorious swindler, who has been for several years defrauding all descriptions of persons, by assuming different characters, going by various names, and using a great many artful pretences.

He was tried upon two charges. In the first charge it appeared that he had gone to the house of Mr. King, at the Blacksmith's Arms, Lower East Smithfield, which is a house of resort for Captains and Masters of vessels. He pretended he was a Captain Johnson, of the Hannibal West-Indiaman, just arrived from Jamaica; that his ship was at Limehouse-hole, and he was going to fetch her up to King James's stairs. After sleeping at the house one night, the next morning he applied to the landlord to advance him five pounds, which he said he wanted to pay his seamen, and buy some fresh provisions, as he was going on board. — That sum Mr. King lent him. He came at night, and slept again at the house, and told the landlord he had been and brought the ship up to King James's stairs, and was very much fatigued, as he was obliged to do it himself, for the pilot was drunk. He desired to have some water-gruel, and then went to bed. The next day, he said his father, who was owner with him of the vessel, was coming to town, and desired a bed might be well aired for him, as the old gentleman was not in very good health, and that every care might be taken of him. He then said, he was going to the Custom-house to enter his vessel, and wanted more money; upon which the landlord advanced him ten pounds more: and he desired, when the cart came with his trunks, that they might be taken particular care of. He then went out to go to the Custom-house, but returned

returned to Mrs. King, in the absence of her husband, and obtained five pounds more from her, as he said he had not enough to pay for entering the vessel. He then went to the Custom-house again, as he pretended, and returned, saying, the thieves at the office would have ten pounds more, or his vessel would be detained a fortnight before he could unlade her: upon this the landlord advanced him another ten pounds.—He then ordered his dinner and wine, and enquired of the landlord how he could get a turtle sent into Yorkshire, as he had brought over six fine live ones; and if he could dress one at his house on the Friday following, as he intended to have a party of captains of ships to dine with him, about a dozen in number: which the landlord agreed to do. The prisoner also agreed to let him have two — of particular fine old rum, which he said he had brought from Jamaica.—The prisoner went out after dinner, saying, he was going to spend the afternoon with a captain on board his ship, in the same tier as his lay; and, if he was not at home by ten o'clock, not to sit up for him.

Mr. King did not see him again till he saw him in custody, a few days after, at the office in Bow-street, where he had been apprehended on another charge of a similar nature. At this time he had Mr. King's notes in his possession, but which he refused to restore him.

It turned out that the prisoner, instead of being a captain of a West-Indiaman, had lately been discharged from the Poultry Compter, under the Insolvent Act. He had formerly been a gentleman's servant, but for the last seven or ten years he had lived by swindling only, which he had practised to an enormous extent; and, when taken to the office in Bow-street, it is

supposed there were at least an hundred persons to make charges against him.

The prisoner was very ably defended by the Common Serjeant and Mr. Alley, who took an objection that the offence was not within the Act of Parliament, as it appeared that the prisoner had obtained Bank-notes only, and the Act of Parliament only expresses "money, goods, wares, and merchandizes," and that Bank-notes were not within the meaning of either of these words. Upon this objection, the prisoner was acquitted.

He was then tried upon a second indictment, in which it appeared he had defrauded Mr. Wrangham, a Stationer in Bond-street, of three valuable pocket-hooks, under pretence of living servant with Mr. Wentworth, who was then at Fladoug's Hotel, and wanted some pocket-hooks to look at; in consequence of which Mr. Wrangham let him have the books, but saw no more of him till he was apprehended at Bow-street. Upon this charge he was convicted, and sentenced to be transported for seven years.

SPORTING WITH UNDESCRIBABLES; OR,
WIND VERSUS WIND.

WHEN General B——e was resident some years ago at the court of one of the native princes in India, he had occasion to have frequent interviews with the Prime Minister. It is the custom in India, even amongst the natives of the highest rank, to *eruct* frequently, and loudly, while they converse, without its being considered a breach of politeness. The Minister, ignorant of European manners, frequently distressed the

U 2 General

General, who was a polite man, during the conferences, by encouraging these windy discharges from his *stomach*; which was the more offensive, from the custom, that prevails amongst the Indians, of approaching very near to the person with whom they converse.

The General, feeling himself hurt by the constant repetition of what he considered as too great a familiarity, resolved, at the next interview, to retaliate upon the Minister, *though not exactly in his own way*. This resolution he very soon executed; and, notwithstanding the mode he adopted was *equally a relief to flatulency*, (though in direct opposition to the discipline of *Pythagoras*, who, on that account, forbid his disciples the use of beans) it gave great and indelible offence to the Minister. The insult was instantly reported to the Prince, and by him to the English Government at Madras. The complaint was communicated to the General, together with a peremptory order from the Government that he should make the most ample apology.

Gen. B.'s answer to the Government was, that he was much surprised to find so foolish an incident should have been the occasion of so serious a complaint, and especially that they should appear so much hurt by it: that he had not the smallest intention of offending his Excellency the Minister; and that, as an easy mode of settling the affair satisfactorily, he proposed that *the offending parts should kiss, and be friends!*

The above correspondence is actually among the archives of the Diplomatic Office at Madras.

THE FORCE OF PREJUDICE.

A Lady of exquisite beauty and great accomplishments, the

wife of a gentleman of high rank in Calcutta, shortly after her arrival there was delivered of her first child, which was a female; immediately after whose birth it was entrusted, as is the custom in the East, to a native wet-nurse. When the lady was sufficiently recovered to observe the attendants who were about her, particularly the nurse who had the care of the child, she was struck with inexpressible horror at the idea of her child taking nourishment from the breast of a *black woman*. A deep melancholy took possession of her mind, which the arguments of her numerous friends, in addition to those of her husband, (who, on other occasions, was *most eloquent*) were unable to remove or assuage.

When all hope of dissipating the gloom, to which her prejudice had reduced her, were given over, and her husband was brought nearly to despair, a military gentleman, well acquainted with him, and lately arrived at Calcutta, on being informed of the circumstance, requested he might be permitted to pay his respects to the lady, which was immediately granted.

When the cause of her sorrow had been stated to him by the lady herself, who declared that she distinctly perceived the child grow *darker* every day, and that she verily believed, before she was a year old, she would be as *black* as the nurse herself, the gentleman, taking her kindly by the hand, said, "My dear madam, why do you suffer such ridiculous fancies to take possession of your mind, and render you so very miserable?—*I myself have been in the habit of eating mutton for more than forty years, and I have not yet the least appearance of wool upon any part of my body!*"

This laughable observation had a better effect than all her husband's *learned*

Pedestrian and Drawing Matches.

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learned and moral arguments, and immediately occasioned a return of her usual cheerfulness and vivacity. —The mother and daughter are still living; and the latter, in spite of the *black nurse*, is as beautiful and fair as an angel.

PEDESTRIAN AND DRAWING MATCHES.

CORNET Sampson, of the 11th Light Dragoons, has engaged to walk ninety miles in twenty-one hours and a half, for one thousand and fifty guineas. He has fixed upon the same ground on which Mr. Barclay performed his time-match. The stated time is, from the 24th of November to the 24th of December next, and to give eight days notice previous to the day he means to walk. He is now training himself at Headon, in Holderness. —He is a gentleman of low stature, very light made, and about twenty-two years of age.

On Wednesday morning December 2, at half past seven, Thomas Dennison, of Thirsk, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, set out to walk to York, thence back to Carlton, about two miles and a half north of Thirsk, and thence to the house he started from, against Thomas Bradley of the same place, for thirty guineas a side. Dennison performed the journey, being about fifty-one miles, with considerable ease, in nine hours and a quarter, leaving Bradley from nine to ten miles behind.

On Thursday, December 3, a walking match took place, between Lieutenant Foote, and Mr. Ship, Veterinary Surgeon, both of the 11th Light Dragoons, for ten guineas a side, to walk fifteen miles; they started near Pocklington, and walked to York, which was won by the former gentleman. They

each performed the journey within three hours.

On Monday se'nnight, Mr. James Hobson, of Beverley, set off from that place to walk to York (a distance of more than twenty-eight miles) in six hours and a half, for a small wager. He performed the journey in five hours and forty-five minutes, being forty-five minutes less than the time allowed.

On Wednesday, December 2, an officer of the 18th Light Dragoons, undertook to draw a gig from the barracks at Brighton, to Lewes, a distance of more than six miles, in four hours, for a considerable wager, which he won easily, by performing the novel and laborious task in less than three hours.

The same day, a lieutenant belonging to the 16th Light Dragoons undertook to draw a similar carriage, from the top of Lewes to Brighton barracks, for a wager of twenty guineas, in three hours and a half. The lieutenant, at starting, staggered very considerably with the draught of the carriage; and, by the time he arrived at the top of Falmer-hill, appeared so much fatigued, that it was thought by the spectators he must have given it up; he, however, after refreshing himself with a glass of brandy and water, proceeded, and reached the goal, we understand, two minutes within the given time. —When the above last-mentioned officer had arrived within a few yards of the barracks, and it was pretty apparent he must win his bet, the person who had been requested to carry the lieutenant's watch, and give him the time when he desired it, was knocked down, and cruelly beaten, by a man who had attended the carriage the whole way as a spectator, and who appeared to be interested in the event.

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On Wednesday the 9th, a young gentleman of Christ's college, Cambridge, walked ten miles upon the Milton Road in one hour and forty minutes; the first five miles he performed in forty-five minutes, and the whole was done with the most apparent ease. One hour and three quarters was the time allowed.

A tradesman in Bond-street, has also made a deposit of three hundred guineas, in part of a wager of two thousand pounds, that he would walk ninety miles in twenty hours and a half, being one hour and twenty minutes short of the time which Mr. Barclay took for a similar performance. The same tradesman, last year, for a wager of twenty guineas, undertook to walk from London to Hampton Court carrying thirty pound weight, in a certain space of time, which he performed in one hour and thirty minutes.

COMPARATIVE SPEED OF CELEBRATED HORSES.

THE betting in the late race was 6 to 4 and 11 to 8 on Cockfighter. Sir Solomon took the lead, was never headed, beat his antagonist three-fourths of a mile from home in a very capital style, and by about a length and a half at the ending post.—Cockfighter run a very honest beaten horse.—The two first miles was run in three minutes, and the whole of the four miles in seven minutes and between ten and eleven seconds.—The course at Doncaster (twice round for four miles) is four hundred and eight yards short of four miles, or three miles three quarters and thirty-two yards.

In 1721, Flying Childers (carrying nine stone two pounds) ran a trial against Almanzor and Brown Betty, over the Round Course at

Newmarket, in six minutes and forty seconds, and over the Beacon Course in seven minutes and thirty seconds.—The Round Course is three miles three quarters and one hundred and three yards in length; and the Beacon Course is four miles and three hundred and fifty-eight yards in length.

In 1755, Match'em and Trojan (carrying eight stone seven pounds each) ran over the Beacon Course in seven minutes and twenty seconds.

At York, in August 1766, Bay Malton ran over the Four-mile Course in seven minutes forty-three seconds and a half, against Jerkin, Royal George, Flylax, Beaufremont, and King Herod, which was seven seconds and a half less time than the course was ever run before.—The first four were six year olds, and carried 8st. 7lb. each, and the two last were aged horses, and carried 9st.

And in March, 1799, Hambletonian, 8st. 3lb. Diamond, 8st. ran the Beacon course at Newmarket, in seven minutes and fifteen seconds.

CAPITAL SALE OF HORSES, &c.

ON Monday, December 14, was sold by auction, by Mr. Tattersall, near Hyde-Park Turnpike, part of the Stud of his Royal Highness the Duke of York. Also, some capital Hunters, Hacks, &c. belonging to several Sporting Noblemen and Gentlemen, viz.

DUKE OF YORK'S.

1. A bay horse, aged, 120gs.
2. Little Isaac, a chesnut gelding, 5 yrs old, got by Little Isaac, grand-dam by Mr. Bouchritt's Regulas, qualified for any stakes; 125gs.
3. Don Joseph, 5 yrs old, got by Little Isaac, 130gs.
4. Pantaloon,

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4. Pantaloon, a bay gelding, 6 yrs old, by Pantaloon, 91gs.
 5. Atlas, a chesnut gelding, 6 yrs old; by a son of Atlas, dam by Blacklegs, 135gs.
 6. Brown George, aged, 71gs.
 7. Spectre, a black gelding, 6 yrs old, by Spectre, 78gs.
 8. Windlestone, a brown gelding, 6 yrs old, by Windlestone, 57gs.
 9. A bay mare, by Telemachus, 53gs.
 10. Cora, a bay mare, 6 yrs old, by Skyscraper, 55gs.
 11. Kitty, a brown mare, aged, by Cottager, 50gs.
 12. Grog, a bay gelding, 6 yrs old, by Grog, dam by Clothier, 86gs.
 13. Whirlwind, a bay gelding, 6 yrs old, by Whirlwind, 29gs.
 14. A bay mare, 6 yrs old, by Spectre, dam by Minister, 38gs.
 15. Fogram, a bay gelding, 5 yrs old, by Escape, out of a sister to King Fergus, 150gs.
 16. A bay horse, 5 yrs old, by Sir Peter, out of Storace, 110gs.
 17. Twenty-eight Couple of Dwarf Fox-hounds, sold by private contract.
 25. A grey gelding, 35gs.
 26. A roan gelding by Revenge, dam by Aurelius, 61gs.
 27. Sportsman, a bay gelding, 25gs.
 28. Duncan, a brown ditto, 29gs.
 29. Lowton, a chesnut ditto, 29gs.
 30. Yellow Jack, a brown horse, 35gs.
 31. Mercury, a chesnut gelding, by Mercury, 32gs.
 32. Brown George, a brown ditto, by Snap, 49gs.
 33. Greyhound, a grey ditto, by Revenge, 52gs.
 34. Rasper, a chesnut ditto, by Vertumnus, 58gs.
 35. A bay gelding, by Highflyer, 32gs.
 36. A ditto ditto, by Staring Tom, 23gs.
 37. A grey ditto, by Columbus, 36gs.
 38. A bay mare, by ditto, 23gs.
 39. A bay poney, 19gs.
 40. A ditto ditto, 13gs.
- Besides a number of Hunters, Hacks, &c.

CHRONOLOGICAL REGISTER, Of the Death of the most famous Stallions.

MR. BULLOCK'S, MR. MOORE'S, &c.

18. Silvertail, a bay gelding, 25gs.
19. Egmont, a chesnut gelding, well known as a capital hunter in Leicestershire, 69gs.
20. A bay horse, 6 yrs old, by Escape, dam by Marske, 40gs.
21. A brown gelding, by Falcon, 65gs.
22. Drone, seven years old, uncommonly fast, and one of the highest leapers, standing or flying, in England, 29gs.
23. Chesnut gelding, by Mercury, dam by Trentham, 65gs.
24. Spanker, a hunter, 50gs.

BASTO, in the Duke of Devonshire's stud, at Chatsworth, Derbyshire, about the year 1723.
 Bay Bolton, at Bolton Hall, Yorkshire, 1736, aged 31.
 Fox, in Lord Potmore's stud, in 1738, aged 23.
 The Belgrade Turk, in the possession of Sir Marmaduke Wyvill, Bart. about the year 1740.
 Childers, in the Duke of Devonshire's stud, about the year 1741, aged 26.
 Hartley's Blind Horse, Halaaby, near Richmond, Yorkshire, about the year 1742.
 Partner, in Mr. Croft's stud, at Barlorth,

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- Barforth, Yorkshire, the latter end of the year 1747, aged 29.
- Old Crab, on Christmas Day, 1750, aged 28.
- Godolphin Arabian, at Hogmagog, in 1753, aged 29.
- Blaze, in 1756, aged 23. He covered in 1755, at Mr. Smith's, Scorton, near Richmond, at 5gs and 2s. 6d.
- Cade, at Easby, near Richmond, in September 1756, aged 22. He covered in the Spring at 10gs and 2s. 6d.
- The Bolton Starling, at North-Milforth, Yorkshire, March 24, 1756, aged 29.
- Snip, at Kenton, Northumberland, May 8, 1757, aged 21. He covered at 10gs and 2s. 6d.
- Dormouse, at Mr. Edward Hale's, Westmoreland, in 1757, aged 29. He covered at 40gs and 1g.
- Buffcoat, in 1757, aged 15.
- Ramper, at Did Martin, Gloucestershire, in 1758, aged 22.
- Young Cartouch, at Hampton-court, in 1759.
- Tartar, at Mr. Smith's, at Oulston, Yorkshire, the latter end of 1759, aged 16. He covered at 5gs and 5s.
- Sedbury, about the year 1759, aged 25.
- Babram, at North-Milforth, Yorkshire, in 1760, aged 20. He covered at 10gs and 5s.
- Drudge, at Bridge Hill, near Canterbury, 1760, aged 15.
- Whynot, at Bell-size, Middlesex, in 1764, aged 17.
- The Cullen Arabian, at Rushton, Northamptonshire, in 1761. He covered at 10gs and 5s.
- Regulus, at Low Gaterley, near Richmond, Yorkshire, in 1765, aged 26. He covered at 10gs and 5s.
- Young Cade, of a bilious cholic, at Middleton-Tyas, near Richmond, Yorkshire, Nov. 27, 1764, aged 17.
- Little Driver, at Sutton, Surrey, in 1767, aged 24.
- Spectator, at Grimthorp, Lincolnshire, about the year 1767, aged 28.
- Blank, at Grimthorp, Lincolnshire, in 1768, aged 28. He covered at 10gs and 5s.
- Tortoise, at Scarborough, Yorkshire, in 1776, aged 14.
- Snap, at West Wrattling, Cambridgeshire, in July, 1777, aged 27. He covered at 50gs and 10s. 6d.
- Sampson, in Lord Rockingham's stud, in 1777, aged 32.
- Amphion, about the year 1777, aged 10.
- Le Sang, in the North of Yorkshire, in 1778, aged 18.
- Marske, in Lord Abingdon's stud, at Rycot, Oxfordshire, July 1779, aged 29. He covered at 100gs and 1g.
- King Herod, at Newmarket, May 12, 1780, aged 21. He covered at 25gs and 10s. 6d.
- Match'em, at Bywell, Northumberland, Feb. 21, 1781, aged 33. He covered at 50gs and 1g.
- Imperator, in August 1786, aged 10.
- Morwick-Ball, at Mr. VEVERS'S, Jan. 4, 1787, aged 25.
- Chrysolite, at York, in the summer, 1788, aged 25.
- Eclipse, at Cannons, Surrey, Feb. 26, 1789, aged 25. He covered at 30gs and 1g.
- Goldfinder, in 1789, aged 25.
- Fortitude, at Balsham, Cambridgeshire, 1789, aged 13.
- Phlegon, at Greystock, Cumberland, 1790, aged 25.
- Conductor, in August 1790, aged 23.
- Faggergill, in August 1791, aged 25.
- Florizel, the latter end of the year 1791, aged 23. He covered at 10gs and 10s. 6d.
- Paymaster,

Paymaster, at Field-House, near Darlington, 1791, aged 25.
 Tandem, at Highflyer-Hall, in February, 1793, aged 20.
 Sir Pepper, at Brumpton, Yorkshire, January 15, 1793.
 Mercury, at Petworth, Sussex, in April, 1793, aged 15. He covered at 30gs and 1g.
 Highflyer, at Highflyer-Hall, October 18, 1793, aged 19. He covered at 30gs and 1g.
 Pontifex, at Reeth, Yorkshire, in 1794, aged 23.
 Slope, at Catterick, Yorkshire, in 1794, aged 12.
 Aston, at York, December 28, 1796, aged.
 Standard, at Wentworth-Lodge, in May, 1798, aged 8.
 Phenomenon, after landing at New York, in America, the latter end of the year 1798, aged 18.
 Woodpecker, in the Earl of Egremont's stud, at Petworth, Sussex, the latter end of 1798, aged 25.
 Rockingham, in the Autumn, 1799, aged.
 Young Marsk, at Aldburgh, near Masham, Yorkshire, October 28, 1800, aged 31.
 Ajax, in the Earl of Lonsdale's stud, at Lowther, Westmoreland, November 7, 1800, aged 29.
 Pot8o's, in Mr. Golding's stud, at the Upper Hare Park, near Newmarket, early in November, 1800, aged 27.

EXTRACT FROM A SINGULAR
 WILL RESPECTING A DOG.

THE following is an extract taken verbatim from the Will of Samuel Treviathan, late of the parish of Padstow, in Cornwall; carpenter; dated 26th November, 1729, and which Will now, is in the Registry of the Consistorial Court of the Bishop of Exeter.

"Item, I do give unto my dear wife, or my daughter, or to whose
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hands soever he may come, one shilling and sixpence weekly, for the well-treating my old dog, that has been my companion through thick and thin, almost these fifteen years. The first time he was observed to bark was, when that great eclipse was seen April 22, 1715. I say, I do give one shilling and sixpence a week, during his life, for his well-mealing, fire in the winter, and fresh barley-straw every now and then, to be put in his old lodging, in the middle cage, in the old kitchen; to be paid out of my chattle estate, and forty shillings a year, that I reserved to make me a freeman of the county; desiring and requiring all people and persons, whomsoever, not to hurt or kill him, that hath been so good a servant of a dog, for sense and tractableness, to admiration."

This Will was proved by the daughter and executrix, 10th Aug. 1732.

*To the EDITORS of the SPORTING
 MAGAZINE.*

GENTLEMEN,

The following circumstance happened in this town, (Liverpool) a few weeks ago. If you deem it worthy your notice, I beg you will give it a place in your Magazine. I am, &c.

I. I. E.

ONE Doctor D—, had a person who had served him three apprenticeships in the capacity of man-servant, but who should originally have learned the business of his master. The morning after his last servitude was out, Jack went to his master, and informed him he was going to leave him.—“Leave me,” answered the Doctor, “for what?”—“Why,” answered Jack, “I have been with you three times seven years, and don’t know my business yet; whilst the other apprentices, because they are Gentlemen, learn it in one-third

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of the time."—"Well," says the Doctor, "is that the only reason you have for leaving me?"—"Yes," answered Jack, "it is."—"Why, then," replied the Doctor, "if you will stay with me seven years longer, and clean my shoes, &c. as before, I will learn you my business; you shall go out and visit the sick with me." It was agreed they should go the next morning. Accordingly they went; the Doctor knocked at the door; it was opened by the wife of the man that was sick; he inquired how his patient was; "Very bad, indeed," was the answer.—"Bad," vociferated the Doctor, "Why he has been eating oysters."—"I only gave him two or three," said the woman. At the same time, Jack was racking his brain, to know how his master could tell the man had been eating oysters. But, however, when they were going home, Jack asked his master, "How he could tell the man had been eating oysters."—"You fool, you," said the Doctor, "did you not see the shells under the bed." The next morning Jack was to visit this patient alone, whilst his master was otherwise engaged.—When Jack arrived, he found the woman in tears. Jack asked how his patient was. "Dead" was the answer. "Dead," cried Jack, "impossible, my master told me he would not die; but, however, I must see him." He saw him—dead, indeed. "Why," said Jack, "he has eat enough to kill a dozen men; but I shall go and acquaint my master." Accordingly Jack went, and found his master at home. "Well, Jack," said the Doctor, "how is your patient?"—"Dead, Sir; and, indeed, no wonder, for he has eaten enough to kill a dozen men."—"Why, what has he eat?"—"Eat," said Jack, "he has eat a horse."—"A horse,"

said the Doctor, "but how do you know?"—"Know," said Jack, "there was only the saddle and bridle left under the bed!"

IMPORTANCE OF WALKING MATCHES.

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

THE wonderful feats which some gentlemen have lately performed in walking, are not to be considered as trivial or unimportant to the public. They have already led to some singular discoveries, which will probably end in as singular improvements.

We have already learnt that our bodies are naturally unfit for the exercise of walking, and that a great deal of solemn preparation is necessary before a gentleman can foot it to any advantage. The consequence has already been, that many gentlemen are now studying the anatomy and physiology of the lungs, and the proper means of securing such a portion of wind as may be adequate to a handsome wager, while the vulgar part of mankind are content with the breath that life usually requires.—The faculty have been consulted on the occasion, but their practice has been so much with people who cannot stir a foot, that they know not how to prescribe for patients who are going on at the rate of five miles an hour. And as this has hitherto been the quality of horses rather than men, I am in doubt whether the faculty will not be glad to turn over these new cases to the Veterinary College. An eminent empiric, indeed, taking advantage of the rage of the moment, has prepared, what he calls, *Pedestrian Pills*, and when he has procured a few well-attested cases, which is

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the practice with such gentry, I will venture to say, he will soon be enabled to ride in his coach, by enabling other people to trudge on foot.

The process of preparation, as I am informed, consists, partly in extreme temperance, which, by the bye, will not hurt a man even if he were to sit still after it—and partly in certain prescriptions, which will convert a man into a being somewhat between a *porter* and a *cannibal*, namely, carrying heavy burthens and eating raw flesh. Carrying burthens may be useful; it seems likely enough that a man who can walk well under two hundred weight, will walk better without it; but as to the raw flesh, I do not so plainly see the use of it. A peripatetic of my acquaintance, however, has suggested, that this is prescribed, not during preparation, but when the feat is begun, to save time on the road. Cooks may be bribed to foul play, and *coming*—Sir may be repeated till the hour is past. Besides, it is pretty well known that it is easier to get a beef-steak raw, than properly dressed, in most inns on the road.

But whatever may be the advantages of this new employment, there are always some who have a budget of objections. I know that the owners of stage-coaches have taken the alarm, and if horses could speak, they would doubtless complain of a practice that is likely to render them useless, at a time when the disbanding the cavalry has taken so many of them into the wide world. The bailiffs, too, mean to petition against the new fashion, but their complaint I cannot think very reasonable; at all events they have the means of redress in their own hands. If some are going in training to *walk*, let others go in training to *follow*. We should then have a clearer concep-

tion of what is meant by *leg-bail*.—As to murmurs among the gentlemen of Long Acre, they are still worse founded. No man of fashion now rides in his coach, or has any thing more to do than to pay for it. The house, the rout, the coach, the chariot, the curricule, are all Lady —'s, or Mrs. —'s. And the ladies are not likely to adopt the new fashion. It is too expeditious for shopping, and not expeditious enough for an elopement. It may do for a short distance, but one can't procure a *relay* of legs, and what a shocking thing it would be to *founder* on the road to Gretna Green, or *break down all four* on the first stage!

Upon the whole, there are so many advantages in this new exploit, that I am of opinion it amply merits public encouragement; and I have taken the liberty to send you these few hints, as preparatory to a treatise which a learned friend of mine is now writing, to be entitled "EVERY MAN HIS OWN HORSE." In this he lays down all the various modes of training, from five miles to an hundred, and this in so perspicuous a manner, that it must be the reader's fault if ever he is out of *breath*.

I suggested to him, indeed, some doubts of the propriety of teaching this science by books, that the sedentary employment of *reading* would counteract the benefit arising from the instructions. But he obviated this by observing, that *boxing* and *bull-baiting* had not only been taught by books, but even recommended in *speeches*, and that as to his own work, he should contrive that reading and locomotion should go together, and the student be placed on a *hobby-horse*.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your's, &c.

PERAMBULATOR.

LONGEVITY.

A Few days ago, a person walking in the grounds belonging to his Grace the Duke of Northumberland, at Alnwick Castle, observing three very aged men at work in one place, was prompted by curiosity to enquire how long each of them had been engaged in that employment; when he learnt the following no less true than remarkable statements:—

James Walker said, he had been employed in the service of the above noble family for a period of *sixty-seven* years!

Thomas Kay declared, according to the best of his recollection, he had been full *sixty* years in the said employment!

Joseph Frizzle said, he had been *twenty-seven* years in the Duke's service.

It appears, therefore, that the servitude of the two former must have commenced at the time when the Percy estates were possessed by the Duke of Somerset, father to the late Duchess of Northumberland.

The same person was informed, that in his Grace's grounds three other men were also employed, the periods of whose service are as follows, viz.

Charles Hardy, upwards of *fifty-three* years!

William Loraine, full *thirty-five* years!

Matthew Davison, *forty* years, some short intervals excepted!

So many instances of lengthened servitude, we are fully persuaded, are rarely to be paralleled in one Nobleman or Gentleman's estate.

During the time the grounds were laying out for improvement in Hulme Park, near Alnwick, the above-mentioned William Loraine,

who is by profession a gardener, stuck a small twig into the earth, merely as a mark, which has since so much increased in growth, as to be not less remarkable for the magnitude of its circumference in the trunk, than for the extent of its spreading branches.

BOXING CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM THE

ORACLE & DAILY ADVERTISER.

To the EDITOR.

SIR,

I Was somewhat astonished, on my return to town on Saturday, to learn that a Challenge was inserted in your paper of Thursday last, as if from Mr. Mendoza.—Should I be right in my conclusion by believing that it comes from that celebrated Pugilist, I beg you will inform the public, through the medium of your paper, that for some years I have entirely withdrawn from a public life, and am more and more convinced of the propriety of my conduct, by the happiness which I enjoy in private, among many friends of great respectability, with whom it is my pride to be received on terms of familiarity and friendship. Goaded, however, as I am to a petty conflict, I hope that it will not be considered as too much arrogance, on my part, simply to observe, that, after waiting for more than three years, to accept the challenge of any Pugilist, however dexterous in the science, and however highly flattered by his friends, I think it rather extraordinary that Mr. Mendoza should add a *silence* of four years to those three, it being nearly seven years since I had the satisfaction of chastising him for his insolence. But Mr. Men-

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dora derived one great good from the issue of that contest:—he was taught to be less hasty in forming his resolutions, and more slow in carrying them into effect.

This cautious and wise principle of action deserves much commendation; and having served an apprenticeship of seven years, to learn a certain portion of artificial courage, he now comes forward with a stock of impudence (the only capital which, during that time, he seems to have acquired) to force me to appear once more in that situation which I have for years carefully avoided.

Reluctant, however, as I am, to attract again, even for a moment, the public attention, I shall have no objection to vindicate my character, by a meeting with Mr. Mendoza, when and where he pleases,—PROVIDED he'll promise to fight; and provided he'll also promise not to give previous information to the Magistrates of Bow-street, or elsewhere.

Flattering myself that your readers, and the public, will pardon this intrusion on their more precious time, I am, Sir,

Your's and their's,

Monday, Most respectfully,
Nov. 30, 1801. JOHN JACKSON.

MENDOZA'S ANSWER TO JACKSON.

MR. EDITOR,

IT was with inexpressible concern that, in your paper of Wednesday last, I observed a letter signed "JOHN JACKSON," purporting to be an answer to a supposed challenge from me, inserted in your detailed account of the recent pugilistic contest at Maidenhead. Mistake me not, Sir, I was not concerned at the contents of Mr. Jackson's elegant effusion, nor in the least affected or surprized at the opprobrious falsity, brazen im-

puudence, or malignant calumny, of his assertions, which I deny *in toto*; but felt particularly hurt at the idea that I was compelled either to sit down tamely under injury, or incur the risque of offending my best friends, and particularly the respectable Magistrates of this division, by resuming a profession which, both from principle and conviction, I had wholly relinquished.

In order satisfactorily to refute Mr. Jackson's allegations, it is only necessary to observe, that, a month after our battle at Hornchurch, I waited on him, upbraided him with his unmanly conduct, by laying hold of my hair, and offered to fight him for two hundred guineas. Jackson proposed to fight for one hundred guineas; and, upon that sum being procured, declined fighting under five hundred guineas!!—Here was courage! Here was consistency! Here was bottom! And yet Mr. Jackson is a man of honour, *and of his word!!!*

Mr. Editor, after this I left London for five years, which may easily account to Mr. Jackson for the interval of silence. I have fought thirty-two pitched battles—four with Humphries (three of which I won), and two with Will Ward, in both of which I was victorious.

These two men were both game, and good fighters; and of course, having received so many severe blows, my only motive for wishing again to fight Mr. Jackson, must be that spirit of honour and retaliation ever inherent in the breast of man.

Mr. Editor, I again repeat, that I am delicately situated; that I wish to fight Mr. Jackson, and intend it; but that, from a dread of injuring my family, by offending the Magistrates as a challenger in a newspaper, (which would be indecorous in a Publican) I can only observe,

observe, that I should be very happy to see, as soon as possible, either Mr. Jackson or his friends, at my house, where they shall receive every attention from me, as I wish most earnestly to convince the world what a deep and just sense I entertain of all Mr. Jackson's favours conferred upon

DANIEL MENDOZA.

Admiral Nelson, Whitechapel Road.

P. S. Allow me to thank you for your liberal impartiality; and, through the medium of your valuable paper, to return my acknowledgments to the Public, for the many flattering marks I have experienced of their partiality.

ACCOUNT OF TOPHAM THE STRONG MAN,

From Hutton's History of Derby:

WE learn from private accounts, well-attested, that Thomas Topham, a man, who kept a public-house at Islington, performed surprising feats of strength; as breaking a broomstick of the first magnitude by striking against his bare arm: lifting two hogsheads of water; heaving his horse over the turnpike-gate; carrying the beam of a house, as a soldier his firelock, &c. But however belief might stagger, she soon recovered herself when this second Sampson appeared at Derby, as a performer, in public, at a shilling each. Upon application to Alderman Cooper, for leave to exhibit, the magistrate was surprised at the feats he proposed; and, as his appearance was like other men, he requested him to strip, that he might examine whether he was made like other men; but he was found to be extremely muscular. What were hollows under the

arms and hams of others, were filled up with ligaments in him.

He appeared near five feet tall, turned of thirty, well made, but nothing singular; he walked with a small limp. He had formerly laid a wager, the usual decided disputes; that three horses could not draw him from a post which should clasp with his feet; but the driver giving them a sudden turn turned them aside, and the unexpected jerk had broke his thigh.

The performances of this wonderful man, in whom were united the strength of twelve, were rolling a pewter dish of seven pounds, a man rolls up a sheet of paper holding a pewter quart pot at an length, and squeezing the sides together like an egg-shell; lifting two hundred weight with his little finger, and moving it gently on his head: the bodies he touched seemed to have lost their powers of gravitation. He also broke a rod that was fastened to the floor, that would sustain twenty hundred lifted an oak-table six feet long with his teeth, though half a hundred weight was hung to the extremity; a piece of leather was fixed to one end for his teeth to hold, two of the feet stood upon his knees, and he raised the end with the weight higher than that in his mouth. He took Mr. Chambers, Vicar of All Saints, who weighed twenty-seven stone, and raised him with one hand; his head being laid on one chair and his feet on another, four people (fourteen stone each) sat upon his body, which he heaved at pleasure. He struck a round bar of iron, one inch in diameter, against his naked arm, and, at one stroke, bent it like a bow. Weakness and feeling seemed fled together.

Being a master of music, he entertained the company with Mad Tom. I heard him sing a solo to the

the organ, in St. Warburgh's Church, then the only one in Derby; but though he might perform with judgment, yet the voice more terrible than sweet, scarcely seemed human. Though of a pacific temper, and with the appearance of a gentleman, yet he was liable to the insults of the rude. The ostler at the Virgin's Inn, where he resided, having given him disgust, he took one of the kitchen spits from the mantle-piece, and bent it round his neck like a handkerchief; but as he did not choose to tuck the ends in the ostler's bosom, the cumbersome ornament excited the laugh of the company, till he condescended to untie his iron cravat. Had he not abounded with good nature, the men might have been in danger for the safety of their persons, and women for that of their pewter shelves. One blow of his fist would for ever have silenced those heroes of pugilism, Johnson or Mendoza.

At the time of his death, which happened 10th August, 1749, he kept a public-house in Hog lane, Shoreditch. Having, two days before, a quarrel with his wife, he stabbed her in the breast, and immediately gave himself several wounds, which proved fatal to him. His wife, however, recovered.

IRISH ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

THE following copy was brought by an Officer from Tullamore, in Ireland, and is asserted to be genuine:

"Whereas I, Colonel Thomas Crowe, have been truly informed, that several audacious, atrocious, nefarious, pestiferous, infamous, intrepid, night-walking, garden-robbing, immature, peach-stealing rascals, all the spawn of whores and

rogues, and cubs of hell, do frequently, villainously, and burglariously, assemble themselves together in my boats, now on the river of Tullamore, therein piping, fighting, swearing, sabbath-breaking, whoring, roguing, duck-hunting, with many other shameless and illicit acts, which the modesty of my pen cannot express. This is therefore to give you all notice, Doharians, Delicarians, Capinucarians, Tullimorians, base-born scoundrels, all rascals, of whatever nation ye be, return me your bog-sticks, or by the Gods, the immortal Gods, I swear, I will send my man Jacob to Babylon, for blood-hounds, fiercer than tigers, and fleetier than wind, and with them, mounted on my rat-tail, with my cutting sabre in hand, I will hunt you through Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, till I can centre you in a cavern, under a great tree in Newfoundland, where the Devil himself can never find.—Hear ye! hear ye! hear ye! reptiles, tatterdemallions, thieves, vagrants, vagabonds, lank-jawed, herring gutted plebians, that if ye, or any of ye, dare to set foot in my boats, I will send you to Charon, who will ferry you over Styx, and deliver you to the Arch-devil Lucifer, there to be dredged with the sulphur of Caucasus, and roasted eternally before the ever-burning cinders of Ætna.

A GREAT DESTROYER OF THE GAME, EXPOSED.

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,
NO Acts of Parliament have more earnestly engaged the attention of our country gentlemen, than those respecting the preservation of the Game. Many of them are,

are oppressive in a great degree, unequal, and militate directly against the spirit of the constitution. That it should happen thus, is not to be wondered at, when it is considered that those who are oppressed by them have no immediate voice in the Senate, and that his game is a favourite object with the landed gentleman. But when we look into the Game Laws, and consider their progress from reign to reign,—how one age has altered, and endeavoured to improve upon another, by the infliction of penalties and punishments,—how they have endeavoured to fence in the game, what different methods of its destruction they have enumerated, and laboured to prevent,—when we consider these, who would not be surprized to be told, that the greatest destroyer of the game, throughout the kingdom, who commits more depredations upon it than all the poachers and unqualified people in Great Britain, is not only permitted to take his full range, without one law against him, but that several old laws, still unrepealed, are most strongly in his favour and protection?—I mean, the Hawk of every kind; that great murderer of young game; that notorious plunderer even of the farm-yard.

When Hawking (a much more hazardous and athletic exercise than following either the fox or the buck) was the favourite amusement of our robust Gentry and Barons bold, the Hawk and Heron, to afford them sport, were protected by the severest penalties which the monopolizing and tyrannical spirit of our Norman Lords could invent.—By a statute of Henry VII. it is ten pounds penalty to kill a hawk, (a sum exceeding one hundred, according to the present valuation of our money); and for any person, even on his own ground, to destroy

the eggs of a heron, the penalty was ten shillings per egg: yet the heron is no less destructive to the young fish in our ponds and rivulets, than the hawk is to the breed of the partridge, the pheasant, and the variety of wild fowl.

When it was the favourite exercise of our gentry to ride from county to county,

“Through marsh, through meer dyke,
ditch and delve, and date,”

to see the hawk pursue and battle the heron, it is no wonder these noxious animals were carefully preserved. But now that exercise is no more, the preservation of these plunderers, so destructive to the game, should be still continued, is very inconsistent with that stretch of anxiety and care, and even that monopolizing tyranny so shamefully characteristic of our game laws. Common sense, one would think, ought to dictate a relaxation of the severity now exercised upon the peasant, and that in place of the acts in favour of the ravenous kite, a new statute should be made, enacting, that as the parish officers now pay for the heads of sparrows, an adequate reward should be given for the eggs and heads of the hawk and the heron.

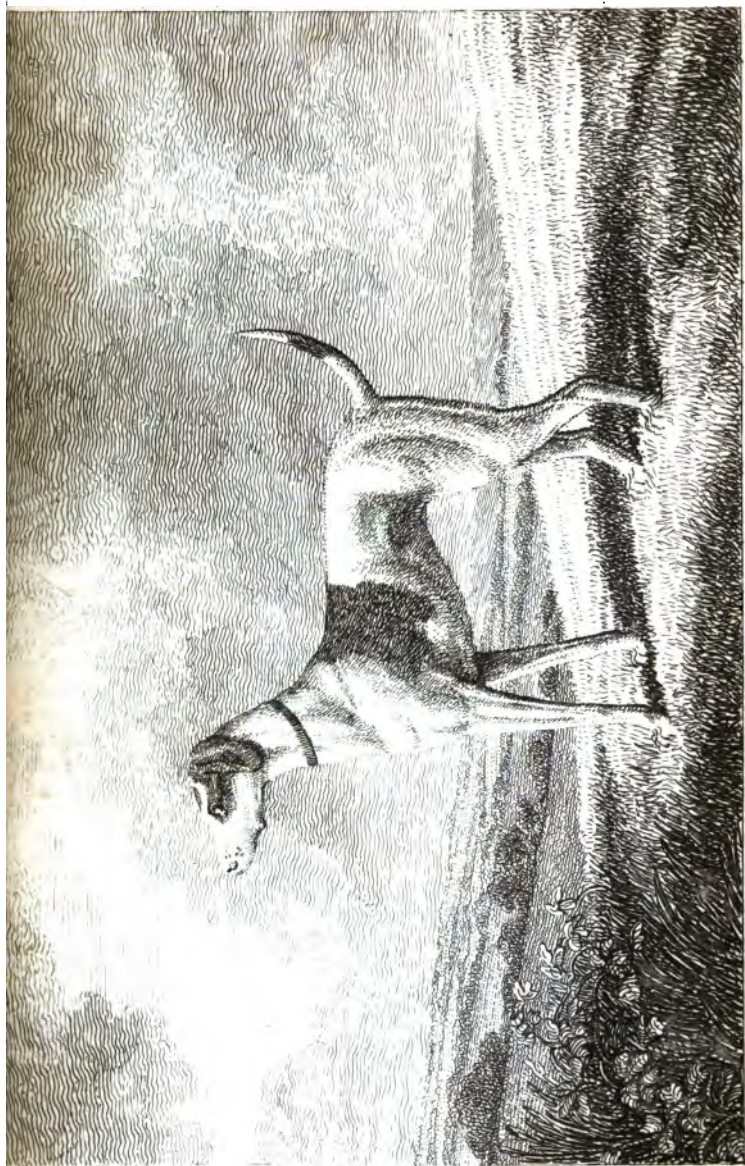
A SPORTSMAN.

FAG.

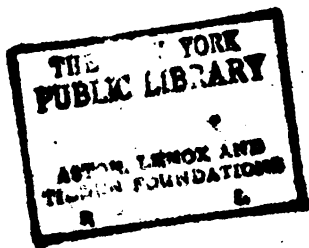
[An Etching by Mr. Howitt.]

FAG, the property of the Rev. George Chamberlain, of Enham House, Hants. This beautiful Pointer is well known by the sportsmen of Wilts and Hants, and much admired by them for his high courage, style of hunting, and finding. He was bred by C. I. Matton, Esq. of Downton, in the year 1797.

FEAST



Eng.
Published for the Proprietors by J. W. P. & Co. New York



ELECTIONEERING ANECDOTE.

MR. Coote, an ancestor of the late Lord Bellamont, adopted the following method to carry his election for the county of Cavan, in Ireland:—

Opposed by two gentlemen, leagued in interest, and who had been repeatedly returned to Parliament for that county, Mr. Coote, on mounting the hustings, placed four bags before him, each containing one thousand guineas.—After thanking the first that voted for him, for his suffrage, he said, "Pray, friend, how many miles are you from home?" "Five,

your Honour."—"Then there are five guineas to carry you home."

A second voter—"How many miles, Sir, are you from home?" "Ten, Sir."—"There are ten guineas to bear the expence of your journey."

The news instantly ran like wild-fire. In short, before two bags were thus expended, the election was hollow in favour of Mr. Coote.—As this gentleman made no canvas previous to the election, nor so much as asked a single voter for his suffrage, no law (then in being) could bring the manoeuvre under the description of Bribery and Corruption.

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

AT a club, a few evenings ago, some late *pedestrian* exploits became the subject of conversation.—"Wonderful!" cried one.—"Great!" said another.—"Noble!" exclaimed a third;—and "Most glorious!" vociferated an old gentleman, dashing his pipe against the grate: "Most glorious, that a man should be ambitious of doing that in three hours, which a lame hack, or even a jack-ass, could perform in half the time!"

Nothing in the world could be more natural, nor perhaps more commendable, than that Lady Frances Fitzroy should, at this season of the year, have provided herself with a comfortable *Spencer*!—See a newspaper account of the marriage of a daughter of the Duke of Grafton with a son of the Duke of Marlborough.

When M. de S——, a Frenchman, notorious for speaking ill of every body, died, it was reported

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that he had poisoned himself.—"What!" replied Madame de Moustange: "Sure he must have bit his own tongue!"

A duel was lately fought between two Country Squires, on the plan of the satirical rencontre in "*Folly as it Flies*:" when, after exchanging shots, like *Cursitor* and *Post Obit*, one second proposed their shaking hands; on which the other observed, "There is no occasion! Their hands have been shaking all the time!"

A fellow walking through the Old Bailey, a few weeks ago, at the time of an execution, when an Irishman, with whom he had some acquaintance, was on the point of being turned off, inhumanly enough bawled out, "Ah! you are there, are you? I always said, that you would come to be hanged!"—"You're a d—d liar!" replied Pat, indignantly, "if it is the last word I say. "*I did not come! I was brought,*

Y

brought, you scoundrel! and so will you, before you are much older!"

Second Thoughts are best.—A young lady, daughter of a very respectable Merchant, being on the point, a few days since, of making an elopement to *Gretna Green*, with one of her father's clerks, happened to ask her *enamored* how they were to exist after marriage, in case her parent should not forgive her?—"On Love, my dear!" replied the ardent swain.—"O, la!" cried Miss, "I fear, Sir, the present hard frost would prove too powerful for Love's flame during so long a journey; we'll therefore defer our trip to Scotland till next Summer!"

Virtue, we find in the *Gazette*, is unfortunately a *Bankrupt*; and, such is the contagion of corruption in this bad world, that, though she appeared in the character of a *Carpenter*, she could not contrive to live by rule.

The late hurricane appears to have done much mischief among the *Haut Ton*.—*The Countess of Sutherland* has broke her back off *Algoa Bay*. *The Princess of Orange* has not been heard of since she parted company, a week since. *The Lady Sophia* requires to be new rigged: the *Duke of Queensbury*, a new bowsprit; and the *Lord Nelson* has run on a shoal, and is stranded.

A Matrimonial Rebuke.—A Poet, whose muse frequently induces him to write on the *tender passion*, asked his wife lately, Why she was all sweetness to him before company, but downright *verjuice* when alone?—"Because, my dear Mr. Poet, I wish not my company to know that you entertain your wife only with—*descriptions of Love!*"

An inhabitant of *Milverton*, in *Somerset*, begs pardon, in a provincial paper, for having reported that a neighbour had robbed and murdered him.

DREAMS (from a French Paper).

A Poet of the day dreamed that he had written an excellent Comedy, and that Sylphs had administered incense to him in salvers of gold.—He said to himself, "I have driven *Moliere* from the stage!" He awoke amidst the hisses of the pit.

A Parisian husband fell asleep on the pillow of Hymen. He dreamed, that his wife was faithful and constant.—He was awaked by an officer, who informed him, that his chaste *Penelope* had divorced him, and that she was about to marry his *valet*.

A coachman fell asleep upon the coach-box, and awakened upon a chair of state. Every body congratulated him on having awakened to so much good fortune; and the coachman would not believe that he had been asleep.

A washerwoman, in the Rue St. Honoré, while asleep, fell from the fourth story of a house into an English curricule, and received no injury.

A lacquey fell asleep behind a carriage, and, when he awoke, he was in the inside of it!—Numbers lately have fallen asleep in a garret, and awakened in a drawing-room!

A young warrior dreamed, upon the Banks of the Nile, that, guided by his fortune, he should traverse the ocean, covered with hostile fleets; that he should rescue a whole people from the yoke of Folly and Phrenzy; and that, with his own hand, he should plant the olive of Peace, which, in two years, should spread its shade over all Europe. He awoke, amidst the acclamations of the universe, astonished that *this was not*—a dream!

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

PRINCE Esterhazy, who resides at Edimbourg, in Austria, had, in the latter end of last month, a grand shooting party in the vicinity of Vienna. His Royal Highness Duke Albert, of Saxe-Teschen, Count Razumouski, the Russian Ambassador, M. A. Paget, the English Minister, were of the party; as also, Sir — Colfield (a young Englishman), and several other persons of distinction. Mr. Paget and his countryman were astonished at the enormous quantity of game killed upon the occasion. In fact, in the short space of four hours and a half, there were shot more than 800 pheasants, 400 hares, and a great number of partridges. The party were attended by people, who carried the guns, and charged them. Colfield, who never saw such sport, astonished at the multitude of hares that he met, threw away his gun, and attempted to catch them alive, by hiding behind little hillocks, and going upon his hands and feet, to the no small amusement of the rest of the party, who laughed heartily at his address. Duke Albert, although upwards of 70 years of age, killed more than ten partridges.— After the day's sport, the party dined, and returned to Vienna by torch-light.

Mr. Meynell's celebrated *Old Pack* of Fox Hounds, at Quorndon, in Leicestershire, which are allowed to be the fleetest in England, and before which, on a good

scenting day, it is supposed no fox can stand above twenty minutes, are now the property of Lord Sef-ton, who continues the sports of the field, and their attendant hospitalities, with undiminished spirit and liberality. The veteran sportsmen Meynell, invariably goes to cover, and though he may not dash as much as the younger *Nimrod*, yet he is allowed to ride up to hounds better than any other man of his years in the kingdom.

The Turf.—Great sport is expected at Newmarket in the ensuing Spring Meetings; the three capital racers are come out of the North, Cockfighter, Rolla, and Allegranti. Rolla is matched against Tag for 1000gs; and Allegranti against Sophia for 1000gs.— Several other horses are still expected out of the North.

The Bombay Turf Club have taken into consideration the very high prices demanded for horses imported from the Persian Gulph, and have come to the resolution of encouraging, by all other means in their power, the breeding of horses in Bombay and its dependencies; and as a preliminary essay towards the attainment of their object, they have proposed to give one hundred gold mohurs, to be added to a sweepstakes, to be run for by two, three, and four-year old colts and fillies, in December, 1805. The colts and fillies intitled to run, must be foaled in Bombay or its dependencies, by mares which shall have

been in the possession of Gentlemen at least twelve months.

Amongst the numerous feats of activity and exertion, none have exceeded the performances of Lord Sackville, and Mr. Ross, the Messenger: the former of whom rode up from Oxford, on five different horses, to the New Hummums, being fifty-seven miles and a half, in three hours; and the latter rode to Edinburgh, four hundred miles, in forty-eight hours, and returned in forty-seven hours and a half.

The following instance of sagacity in one of the *feline* race, we are well assured, is a fact:—An old maiden lady of fortune, who died suddenly a few weeks since, made a favourite cat her chief companion. In her usual sitting-room was a closet, where *Puss's* victuals were kept, and in which also was a private drawer, that the cat had probably often seen drawn out, during her meals, by her fond mistress.—After the old lady's death, the cat, finding no victuals in the closet, was observed repeatedly to scratch very earnestly over the spot where lay the private drawer. This at length excited attention, the place was searched, the drawer discovered, and in it found, in bank-notes and cash, upwards of two thousand pounds. The old maid's heir, it is added, has, in consequence, settled ten pounds per annum on the animal, for its comfortable support during life.

Kicking Birds.—The two kicking birds, which the ship *Buffalo* brought home from Botany Bay, are now ordered to be landed, and to be sent to the seat of the Earl of Exeter. A cage has been purposely made for bringing them on shore, and another for conveying them to his Lordship. They rise in height seven feet from the toe to the point of the beak, and their

form resembles that of an ostrich, with greyish brown plumage, consisting of two feathers on one quill. They are extremely docile, and with difficulty enraged. When they are in anger, they shew it by no other method than by kicking with the greatest violence. The neck is like that of a swan, and the head and beak greatly resemble that of a goose. Their legs are long, thick, and feathered; and when they stand erect, they are in form and attitude, nearly perpendicular.

A small bird, called the *Amadavat*, is the most mischievous of the diminutive species of the feathered creation at St. Helena, where means are taken to extirpate them, if possible. They fly in immense numbers, and destroy, upon an average, one-half of the fruit produced on the Island annually. They lay in general, from twelve to nineteen and twenty eggs, and their nests are curiously shaped, being the perfect representation of a pint bottle, and so closely woven together, with very slender fibres, as to require some time to pull asunder. The island is pestered with millions of these destructive birds, which are said to come from some part of the continent of Africa; and though diligent search is made after their nests, in order that their eggs may be destroyed, their numbers have not been reduced. It is stated, that one of these birds will hatch, in the course of the year, more than two hundred young ones.

A gentleman of Chancery-lane lately received as a present, from a friend near Aylesbury, a brace of partridges, a couple of fowls, a hare, and a quart bottle of wine, all shut up completely in a hollow turnip, which, before hollowed, weighed twenty-eight pounds, and, when scooped, contained ten quarts.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

ALL IN FULL CRY.

The following effusion we have extracted from a very ingenious and novel production, lately published by C. DIB-
DIN, jun. of Sadler's Wells, intitled, *The Song Smith, or Rigmarole Repository*, which contains several of the Author's best Comic Songs, and each Song introduced through the medium of some droll anecdote, dissertation, or tale.—The following Sporting Allegory, and Hunting Song, we presume, will be highly amusing to our Readers, and is a fair specimen of the Game contained within the cover of the *Song Smith*.—
Yoicks, &c. p. 62.

YOICKS! Yoicks! vociferated a Knight of the Chase, as he entered. "What game's going on here? Sport! for Taylors; hey! for what's a rigmarole but a wild-goose chase? Mount Pegasus after a pun; dash over the stiles of common sense and the five-barred gates of harmony; break down the hedges of humour, and plunge into the ditch of dulness.—Recover—yoicks! there she goes; hey! nonsense! rhyme! rigmarole! to her boys! there they spank it over the ploughed field of plagiarism, while the lean lazy hounds, Novelty, Reason, and Brevity, stick fast in the quicksets of quibble. Now she goes!—through Press-plain, spank into the stream of Publicity—Critic and Curiosity hard at her heels.—Now she makes Reading-road—Curiosity lags—Critic lays close to her—up Review Hill—Critic has her—yoicks! and we're in at the death in an instant. The horn-sounding has left us as abruptly as he entered; and finding a few figurative French-horns in one corner of the Smi-

they, I popped them into the forge, and produced—ALL IN FULL CRY

Music—REEVE.—*Musical Appendix*.

Fain, longer would indolent Phœbus recline,
Neglecting Aurora's bright charms;
But the hale-glowing troop of Diana combine
To rouse him from sleep's languid arms.

The huntsman's shrill hallo! first strikes
in his ear,
While the pack's opening yell puts an
end to his trance;
See, already his gold-burnished ringlets
appear,
As o'er the hills peeping he eyes us
askance.

Thro' woodlands and vallies the far-wind-
ing horn,
With a thrilling tantivy invokes him
away;
And while taunting echo his sloth laughs
to scorn,
He vaults on the courser, and bursts
into day.

How rapid our course; nor can mountains
supply
A barrier to stop our career,
While the brown huntress Health, with
her shrill hue-and-cry,
Follows hard on the heels of the deer.

Hark! echo's so full, with the noise of
the chase,
The stag thinks a pack up yon hill
(with full speed)
Are rising to meet him, poor fool, in the
face,
And fears to go forward, and dares not
recede. The

The delusion proves fatal, the pack on,
him gain,
And a thrilling tantivy completes his
dismay;
He starts—stands at bay—starts again; all
in vain!
And his head forms a trophy to honour
the day.

A NEW HUNTING SONG.

AURORA now summons the lads of
the course,
Ye hunters from slumb'ring arise;
Behold how the Sun in full splendour
beams forth,
How ruddy and bright seem the skies,
Then mount your fleet steeds, to the mead-
ows repair,
No pleasure surpasses the sight of the
hare.

The sluggard that dozes his life-time
away,
And censures the joys we partake,
May strut, for a while, in the sun-shine
of day;
But we deem his bliss—a mistake.
As we bound o'er the heath, blooming
health marks the face,
And the horn's mellow notes but enliven
the chase.

The fopling may boast of his beauty and
ease,
And play with his mistress's fan;
Let him look in his glass—the reflec-
tion may please,
Tho' he's more an ape than a man.
Unkenne! the hounds, to the meadows re-
pair,
And let us, enraptur'd, give chase to the
hare.

Tho' life we must some kind of pastime
pursue,
The Statesman will dwell on the laws;
The Critic will tell you what learning can
do,

While the Lawyer will gain a bad
cause.
But we, more exalted, breathe joy in the
vale,
And taste true delight in a jug of mild
ale.

Diana commands, ye Sportsmen arise,
The huntsman the summons proclaims;
Away to the woods, where the hare
closely lies,
The scent is now fresh on the plains.

Since the Sun gilds the East, and the
morning is bright,
Let the sports of the day crown, with
rapture, the night.

THE SKAITER'S MARCH.

[Composed for the Skaiter's Club at
Edinburgh.]

THIS snell and frosty morning,
With rhind the trees adorning,
Tho' Phæbus below,
Through the sparkling snow,
A skaiting we go,
With a fal, lal, lal, lal, lal, lal,
To the sound of the merry merry horn.

From the right to the left we're plying,
Swifter than winds we're flying,
Spheres with spheres surrounding,
Health and strength abounding,
In circles we sweep,
Our poise still we keep,
Behold how we sweep,
The face of the deep,
With a fal, lal, lal, lal, lal, lal,
To the sound of the merry merry horn.

Great Jove looks down with wonder,
To view his sons of thunder,
Tho' the water he seal,
We rove on our heel,
Our weapons are steel,
And no danger we feel,
With a fal, lal, lal, lal, lal, lal,
To the sound of the merry merry horn.

See the Club advances,
See how they join the dances,
Horns and trumpets sounding,
Rocks and hills resounding,
Let Tritons now blow,
For Neptune below,
His beard dares not shew,
Or call us his foe,
With a fal, lal, lal, lal, lal, lal,
To the sound of the merry merry horn.

A SIMILE.

PHYSICIANS are like E O, you say;
But tell us how your simile is
made,
A guinea at each turn the gamblers must
pay,
And both require a nimble run of
trade.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE

TO REYNOLDS'S COMEDY OF
"FOLLY AS IT FLIES."

"EYE nature's walks"—head poets
thus advise,
Pray who can fail, unless he shuts his
eyes?
Is not pure nature full display'd to view?
Transparent fair ones, I appeal to you—
To you, ye—No—your quite a different
creature.

You modern beau, for you are out of na-
ture.

"Shoot folly as it flies"—alas! I fear
The attempt is vain—We know, year after
year,

Our bard his game certificate has got,
Hath wasted all his paper, powder, shot,
Yet, has he thinn'd the follies of the
town?

He may hit hard, but can he knock one
down?

Amaz'd at this, I ask'd the reason why,
Follies, he said, on Fashion's pinions fly.
They soar a loft secure, the more you fire,
You only scare them, and they mount the
higher.

What! can no birds within our reach
be found?

I'll look about me—this is sporting
ground;

Sure lawyers, husbands, wives, and lobby
phantoms,

Are black game, cuckoos, wagtails, crow-
ing bantams;

Of rooks and pigeons I see various races,
Besides the sea-gulls from the watering
places!

As for the city fowls, they've had their
trimming,

And lame-ducks now in the canals are
swimming.

"And catch the manners, living as they
rise;"

Where catch 'em? here—their field for
exercise.

Suppose the scene quite tragic, all in high
woe,

Out thunders, "What's the play?"—"Sir
how do I know?"

"Do you know me?"—"No, dam'me!
hold your bother!"

"Sir, I'm a gentleman."—"Sir, I'm
another."

(Audience) Go on! go on! "Oh wretch-
ed lost Evander." (Actor)

"Sir, my name's Mr. Gosling"—"And
mine O'Gander."

(exchanging cards.)

"Drops for the ladies there! unloose their
lockets!"

"We can't!"—"their handkerchiefs!"—
"They've no pockets."

"Silence below there! Let us hear the
play." (Sailor in the Gallery.)

"Ladies and Gentlemen, one word I
pray." (Actor.)

"De'el take ye, is this Babel, Hael, or
London?" (Scotchman in the Pit.)

"Are you the Manager?" (Iristmas)
"No, Sir, I'm Munden."

Such are the manners of our age, nor
less

Doth folly hold diminution over dress.

All things disordered are from sole to
crown,

The youthful stripling is old square-toes
grown—

With gills tight braced—his head seems
out of joint,

A crazy ruin prop'd at every point.

Though war, through Europe, through
the world may cease,

And plenty gild the olive branch of peace;
Though actors quit the field, their labour's
done,

Our bard comes forth, with double-bar-
rell'd gun,

From luxury and ease new follies spring,
And he is resolved to catch them on the
wing—

No rest he seeks—nor danger will he fear,
Proud in your service to be volunteer.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

EPILOGUE OF FOLLY AS IT FLIES.

—"O te Bollane cerebri felicitas!"

Cry from the House.

"EPILOGUE! Epilogue! Epilogue!
Author! Author! Author!"

[Enter a Serjeant at Law.

—see the funny dog!

(The Serjeant bows gracefully and re-
spectfully to the House; first to the
side Boxes, then to the Pit, and then
to the Gallery; advances bowing.)

"May't please your Lordship—(To the
Lord Chamberlain.)

—Gentlemen of the Jury—

(To the Pit.)

I am the Author; I, I do assure ye."

And.

Audience.

"Off! off, Sir, off! go, send the Author; off!"

Serjeant.

"I am the Author; I, brother of the coif!"

(A roar of laughter)—Audience

"You! you the Author!—Sir, do you suppose

We can't distinguish between verse and prose?"

Serjeant.

"I do aver—"

Audience.

"You might as soon persuade us That 'twas the devil who design'd and made us!"

Gallery.

"O d—n his impudence! send off the prig;

He, he the Author! d—n his lying wig!"

Serjeant.—(To the Lord Chamberlain.)

"My Lord! I do materially aver, I wrote the Epilogue." *(Aud.)* "Off, off, Sir, we demur."

(Serj.) "I join—" *(Aud.)* "Off, off, and send the Manager."

(Enter Manager.)

"Ladies and Gentlemen—*(Hear him! hear him! hear him!)*

Ladies and Gentlemen! strange as't may appear,

For once, Apollo, in a sportive fit,

Has, from the Common Pleas, produced a wit;

Behold him, Sirs!—the character is new" *(Serj.)* "O spare my blushes—it is my debut."

(Aud.) "We can't believe it." *(Serj.)* "By my coif 'tis true,"

Attorney. (From Pit.)

"Where's your affidavit? *(a universal cry)*

"Affidavit!

Swear it! affidavit!" *(Serj.)* "You shall have it."

The Serjeant goes off, and returns with an Affidavit.

"I, Serjeant—, do depose and say, I *(meaning self)* wrote th' Epilogue to the Play

Of Folly as it Flies."—*(Attorney)* "Amen! Amen!

"You'll never have a brief from me again!"

Non dil, non homines! nor Judge nor Jury, Henceforth in Common Pleas will e'er endure ye.

Heav'n forbid my Clients e'er should know it,

That for a Lawyer I've retain'd a Poet!"

Manager.

"Your mercy, Sir! nor think my friend too clever;

Depend upon it he's as dull as ever;

The cart-horse, sure, may sometimes scorn his meres,

And sport and frolic in his heavy geers—

Go view the learned Serjeant in his court, There shall you find him full of dull report,

There you'll see Judges bowing to his prose,

And Juries nod assent in sweet repose.

—Nor of my friend, nor of his court despair!

Dulness will ever hold its solemn empire there."

Applause from every part of the House.

—The Attorney jumps upon the stage, embraces the Serjeant, and the scene concludes with a *pas de trois*.

ON FINDING

A WOUNDED RAIL

IN A MEADOW LAST SPRING.

POOR Bird! be not alarm'd at seeing me

Approach—I am no enemy—Nor ~~perce~~ I licens'd to destroy the feather'd race,

Would I commence hostility on thee,

The meadows tuneful ornament,—

Alas!

Those crippling wounds confine thee to the place:

Thou' can'st no longer scamper through the grass:

That languid eye and beating breast declare

Thy inward torture!—Curse upon his art

That caus'd it!—He's a savage in his heart,

Callous to beauty, and to music too!

Some Poacher vile, abhorr'd by Sportsman true,

Who roams with lawless tube from vale to vale,

To seek, surprise, and massacre the Rail.

Dromore, Nov. 30.

T. S.

THE
SPORTING MAGAZINE;
OR,
MONTHLY CALENDAR,

OF THE
TRANSACTIONS of the TURF, the CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the
MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRIZE, AND SPIRIT.

For JANUARY, 1802.

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[Embellished with an Engraving of—HYALE, by Mr. SARTORIUS;
and an Etching of a COURSING ADVENTURE, by Mr. HOWITT.]

L O N D O N :

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And Sold by J. WHEBLE, Warwick Square, Warwick Lane, near St. Paul's; C.
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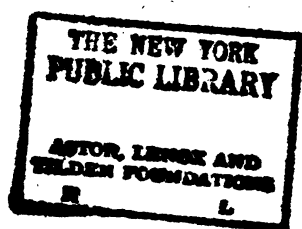
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

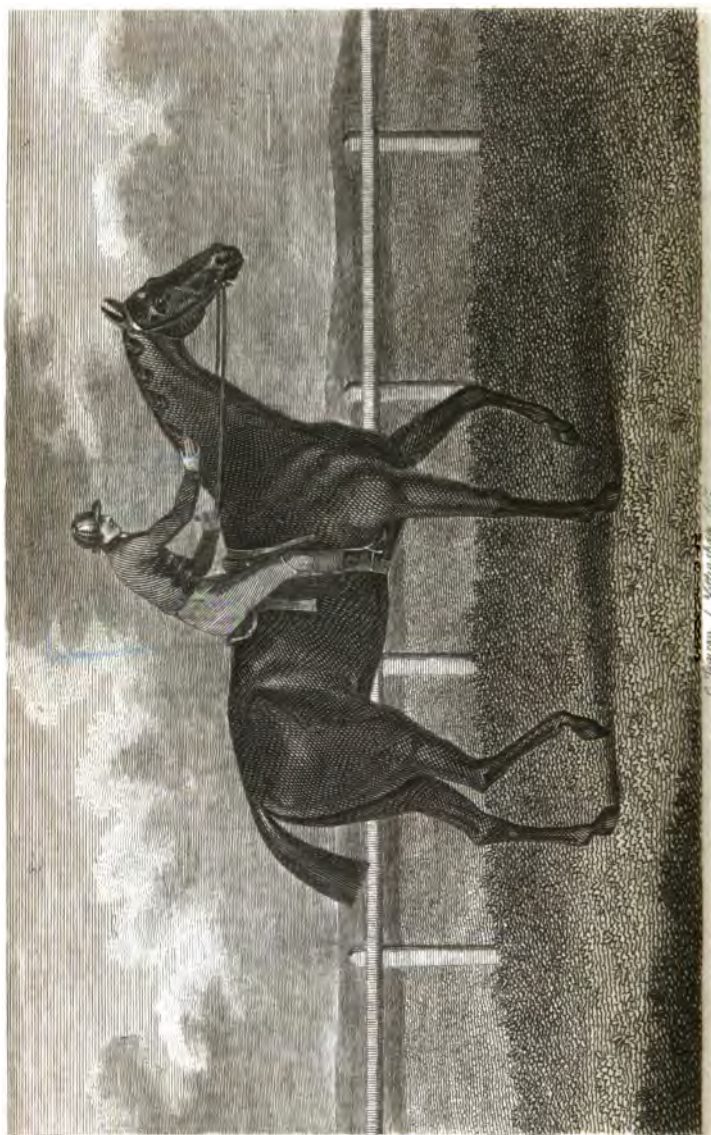
THE Correspondent who sent us the large packet from the Country, is informed, that not having taken the necessary precaution of writing on one side of the paper only, half his communications are rendered useless.

THE account of the ancient spectacle and procession in the City, for burning the Pope in effigy, translated from the Italian, has been mislaid, but shall appear in our next; with sarcastical advice to travellers in France and Italy.

J. J. E. from Liverpool is received; his specimen of Nautical Orthography shall appear in our Chronicle of Eccentricities for the next Number.

PHILO-ANTIQUIS may be assured, that Sir J. Harrington's Treatise on Play is not forgotten. At the same time his sportive Sketch of an Antiquarian shall be inserted the first opportunity.





W. H. P. 1870

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE,

FOR JANUARY, 1802.

EXPLANATION OF PLATE I.

HYALE,

By Phenemina; her Dam, Rally, by Trum-
pator.

[An Engraving from the Design of Mr.
CLIFTON THOMSON, of Nottingham.]

HYALE may be considered as a companion to Sir Solomon; as great dependencies were between her and Sir Solomon, for the Gold Cup, at Nottingham, 1801; but, where she unfortunately broke down in running, the bets were eleven to ten against Sir Solomon, and thirteen to eight against the mare: she is the property of Sitwell Sitwell, Esq. M. P.

A WHIMSICAL RENCONTRE

HAS lately occurred at Paris, between a Military Man and an Apothecary. The Soldier insisted upon satisfaction from his adversary, and appointed a meeting next morning in the Bois de Boulogne. The next morning the Apothecary waited upon his antagonist before the hour appointed, and said to him, with great coolness, "You are a military, I am a medical, man—You understand the use of the sword and pistol—I am only acquainted with drugs. You are the challenger, therefore I have a right to choose my weapon. Here are two pills—one is poisoned, the other is not. Do you choose one, and swallow it, and I will swallow the other." The Officer laughed very heartily at this proposition, and they sat down to breakfast together very good friends.

BETTING.—END OF JAN. 1802.

NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING.
THE present betting at Tattersall's, and other public places, is as follows:

MONDAY.—Sir H. T. Vane's Rolla, 8st. 2lb. against Lord Sackville's Tag, 8st. across the Flat, 1000gs. h. ft. 2 to 1 on Rolla.

TUESDAY.—First Class of the Otlands, three against the field, viz. Lignum-Vitæ, Penelope, and Marianne.

WEDNESDAY.—Second Class, three against the field, viz. Sorcerer, Dick Andrews, and Hornby Lass.—7 to 2 was taken, that Dick Andrews won the second Class, p. p.

THURSDAY.—Sir F. Standish's Eagle, 8st. 3lb. against Sir H. T. Vane's Rolla, 8st. across the Flat, 800gs. h. ft. 7 to 4 on Eagle.

FIRST SPRING MEETING.

MONDAY.—Mr. Fletcher's Allegranti, 8st. 5lb. against Mr. Wilson's Sophia, 8st. 2lb. B. C. 1000gs. p. p. 6 to 5 on Allegranti.—For the Sweepstakes of 100gs. each. Anniseed the favourite.

WEDNESDAY.—For the Sweepstakes of 100gs each, Quiz the favourite.

EPSOM.—For the Derby, 45 to 20, p. p. against Mr. Wilson's br. colt, by Young Eclipse, dam by Highflyer, out of Elm's dam.—For the Oaks, 3 to 1 against Sir C. Bunbury's Julia, sister to Eleanor, by Whiskey.

YORK SPRING MEETING.—Lord Darlington's Champion, 7st. 13lb. against Mr. Fletcher's Leith, 7st. 7lb. two miles, 1000gs. p. p. Even betting.

Z 2

ESSEX

ESSEX COURSING.

BRADWELL AND TILLINGHAM, SECOND MEETING, 1802.
RETURN OF THE SPORT UPON TILLINGHAM LEVEL.

WON.		WEDNESDAY, JAN. 20.		LOST.	
1.	Mr. P. Wright's <i>Billington</i> ,	agst.	-	Mr. Evans's <i>Rodney</i> .	
2.	Mr. B. Dudley's <i>Terling</i> ,	-	-	Mr. P. Wright's <i>Escape</i> .	
3.	Mr. Pattison's <i>Reaper</i> ,	-	-	Mr. P. Wright's <i>Wonder</i> .	
4.	Mr. Wakefield's <i>Defoe</i> ,	-	-	Mr. Wise's <i>Twink</i> .	
5.	Mr. Wakefield's <i>Mistress</i> ,	-	-	Mr. Bawtree's <i>Blackstrap</i> .	
6.	Mr. J. Wright's <i>Horror</i> ,	-	-	Mr. J. Bawtree's <i>Tinker</i> .	
*7.	Mr. Shuckburgh's <i>Rake</i> ,	-	-	Mr. Pattison's <i>Twist</i> .	
8.	Mr. Dudley's <i>Friday</i> ,	-	-	Mr. Dudley's <i>Miss</i> .	
9.	Mr. Shuckburgh's <i>Spite</i> ,	-	-	Mr. P. Wright's <i>Snowball</i> .	
10.	Mr. J. Wright's <i>Telegraph</i> ,	-	-	Mr. Johnson's <i>Bitch</i> .	
11.	Mr. Dudley's <i>Madam</i> ,	-	-	Mr. Bawtree's <i>Blackstrap</i> .	

* This, their second course, not being decided by the Judges, was won by a toss, in favour of *Rake*.

THURSDAY, JAN. 21.

The winners of the matches at the last Bradwell Meeting, and those of yesterday at Tillingham, (twenty-one in number) were, by lot, reduced to sixteen, to be run down to a brace, for the Club Cup and Silver Couplings; and four out of the remaining five were drawn, to run for an extra Purse, given by the Club, the odd one not drawn being excluded.

WON.		FOR THE CUP AND COUPLINGS.		LOST.	
1.	Mr. Dudley's <i>Madam</i> ,	against	-	Mr. P. Wright's <i>Billington</i> .	
2.	Mr. Dudley's <i>Miss</i> ,	-	-	Mr. Dudley's <i>Martin</i> .	
3.	Mr. Dudley's <i>Friday</i> ,	-	-	Mr. Williams's <i>Primrose</i> .	
4.	Mr. Williams's <i>Pigmy</i> ,	-	-	Mr. Wakefield's <i>Mistress</i> .	
5.	Mr. J. Wright's <i>Horror</i> ,	-	-	Mr. Shuckburgh's <i>Spite</i> .	
6.	Mr. Wakefield's <i>Defoe</i> ,	-	-	Mr. Bawtree's <i>Soot</i> .	
7.	Mr. Cawston's <i>Shift</i> ,	-	-	Mr. Shuckburgh's <i>Rake</i> .	
8.	Mr. Wise's <i>Chree</i> ,	-	-	Mr. Dudley's <i>Terling</i> .	

The Winners being thus reduced to four brace, then ran as follows:—

WON.		LOST.	
1.	Mr. Dudley's <i>Friday</i> , against	-	Mr. Dudley's <i>Madam</i> .
2.	Mr. Cawston's <i>Shift</i> , - -	-	Mr. Wise's <i>Chree</i> .
3.	Mr. Dudley's <i>Miss</i> , - - -	-	Mr. J. Wright's <i>Horror</i> .
4.	Mr. Williams's <i>Pigmy</i> , - -	-	Mr. Wakefield's <i>Defoe</i> .

These were run down to two brace:—

WON.		LOST.	
1.	Mr. Dudley's <i>Friday</i> , against	-	Mr. Dudley's <i>Miss</i> ,
2.	Mr. Cawston's <i>Shift</i> , - - -	-	Mr. Williams's <i>Pigmy</i> .

The final contest in the last course, was then:—

WON.		LOST.	
1.	Mr. Dudley's <i>Friday</i> , against	-	Mr. Cawston's <i>Shift</i> .

On which the Cup was adjudged to *Friday*; and the Silver Couplings given to *Shift*, as the second best.

WON.		THE CLUB EXTRA PURSE.		LOST.	
1.	Mr. Evans's <i>Wasp</i> ,	-	-	Mr. Bawtree's <i>Duncan</i> .	

Mr. Pattison's *Reaper*, and Mr. Bawtree's *Tinker*, being drawn, the Purse was adjudged to *Wasp*.—The hares were stout, but afforded great sport, particularly the last day, on which the courses in general were very severely contested.

TRAVELLING

TRAVELLING MATCH AGAINST TIME.

THE gentleman, well known for his sporting celebrity in Lord Monson's hunt, and who has made the bet of 2000 guineas, that he will travel, which he may do either in a carriage or on horseback, from Barton to London, or London to Barton, a distance of one hundred and seventy-one miles, in twelve successive hours, is, we understand, as well calculated to perform such a journey as almost any man in England: though he now rides more than fifteen stone and a half, he will have no difficulty in reducing himself to ride less than fourteen stone. He has till very lately (owing to an accidental lameness) been in the habit of hunting two and three days a week with one of the fleetest and best packs of fox hounds in Lincolnshire; and has, from his great exertion and skill in riding, been present at the death of as many foxes as any man in the hunt; and though he has been known to go on horseback for fifteen and sixteen hours a day in pursuit of the diversion, he is a stranger to fatigue. He purposes to ride his match about the beginning of April; and he has already received offers from his numerous friends of more horses than he will want to perform his journey. The betting at first was very trifling, the odds being only two to one in his favour; they will no doubt increase as the time approaches for his starting. The gentleman who has betted against him is himself a sportsman, and a person of considerable property in the East Riding of Yorkshire; and what is a little extraordinary, has made another bet of several hundred guineas, that he will find a person to perform the same journey in

the same space of time. The former, however, is to perform his own match within six months, and is to give four days notice of the time he chuses.

ACCOUNT OF
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

RURAL SPORTS, Vol. I.

By W. B. DANIEL.

(Continued from page 112 of our last)

Delectando pariterque monendo seeming to be the motto which the ingenious author has adopted in his preface, we can add from a view of his work, that never was instruction and delight more happily blended; but as it is probable that a more clear and summary view of his object cannot be better given than in his own words, we thus borrow a part of his preface.

“FRANKLY acknowledging that a large portion of the contents of the present Volume is compiled from various publications; it can safely be asserted, that the fresh matter is considerable, and that the whole is arranged in a novel and distinct System. As the Statutes and decided Cases relating to Game are so intimately connected with the nature and subject of the present Work, it occurred, that to select and class them, and thereby to give them all the advantage which they could derive from a clear and methodical arrangement, might be useful to those who are led by circumstances to, the investigation of minute points, and that the inconvenience would be remedied which has often been complained of, that these Laws and Cases are so dispersed, and lie so confusedly, as to elude research at the moment in which their authority and information may be required. All gentlemen do not possess an extensive Library, and those who do, may deem

deem it an accommodation to find at one view, what they may immediately want or wish to know upon a particular subject. In this attempt, the Compiler has kept in mind that, 'each succeeding day is the scholar of that which preceded.' He has accordingly availed himself of the most recent Lessons, and has selected from the best authorities. His first wish is, that his endeavour may be approved by those, for whose use this collection is more peculiarly intended; into every work treating upon a variety of topics, errors and imperfections will find their way; in the present, the Writer fears he cannot felicitate himself on having wholly escaped them; he hopes, however, that should any be found, they will not be of importance, and that those who have the sagacity to discover, will have the candour to forgive them."

[For a specimen of Mr. Daniel's stile and manner, see the Extract in page 187 of the present Number.—In our next, as being more applicable to Sportsmen, we shall present our readers with his History of Ancient and Modern Coursing.]

A VOYAGE TO BOTANY BAY,

With a Description of the Country, Manners, Customs, Religion, &c. of the Natives, by the celebrated

GEORGE BARRINGTON.

To which is added his LIFE and TRIAL.

Sold by H. D. Symonds.

[This little entertaining, but most copious volume, possesses all the *benefit* without the *bulk* of the larger works that have appeared by Collins and Governor Philips; exclusive of all the additional matter which has passed under the immediate notice of the Author, the former shades of whose character seem to have been quite forgotten, and lost, in the useful and intelligent member of society in that distant quarter of the world.

In this agreeable and entertaining volume, there is much to amuse both the Philosopher and the Philanthropist. The

amusement is rational, and supported by facts, and is well calculated for a fireside companion. Our readers in particular, will be much gratified in the many adventures in those hitherto unexplored regions, in which the Author has taken a part. As a specimen of his stile and manner, we this month present our readers with his account of the mode in which the Opossum, Kangaroo, Rat, Squirrel, &c. are taken by the Natives.]

"MOST of the large trees are hollow, by decaying at the heart; and when the opossum, kangaroo, rat, squirrel, and various other animals, which inhabit the woods, are pursued, they commonly take shelter in these trees. In order, therefore, to make sure of them, wherein they seldom fail, when they find them in the tree, one man climbs to the top, which is performed with wonderful dexterity, in the following manner:—they cut notches in the bark about an inch deep, which is a kind of rest for the ball of the great toe; the two first notches are cut before they begin to climb, the rest as they ascend, at such distances from each other, that, when both feet are in the notches, the right is raised nearly as high as the middle of the left thigh; when they are raising themselves the hatchet is held in their mouths, that they may have the use of both their hands; and, when making the notch, the body rests on the ball of the great toe; the fingers of the left hand are also placed in a notch, cut on the side of the tree, should it be too large to admit their clasping it sufficiently with the left arm to keep their body firm and close to it. In this manner they ascend, with wonderful agility, trees fifteen or twenty feet in circumference, sometimes sixty or seventy feet before they come to a single branch.

"Being arrived at the top, or the place he judges the most convenient,

venient, he takes his seat, with his club or stick in his hand; another person below makes a fire, and fills the hollow trunk with smoke, which obliges the animal to attempt its escape, either upwards or downwards; but whichever way it takes, it is almost certain of destruction, as they very seldom escape. In this manner they employ themselves, and get a livelihood in the woods. They, sometimes, when many of them are hunting together, set fire to the country for several miles in extent; this is for the purpose of disturbing such animals as may be within the circle of the conflagration: thus the affrighted animals, confounded, singed, and half smothered, fall an easy prey to their persevering and sanguinary adversaries.

"These fires, it is supposed, are sometimes intended to clear that part of the country through which they have occasion to travel, of the briars and thorns, from which, being naked, they suffer great inconvenience. The fires which are frequently seen in the summer time, account also for an appearance which very much puzzled the first settlers; this was, that more than two thirds of the trees in the woods were very much scorched with fire; some were burnt quite black to the very top; the cause of this occasioned great difference of opinion, but it is now evident that it was occasioned by the fires which the natives so frequently make, and which often reach the highest branches of the trees. I at first conjectured it to be the effect of lightning; but, upon examining farther, it appeared too general to have been caused by such an accident.

"Opossums are very numerous here; they partake a good deal of the Kangaroo, in the strength of

their tail, and make of its fore legs, which are very short in proportion to the hinder ones; like that animal, it is provided with a false belly for the safety of its young in time of danger; and its colour very much resembles that of the common English Rat; it is of the size of a small cat, and very inoffensive. There are a variety of other animals of different sizes, from the opossum down to our implacable enemy, the field rat, all of which in some shape or other, partake of the kangaroo and opossum. I have caught several rats with their pouch full of young ones, formed exactly in their legs, claws, and tail, as the above animals. One would almost conclude from the great resemblance of the different quadrupeds found here, that there is a promiscuous intercourse between the different sexes of all those various animals. This strange similarity does not attach solely to quadrupeds, for the finny inhabitants of the sea are in the same predicament, their variety is truly astonishing; most of them partake in some degree of the shark, and it is no uncommon thing to see the head and shoulders of a skait to the hind part of a shark, or a shark's head to the body of a large mullet; and what is more astonishing, sometimes to the flat body of a sting ray, or holibet.

"Nature seems equally playful in the feathered tribe: the parrot is the most common. I have shot several, with the head, neck, and bill of the parrot, and with the same beautiful plumage on those parts for which that bird here is distinguished; a tail and body of a different make and colour, with long delicate feet and legs, which is quite the reverse of the parrot kind. There is also a bird with the

the feet and legs of a parrot, whose head, neck, make, and colour, are like the common sea-gull, with the wings and tail of the hawk. Neither is this confined to the animal creation; for here are trees bearing three different sorts of leaves; others bearing the leaf of the gum-tree, with the gum exuding from it, and covered with bark of a very different kind."

THE PICTURE OF PETERSBURGH,

From the German of
HENRY STORCH.

Longman and Rees.

This Translation, we understand, is from the pen of the Rev. W. Tookz, F. R. S. many years a Resident in that City.—Among his many labours in Literature; viz. View of the Russian Empire; History of Russia; Life of Catharine; Secret Memoirs, &c. which render us perfectly acquainted with the politics and manners of the North, from the best sources of information, this view of Petersburg is by no means the least, as it affords a broad field of amusement and instruction to the moralist and the man of the world.—Any encomium upon the execution of this Work, where a specimen is given, would be superfluous; but, as the author has gone very largely into the exercises and amusements of the Russians, the following Extract will, doubtless, furnish our readers with much genuine information and amusement.

"THE Games in practice with the common people, for recreation and amusement, are all extremely simple; generally requiring only exertion and agility. In their invention they are entirely national; the populace of the town, notwithstanding their long acquaintance with foreigners, having never yet learnt to mingle any foreign manners with their pastimes. The more diversified these are, the less do they belong to the plan of this book, the aim of which cannot be to describe the nation at large. I shall therefore only take notice of some of their most usual

games, which must strike every foreigner during his stay in the residence.

"In all the streets, especially in winter, nothing is more common than to see men or boys wrestling or boxing. This is merely a diversion, being seldom or never the effect of anger or quarrels, but usually engaged in from a good-humoured challenge, probably, likewise, in winter, for the sake of warming themselves, and therefore is totally different from this practice in England. The combatants standing close together, each strikes his adversary either with the flat of his hand or double fist, at the same time striving to trip up his heels and give him a fall. When this is done the victory is decided, and the battle terminates, amidst shouts of laughter from the bystanders.

"Not less general is the game of Foot-ball, particularly among the Ivoschtschiks plying with their sledges at their stands in the streets during the winter. A large ball, stuffed with feathers, is kicked about; and he who succeeds in catching it, or picking it up with his hands, in spite of the kicks and cuffs of his play-mates, carries off the prize, of nuts or money.

"Chess and Drafts are likewise very common with the Russian populace. In the large squares, or under the arcades of the shops, people of the lowest classes are every day seen amusing themselves at these games, and many of them in a masterly way.—Not so general is the Throwing at the Ring; which consists in the art of throwing a sharp-pointed iron spike with an enormously heavy head, holding it by the spike, with a jerk, in such manner as to stick it in the ground through a small iron ring.

[To be continued.]

CRIM,

CRIM. CON.

JACKSON V. LORD VISCOUNT
MILSINGTON.

ON Saturday, January 9, 1802, a Jury was impannelled, by the Sheriffs, in order to assess the damages in the above cause, where judgment was suffered to go by default. The damages were laid at 10,000*l*.

Mr. Serjeant Best addressed the Jury on the part of the plaintiff, informing them that it was an action to recover compensation in damages from the defendant, for having alienated the affections of the plaintiff's wife, deprived him of the comforts of her society, and induced her to elope and live with him in adultery, which she still continued to do. The elopement took place on the 4th of August last. Unfortunately, in these corrupt and profligate days, cases of this kind occurred so frequently, that he should be going over a very hacknied subject, were he to attempt pressing upon them a due sense of the heinous nature of such a trespass upon the peace of a husband, or, to aggravate it by representing the disgrace which such misconduct reflected on the children, and the uneasiness which it could not fail of spreading through all the branches of a family. These circumstances came home to the breasts of all men of every description, for which reason, and considering the very respectable Gentlemen I have now the honour of addressing, I may, with the greatest safety, leave that part of the subject to their own feelings. He was prepared to lay before them, and support by evidence, a case, than which none was ever brought before a Court of Justice more entitled to at least pecuniary damages; for as to compensation,

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taking that word in its true import, it was evident that nothing could compensate a man for such an injury to his happiness. It was true, indeed, that the crime (for such offences were really crimes) did not come aggravated by those circumstances which sometimes occurred, such as betraying the confidence of a friend, and making that a conveyance to the affections of his wife; but there were some aggravating circumstances which would merit the attention of the Jury. His client did not call upon them for those exemplary and vindictive damages meant to operate as a punishment on the offending party; but he should look to them for a retribution at least for the losses he had sustained. The learned counsel then proceeded to explain the nature of the case. The plaintiff, Mr. Henry Jackson, was a gentleman in the profession of the law, very eminent in that line, and nephew to a late distinguished Baronet (Sir Wm. Midleton), and of most respectable family connections. The defendant, Lord Viscount Milsington, was the eldest son of the wealthy Earl of Portmore. The unfortunate lady, the object of his seduction, was grand-daughter to a most respectable Baronet in Kent (Sir C. Bishop), and niece to Sir Geo. Warren; her father was at this time a Colonel in the army. They would have in evidence, that this lady was, by blood, connected with many of the first and most respectable families in the kingdom. At the age of twenty-two, when married to Mr. Jackson, on the 26th of September, 1791, she was shining in beauty and accomplishments, and adorned with every virtue; she was, in fact, a person of that description, that the selection of such a woman for a wife must do honour to the prudence and taste

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of any man. The husband and wife, it would be shewn, lived together in the most perfect love and harmony. In the year 1793, Mr. Jackson had the misfortune to be afflicted with a paralytic stroke, which made it necessary for him to suspend all application to business, and retire to the country, for the purpose of strengthening his health. He took apartments in Sunbury, where Mrs. Jackson attended on him with all that care, attention, and anxiety, that could have been shewn by the most assiduous and affectionate of wives. Their mutual harmony continued down to July 1799, when Mrs. Jackson went to Sporrington, in Sussex, on a visit to her father (Colonel Bishop), and mother. Sir George and Lady Warren, being then at Brighton, invited Major and Mrs. Vince (sister to Mrs. Jackson), and three other unmarried sisters, to pass the race week with them; and shortly afterwards they were joined by Colonel Bishop; and Mrs. Jackson, and her sisters, were invited by Lady Charles Somerset to a ball and supper, which commenced the acquaintance between Mrs. Jackson and Lord Milsington, who was introduced to her by Sir G. Warren. His Lordship selected Mrs. Jackson for his partner, and it was remarked that he paid her very particular attention; but she came up to London a few days afterwards. In the summer following, the same ladies were on a visit to Mrs. Middleton, sister to Sir Wm. Middleton, and uncle to the plaintiff, at Eton; and it happening that the Ascot Races took place at that time, they made a party to it, and were joined by Lord M. who was afterwards introduced to Mrs. Middleton, at her house, both by Mrs. Jackson and Miss Bishop, as a suitor of the latter young lady. Mr. Jackson going

down, in a day or two afterwards, a similar introduction took place between him and Lord M. There ensued several water parties on the river, and things seemed so far drawing to a conclusion, that Mr. J. willing to promote so advantageous a match with a nobleman of Lord M.'s rank and fortune, (which consideration was frequently pressed upon him by his lady) and being solicited to do so by Miss Bishop herself, gave his Lordship an invitation to his house, which the latter accepted, and continued his visits there, all the summer of 1800; still appearing to direct his attentions to Miss Bishop. In consequence of the frequent reports of the intended marriage, Lord Milsington, with Mr. and Mrs. J. and Miss Bishop, were invited, and paid visits to Colonel Bishop, their father, and several other persons. At length Mr. J. finding that his Lordship made no proposals; and having suspicion of his illicit intentions, communicated to his wife his design to break off with, and inform him that his visits must be discontinued. The lady wished to dissuade him from doing so under different pretences, and even quarrelled with him on the subject; but he persisted in his determination, and left it to Mrs. J. to inform Lord Milsington of it in what manner she pleased. The communication being made, the plaintiff's eyes were soon opened, to his surprise and mortification, by the elopement of his wife in a few days afterwards. In one of Mrs. J.'s drawers he found, upon search, a letter, which left no further doubt of what had taken place. The letter, as well as we can recollect, in words, was very nearly as follows:—

“ I hope most earnestly very soon to see that my beloved Harriet was not the worse for the expedition

petition of yesterday. I wished very much to have called this morning, to have inquired after her, but thought if I did, I should not have the pleasure of passing the evening with the only woman in the world that I have the smallest attachment to, an attachment so strong and fixed, that nothing in the world can alter. I never can be happy till we live together, with that dear little angel that so resembles the figure of its dearest mother; it makes me quite miserable, the thoughts of leaving town; I cannot bear to be separated from you, my love; I hope it will not be the case; I am sure we could be happy together, and my only study the happiness of you, my adored Harriet, and the welfare of your children. Pray, my love, let me see you to-morrow if it is in your power. I wish very, very much, that we may meet to fix when we shall meet not to part again. Perhaps you will not have an opportunity of reading this before I am obliged to leave you, therefore I will be in Hart-street, at the usual place, at twelve o'clock to-morrow; pray come as soon after as you can; and believe me most sincerely, affectionately, and faithfully, your's ever, M."

Thus then did it appear, that Mr. J. had only anticipated the design which Lord M. was meditating, while he displayed the greatest art and deepest knowledge of the human heart, by making his court to the mother, by a display of fondness, whether real or affected, for her darling infant. The jury would therefore judge of the nature of the injury, when they consider of the fond attachment of the unfortunate lady to her husband, previous to her acquaintance with a noble Lord, whose superior advantages of title, rank, wealth, and uncommon

accomplishments, could alone have succeeded in alienating her affections. The gentlemen on the other side, may ask why he did not bring Miss Bishop forward to prove any part of the case? His reply was, that she being the sister of the fallen lady, and having been the pretended object of Lord M.'s addresses, his client would sooner forego all the advantage he could derive from her evidence, or even forego all damages whatever, than commit such an outrage upon the delicacy of the young lady, and the feelings of her family.

Mrs. Osborne proved, that in 1794, the plaintiff and his wife took lodgings at her house, at Sunbury, kept one maid-servant, and resided there four months. She never observed in any wife a greater degree of affectionate attention, or a more correct deportment. In several visits which she since made at their house in London, she could observe nothing between them but mutual love and happiness.

On her cross-examination, she said, she knew of no other visitor Mrs. J. had at Sunbury, but a lady of the name of Brooke, with whom she appeared to be very intimate.

Mr. Lawbert Middleton said, he was nephew to Sir William Middleton, and first cousin to the plaintiff, between whom, and his wife, he always saw the most perfect harmony and affection prevail. He was a frequent visitor, at their house, ever since their marriage, and of late was accustomed to meet the defendant there, whom he considered as a suitor to Miss Bishop, to whom he always paid most particular attention.

On his cross-examination he said, he observed these attentions when there were younger ladies in company; as for instance, the wit-

ness's sister. He acknowledged, however, that he never heard Lord M. make any declaration of that kind, nor did he say a word to him on the subject one night that they went home together, in a coach, from Mr. J.'s house. He was present when Mrs. J. was visited by Sir G. Warren and several other of her relations, and never before heard of any thing blameable in her conduct.

Mrs. Middleton, mother of the above witness, deposed that she was aunt to the plaintiff; she seldom came to town, but when she did, she called at his house three or four times. In the two last summers, Mrs. Jackson and her sister, Miss Bishop, visited at her house, at Eaton, and in the first of these visits, in going to the Ascot-Heath Races, were accosted by Lord M. with equal politeness to all. She saw nothing particular in his address; and if it was more directed towards Miss Bishop than any other, it might be ascribed to her being the youngest present, and a single lady. His lordship was polite and attentive to them all, supplying them with sandwiches, and such refreshments as they wanted; in consequence of which, she invited him to sup at her house, which invitation he accepted. She, however, supposed him to be a suitor to Miss Bishop, or she would not have asked him; and on asking that lady whether it was so or not, she smiled, and neither affirmed, nor denied it. There was nothing particular in this lady's evidence, respecting the visit last summer, when Mr. Jackson himself was of the party. She was not present, when Mrs. J. introduced her husband to Lord M. or, if she was, had taken no notice of it. On the question being asked, she said that Mrs. Jackson was a very pretty, fascinating woman.

A daughter of the foregoing lady said, that she had been upon frequent visits at Mr. Jackson's, sometimes for a week, and sometimes for a month together. She never observed any thing improper in the conduct of Mrs. Jackson, or she should not have staid there. During her last visit, she saw Lord M. frequently at the house, and observed, that he paid particular attention to Miss Bishop, but never heard of his making any declaration, though she always understood him to be that lady's suitor. They kept two maid-servants and a footman; were visited by Mrs. Vince, sister to Mrs. J. and also by several other female relations—She had dined at Sir G. and Lady Warren's, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Jackson.

The letter from Lord M. found in one of Mrs. Jackson's drawers, was then put in and read.

The Inspector of Franks at the Post-Office, was then called, to prove the letter to be Lord Milsington's hand-writing, but Mr. Dallas took an objection, that the witness having never seen his lordship write, nor held any correspondence with him, was incompetent to the proof: the objection was admitted.

His lordship's solicitor was next called upon, and here again it was objected, that the witness never saw Lord M. write, and that his confidential communications with his agents should not be suffered to operate against him. But the objection was overruled, on the ground that this evidence could betray no part of the confidence reposed in their correspondence.

He deposed, that he believed the letter to be in his lordship's hand-writing.

Here the evidence was closed. Mr. Dallas then addressed the Jury,

Jury, and said, it was not in return for any compliment paid him by his learned friend, that he now declared that gentleman to have exerted the utmost ability in the conduct of this cause. By ability, he did not mean merely that display of eloquence which may be described as *painting* in words, but a niceness of discrimination, and a dexterity of judgment in selecting those points of evidence, which might make most for his purpose, and withholding others that would operate unfavourably, thereby making the case appear quite different from what it really was. But notwithstanding all this, he would undertake, in a very few observations, to prove that this, of all the cases that ever came before any tribunal, was that in which the smallest damages ought to be given. In the first place, he must observe, that if the law gave a husband certain rights, it also imposed upon him certain duties, which, if he neglected to perform, his rights were forfeited. This subject was to be considered in two points of view—1st. Whether the husband was privy, and consenting to the seduction of his wife? in which case, he quoted, amongst others, the authority of Lord Kenyon, to shew that such a man was not capable even to maintain an action, for the law allowed him none. The 2d point was, where the husband was wanting in his duty, either by being defective in precaution in guarding his wife from danger, and affording her protection, or by treating her with such neglect, as might expose her to temptation? in either of which cases, though the plaintiff might be entitled to damages, yet they would be diminished in proportion to the circumstances, which may be disclosed in evidence to a Jury: for the man who applies for

redress to a Court of Justice, must come before it with clean hands. He did not excuse nor palliate the offence of Lord M. but standing as he did with the guilt of adultery upon his head, he might, in the case first alluded to, have pleaded not guilty, and have put upon the record that which in law would amount to a complete defence. It could not therefore be supposed, that in any observations he should make, he meant to impute to Mr. Jackson that he connived at, or knew of, this illicit conduct; and Lord Milsingtoun himself admitted it, in suffering judgment to go by default; but, on the other hand, if he was guilty of negligence or inattention, that circumstance must weigh materially in mitigation of damages. The question therefore is, whether he has conducted himself as a discreet, prudent, and attentive husband, and whether by your verdict, after hearing all the circumstances, your own characters and consciences will allow you to proclaim such an opinion to the world? The learned Serjeant has endeavoured strongly to impress you with the deep artifices and dissimulation, of my client. But I fancy he will find some difficulty to persuade you, that with all such knowledge of the world which is ascribed to him, he would venture to practise such artifices on an attorney, or that an attorney was likely to become the dupe of so young a nobleman. He could not well be accused of meaning any thing disrespectful of the profession to which he had the honour to belong, when he observed that the occupation of an attorney was peculiarly calculated to render men conversant with the manners of life, clear-sighted, observing, and suspicious. If so, how are we to imagine that this affair should be going

going on so long a time, and that Mr. Jackson, with all the guarded caution of an attentive husband about him, should be so totally unsuspicious as to take no notice whatever, nor feel the least alarm at the noble Lord's never having made any proposals to Miss Bishop. Law and reason itself required in such a process as this, even beyond all others, that the best evidence should be brought forward, which the nature of the case would admit of. Why then was not Miss Bishop brought forward, who might have fully established the principal point which the plaintiff aimed at, and which alone could entitle him to considerable damages? The plea of indelicacy appearing to prove the infidelity of her sister, could have but little effect upon the minds of the Jury. On the contrary, nothing could be more honourable than for that lady to appear, and, in vindicating the character of the plaintiff, establish at the same time the purity of her own honour. Her testimony might justify them both, for suffering scenes of this kind to pass for so long a time under their own eyes. But if this delicacy was to be observed towards Miss Bishop, why not produce the Colonel, their father, and Sir G. and Lady Warren, to corroborate what has been stated, of the duplicity of the defendant? Surely it could not be contended, that these parties were not to be found. There were also the servant maids retained latterly in the family, and servants were known by some means or other, always to gain some information on subjects of this kind. It was extremely remarkable that none of these had been produced, nor indeed any other person who could positively assert, that Miss B. had herself even declared the noble Lord to be her suitor; and what

was most extraordinary of all, Mr. Jackson himself, throughout the whole very suspicious proceedings, never once thought it necessary to ask Lord Milsington what were his objects, or whether they were honourable. It has been established in evidence, that the frail Mrs. Jackson was beautiful and fascinating. It was asserted also, as it never failed to be on all such occasions, that before the present affair she was virtuous and honourable. It might be so, indeed, but it was hard trusting to such assertions of counsel. There was scarcely any married woman, who could not obtain such a character. Experience, however, proved to us, that frequently women who are saints here, are sinners in Bondstreet. There was only one topic more to which he found it by any means necessary to allude; namely, the inference drawn from a letter, the manuscript of which, in his opinion, had not been sufficiently proved. But granting, for the sake of argument, that the letter was genuine, and addressed by Lord M. to a lady of the name of Harriet, whom he would, for the moment, suppose to be Mrs. Jackson—admitting also that the object of that letter was to induce that lady to elope to him with her child—he must contend that, far from being an aggravation of the offence, it did honour to his feelings, whether or not it should so happen hereafter that, satiated with enjoyment, he should ever be induced to turn her adrift. Though Miss Middleton stated, that Mrs. Jackson had before that a miscarriage, yet it was certain that she never had a child before the commencement of this supposed intercourse between her and Lord M. and therefore it was not unreasonable in his Lordship, to conclude that the infant was his own. That he did

so, was evident from the fondness with which he spoke of the "dear little angel," and with such an impression strongly operating on his mind, it was surely commendable in him rather to take them both under his own protection, than to suffer the lady to remain imposing a spurious offspring upon her husband, and leave it to him to make provision for, and caress with the fond partiality of a parent, a child that was not his own. In conclusion, the learned counsel adverted to the circumstance of Miss Bishop's not having been brought forward as a witness, the consequence of which might be to blast all the plaintiff's hopes and prospects, should he be disposed to institute proceedings in a still higher tribunal (the House of Lords) which would instantly reject his petition for a divorce, upon being informed that the production of the best possible witness was refused. He was the more induced to mention this, as he saw some of those gentlemen present, upon whom, when sitting on a former Jury, he endeavoured to press arguments of a similar tendency, against those of Mr. Erskine on the opposite side. The Jury, however, by their verdict, gave 1,500*l.* damages, and when application was afterwards made for a divorce to the House of Lords, they did not hesitate a moment to reject the petition; and this, he trusted, would operate as a caution to the gentlemen of the present Jury, not to give great damages upon such slight evidence.

The Sheriff summed up the evidence in a perspicuous manner, and afterwards observed to the Jury, that their present business was, not to enquire into the guilt of the defendant, for that was already admitted in his suffering judgment to pass by default, but

to assess the retribution in damages for an injury which, under some circumstances, was perhaps as great as any that one man could commit against another; and after a brief, but judicious comment upon the several depositions, and the arguments of counsel, left them to decide upon what sum they would award.—After about half an hour's deliberation, the Jury found a verdict of Two Thousand Pounds damages against the defendant, with costs of suit.

ANECDOTES

Of the Speed, Stoutness, and Sagacity, of Fox-Hounds, From Mr. DANIEL'S interesting Work on RURAL SPORTS.

MANY years since, a stag was hunted from Whinfield park, in the county of Westmoreland, until, by fatigue or accident, the whole pack was thrown out, except two fox-hounds, bred by Lord Thanet, who continued the chase during the greatest part of the day.—The stag returned to the park from whence he had been driven, and, as his last effort, leaped the wall, and died as soon as he had accomplished it. One of the hounds came to the wall, but being unable to top it, laid down, and almost immediately expired. The other hound was found dead about half a mile from the park.—The length of this chase is uncertain; but as they were seen at Red-kirk, near Annan, in Scotland, distant by the post road about forty-six miles, it is conjectured, that the circuitous course they took, could not make the distance ran less than *one hundred and twenty miles!*

In January, 1738-9, the Duke of Richmond's hounds found at a quarter before eight, and killed at ten minutes before six, after ten hours constant hard running.—

Many

Many of the gentlemen tired three horses each. Only eleven couple and a half of hounds were in at the death.—A curious proof of the fox-hounds' stoutness occurred some years since to Colonel Pearson. A couple and a half of young, newly entered hounds, followed him on horseback; they strayed into a large cover by the road side, and presently found something, which they very eagerly hunted; after trying for a long time to call them off, Mr. P. proceeded to Colchester, where his business detained him some hours; upon his return, he heard them in the cover, and found, by some people at work near the side of it, that they had continued running during his absence, and had driven a fox over the field in which the workmen were, backwards and forwards, several times. Mr. P. then encouraged them, and after hunting the fox for a long time in the cover, he at last broke, and was killed after a run of some miles. The time that these three hounds were running, was at least seven hours; and by far the greatest part of it they had no voice to encourage them to persist.

Mr. George Baker's Romulus broke away singly with a fox, and killed him, after a chase of eighteen miles.

Upon the 19th of February, 1783, a fox was unkenelled near Boroughbridge, Yorkshire, at 27 minutes past nine, and, except half an hour taken up in bolting him from a rabbit-burrow, the hounds had a continued run until fourteen minutes past five in the evening, when they killed. During this space, of nearly eight hours hard running, several horses died in the field, and many others were so hurt as never to be perfectly recovered.—In 1793, Sir Charles

Davers's hounds found a leash of foxes in one cover; the hounds divided into three parts, each had a very severe run, and each killed their fox!—In 1795, a pack of fox-hounds, in Cambridgeshire, after running a fox near an hour, found a brace of fresh foxes: the hounds divided, six couple and a half went away with one of them, and killed at Weatherfield, in Essex; one couple pursued the other, and killed him at Thurlow Park Gate: fifteen couple and a half stuck to their hunted fox, and killed at the bottom of Gogmagog Hills, after one hour and three quarters chase without a check, and in which time they were supposed to have run near thirty miles!

Of a fox-hound's undaunted spirit, the following is a decisive proof:—"In drawing a strong cover, a young bitch gave tongue very freely, whilst none of the other hounds challenged. The whipper-in rated to no purpose. The huntsman insisted she was wrong, and the whip was applied with great severity; in doing this, the lash accidentally struck one of her eyes out of the socket; notwithstanding this painful situation, the bitch again took the scent, and proved herself right; for a fox had stole away, and she broke cover after him, unheeded and alone; however, after much delay and cold hunting, the pack hit off the chase. At some distance, a farmer informed the sportsmen that they were far behind the fox, for that a single hound, very bloody about the head, had passed a field off from him, and was running breast high, and that there was little chance of their getting up to him. The pack, from her coming to a check, did at length get up, and, after some cold hunting, the bitch,

bitch again hit off the scent, and the Fox was killed after a long and severe run; when the eye of the bitch, which had hung pendant during the chase, was taken off by the huntsman's scissars.

NEW ANECDOTES.

A Candidate for the Stage, lately applied to the manager of Drury-Lane Theatre for an engagement. After he had exhibited specimens of his various talents, the following dialogue took place between the manager and him. "Sir, you stutler." "So did Mrs. Inchbald."—"You are lame of a leg." "So was Foote."—"You are knock-kneed." "So is Wroughton."—"You have a dammed ugly face." "So had Westop."—"You are very short." "So was Garrick."—"You squint abominably." "So does Lewis."—"You are a mere monotonous mannerist." "So is Kemble."—"You are but a miserable copy of Kemble." "So is Barrymore."—"You have a perpetual whine." "So has Pope."—"In comedy you are quite a buffoon." "So is Jack Bannister."—"You sing as ill as you act." "So does Kelly."—"But you have all those defects combined." "So much the more singular."

The French stage has lately produced several little pieces in honour of peace. One of these, at the *Vaudeville*, produced some tolerably good songs. The plot is, that an English sailor, who had been prisoner at St. Valery, lands from the fleet in a small boat to visit *Agatha*, the daughter of a master carpenter, with whom he had fallen in love during his captivity. He is discovered by the towns people however, and would have been put in prison again as a spy, but the guns fire, announcing peace, and the honest sailor in-

stantly marries *Mademoiselle Agatha*, daughter of *Maitre Gervais*, the carpenter.

The songs are full of puns; one of those most applauded was, when the sailor says, "that, though exchanged, he is still a prisoner to his mistress." She answers, "that *there* he shall never be *exchanged*." Another, much applauded, was, when a journeyman carpenter, consulting how they should name a ship, about to be launched, says, "that a good name is of more importance to a ship than people imagine."—*Maitre Gervais* answers, that in this case he cannot hesitate, he must call the ship *Bonaparte*.

MASQUERADE ANECDOTE.

The following droll circumstance occurred lately in the metropolis:—Two gentlemen, just on the point of setting off to a masquerade, were called upon by an acquaintance, who saw them into a hackney-coach, and took his leave, lamenting that particular business prevented his sharing in the amusement. They drove off, and very soon reached the rooms, which they had scarcely time to reconnoitre, when they were accosted by a coachman, who demanded his fare. The two gentlemen were much surprised; but having no doubt that it was the same coachman who drove them, they told him that he was mistaken, and desired him to recollect whether one of them had not paid him upon the steps, instantly on quitting the carriage?—No; *Coachy* remembered nothing of that: "and he would not be *bilked* by *ee'er* a *gemman* in England."—In short, he became so noisy, as to attract the notice of the company. The gentlemen were greatly embarrassed; the masks gathered round; and the *supposed* coachman was on the eve of being kicked out of the room, as an impudent, im-

posing scoundrel, when he threw off his disguise, and proved to be not the coachman, but the friend who had seen the gentlemen into the coach; and who, having soon dispatched his particular business, lost no time in following them,—thus to salute them in another character!

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

HISTORY OF CLUBS. No. II.

THE BUCKS.

A Brief Historical Account of the Institution of the Most Noble Order of Bucks; as it has been collected from Traditional Accounts and Records of Antiquity, now remaining in the City of Bagdell, which is the same as the ancient Babylon, the original, and once flourishing seat of the Most Noble Order, and transmitted from thence by a British Buck resident in those parts.

NIMROD was the great Founder of the Order; he was the great grandson of Noah; for Nimrod was the son of Chus, who was the son of Cham or Ham, who was the son of Noah.

Now the earth, after the flood, having been divided between the three sons of Noah, it fell to the lot of Ham to be possessed of Egypt, all Africa, a great part of Syria, Arabia, Babylonia, and Assyria; together with divers other countries, the right of which came, by descent, to his grandson, Nimrod.

The ignorance of those days shut out from the people the knowledge of polite arts, and the valuable advantages of a social life; they rather chose to dwell in caves, and frequent the woods alone, or in small parties, where they were frequently devoured by wild beasts, which abounded in those parts, than to form themselves into civil society, or enter into mutual bonds of friendship for the support and service of each other.

This being perceived with regret by Nimrod, who was desirous to civilise and make social that ancient people, and make the land flourish which was the seat of his inheritance, he endeavoured, by every art, to persuade them into their security and happiness, but with little success; till, by his application to hunting, and his great excellence in that art, he gained the admiration and esteem of the people; and, by a peculiar epithet, was called by them "*A mighty hunter before the Lord.*" And they were frequently prevailed on to accompany him in his sports, as they found their own security in it; from the vast number of beasts he daily killed, and which had before destroyed many of them. By this means they began to be more sociable, and to shake off, by degrees, their former rusticity.

Now it was that Nimrod first established this most noble Order, and with that the first and great empire of the world, called the Babylonian Empire. This happened, according to the best accounts, about the year of the world 1814, or 2190 before Christianity. What greatly conduced to establish the Order, was a circumstance which tradition relates as follows:—

Nimrod having found out the use of the grape, invented the making that noble wine, dignified by the ancients with the name of *Nectar*, and feigned by them to have been drank by the Gods. He happened one day to lead the people a more than ordinary chase, and they were fatigued with the toil of their sports. Nimrod, to relieve them, introduced his most excellent wine, which they had no sooner tasted, than their spirits became exhilarated; they forgot their former toil, and passed the evening with cheerfulness and jollity, which gave them an idea of the

the pleasures of society; a pleasure to which, till then, they had been strangers to.

From hence it is, that the ancients stiled Nimrod, the God of Wine and cheerfulness, under the denomination of Bacchus, or more properly *Bar chus*. *Bar* signifying a son, and Nimrod was the son of Chus, and it agrees with the ancient account of their Bacchus in other particulars; for they feign Bacchus to be descended from Jupiter, and Nimrod's great grandfather was called Jupiter Ammon. Besides, the most ancient name of Bacchus, was Zagreus, which signified a strong hunter, answerable to the epithet given to Nimrod. Bacchus was also feigned to be born at Nisa, in Arabia; and Nimrod is well known to have been an Arabian.

However this be, the people having once tasted the pleasures of a social life, resolved, under the direction of Nimrod, to form themselves into a society, and set apart times for festivity and merriment. Therefore, Nimrod, to encourage them in their resolution, set apart to each man a portion of land, and instructed them in the art of culture and management of the vine, reserving to himself a yearly stipend, called a *quit rent*, as a testimony of their allegiance to him. This custom of giving the Bucks estates, is, therefore, still kept up, though now it is merely nominal.

Nimrod also instructed them in the more civil arts of architecture and design. They built that ancient and magnificent structure, the Tower of Babel, as a Grand Lodge to entertain the Order in. But the most material instructions he gave them, were a few setentious principles, as mementos, which he laid down as a foundation-stone for

that political structure he was then erecting, and which would make them more lasting, and of greater extant, than the Tower of Babel; which principles were, what are now the standing mottos of the order, viz.

"Unanimity is the strength of society."

"Be merry and wise."

"Freedom with innocence."

"Industry produces wealth."

He caused these mottos to be inscribed on the principal parts of that great tower, since the destruction whereof, many stones have been found, with the inscription entire, in the ancient Syriac character.

Upon these principles he rested secure in government, well knowing, that while they subsisted among his people, all the nations of the earth could never prevail against him; and he called them *Bar chus's*, or sons of *Chus* (as they were his adopted brothers); which, by the corruption of the word, and the common fate of languages, and probably for the sake of brevity, has deviated into the name of Bucks, though some will have it, that Buck was the original name, as it is significant of that noble exercise which was the first occasion of the institution.

That the above principles should be inviolably observed, he instituted officers to each society, from among those which he had before (in consideration of their merit) distinguished by certain denominations, according to their different employs in their hunting exercise—Rangers, Forresters, and Keepers. One of the society he chose annually to preside as a Grand, or Chief Buck, in each respective company; who was to choose a sufficient number of deputies to preside in his absence,

and also a number of Forresters to be of his council, proportioned to the largeness of each society, and gave them a power to make such rules and orders, from time to time, as they should see necessary (consistent with the above-named general principles); and also for the better promoting good fellowship, freedom of conversation, innocent mirth, and every social virtue, as good companions. The people being informed by public proclamation, they all bowed, and said—*We obey.*

From these civil societies, Nimrod chose the most eminent to be of his council in matters political; and they framed the system of government, by which the Babylonian, and after that the other great empires of the world were governed. So that the Bucks are not only the most ancient, but the most noble of all societies, as it was the original foundation of all distinction, and productive of every blessing that mortals can enjoy.

During the reign of Nimrod, and his successors, down to the reign of Tonos Concoleres, by the Greeks and Romans called Sardanapalus, the thirtieth in succession of the Babylonian and Assyrian Emperors, the Order flourished in its greatest dignity and splendour; and, as the people increased, was transplanted into all the then known parts of the world. Most of the monarchs and great men that have ever lived, have been of this Order; but by the destruction of that Prince (through his degeneracy from Buck principles), and with him, of that noble empire, by Arbaces, the governor of Media, and by the progressive conquests and government of the Persians, Grecians, Romans, Partlians, Sa-

racens, Persian Sophies, and Caliphs, the Order has been in a fluctuating and itinerant state, and gone hand in hand with the fate of kingdoms, states, and times; for it is remarkable of the Order, that as good sense and good manners, friendship and fidelity, were ever the criterion of Bucks, so in what kingdom, state, or time, so ever they flourished, those valuable qualities infused themselves into that people among whom they were.

As to the Bucks first setting foot in Britain, it is said, that Julius Cæsar having made conquest of the eastern parts (as well as Britain), was the first that transplanted them from thence into this kingdom: but others assert, that British Bucks were of a much more ancient date, though undoubtedly he encreased their number.

Since Julius Cæsar, though the like fate that, from Sardanapalis, caused its peregrination into different countries, has sometimes obscured the splendour of the Order in Britain, yet it has never been totally extinguished, but seems, at present, to be drawing to its original lustre, as there are now in London the following Lodges—

Babylonian,
Assyrian,
Euphrates,
Hellespont,
Brunswick,
European,
Macedonian,
Arthurian,
Arabian,
Mecklenburgh,
Agricultarian,

Of what is called the United Order. They are held on different nights of the week, by which means the Bucks of one Lodge have an opportunity

opportunity of visiting the rest. Once a year it is customary for each society to pay a grand visit to a sister lodge; at which time the Grand and his Officers go in their regalia, and make a splendid appearance.

In each Lodge, the Grand is assisted by a council of twelve or more, that meet as often as the Grand thinks fit, for the welfare of the Lodge; and any grievance they have to alledge, or motion to make for the good of the Order, is presented to the Grand Quarterly Committee, consisting of the Noble Grands, Noble Bucks, and their deputies of every Lodge, who hear, determine, and redress all matters laid before them; a copy of the proceedings of which Committee is signed by the Grand Secretary, and sent to all the Lodges of the United Order.

Besides the Lodges above-mentioned, there are three very respectable societies of Bucks (though not of the United Order); the one is called the Mother Lodge, and held at the Castle, Moorgate; the Pewter Plaster Lodge, held in Cross-street, Hutton Garden; and the Royal Hanoverian Lodge, at the Horn Tavern, in Doctors' Commons.

The making of a Buck, was originally five shillings and six-pence; and when he attended the Lodge, he spent one shilling and two-pence. There was no fine for non-attendance, and only six-pence per annum paid to the society, quit-rent, for the estate of Five Hundred Pounds per year, which the Grand Buck makes a present of to every new-made brother, and of which he is ordered to take possession as soon as he can.

(To be continued.)

HUNTING EXPRESSIONS ELUCIDATED.

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

READING the other day an old French Treatise on Hunting, the title whereof is, *La Venerie de Jacques du Fouilloux à Paris, 1573*, I was much entertained with the singularity of his notions, and the great eulogiums he had penned in honour of the chase. In hopes it may likewise amuse some of your readers, the following notes are extracted from that book; which, to the best of my knowledge, has never been translated, and is probably very scarce. In his dedication to Charles IX. of France, he observes, that men in all ages have given themselves up to various pursuits; some to high or occult sciences; some have recreated their minds by the study of Philosophy; and others have servilely stooped to the mechanic arts, in order to gain worldly riches, or to gratify their innate avarice. From these premises he infers, that the attending to such exercises as will promote health, vigour and jocundity, are highly commendable; amongst which, none are comparable in his estimation to the delights of the chase. "These," he says, "have added strength to my youth, with the hopes of fame, of longevity which my ancestors enjoyed by their strong attachment to it." In his address to the French gentry of that time, he styles the diversion, "a most delectable labour, a polite exercise;" and affirms, that "Hunters are a set of men the least to be accused of indolence." By hunting, he means the grand parade of forcing the stag, or running the wild boar.

The

The fox and hare occupy a much inferior station, which he considers only as a *menu divertissement*; notwithstanding, he allows, hare-hunting to be a pleasant amusement, and free from danger; but he seems totally unacquainted with the ardour of our modern fox-chase; and figures his reynard in the same tank with wolves, badgers, otters, &c. There is much humour in his remarks on the character and convivial disposition of a true sportsman, whose noble occupation, he says, exhilarates the mind, gives agility to the body, and strength to the appetite; maintaining (how true I cannot say) that it lessens our natural propensity to evil, increasing courage and resolution for dangerous exploits. He reckons Xenophon and Appian, as writers upon these subjects; among the Latins, the Poet Grotius, Pope Adrian VI. with many others of more modern date; and concludes, by observing, that the lovers of Diana, frequently become the most intrepid sons of Mars.

Such is the substance, and in some places the direct words of Monsieur du Fouilloux, Seigneur de Gastine en Poitou; but the style of our Poitevin, is too obsolete to bear a literal translation; I have therefore only endeavoured to preserve a specimen of the original. This book, to all appearance may be valuable, and my supposition is grounded on having observed it enquired for by an advertisement in a Country Newspaper, which circulates around a celebrated hunt. This is not to be wondered at, as it contains a number of curative receipts respecting dogs, and also embellished with a great variety of neat wooden cuts. It has likewise thrown some light, in my opinion, upon our hunting excla-

mations, such as *tallio*, or *tally-ho*, *hoix*, *hark-forward*. These are borrowed from French words, which appear in this book, under musical notes. The first is *tyehilbaut*, or *thia-hillaud*; the second is derived from *haut-icy*, or *haut-icey*; thirdly, *forhuer*, or *fort huer*, is the huntsman's cry. Thus these words are mere sounds, with little or no meaning, yet their etymology has often embarrassed me; but allowing, for our frequent corruption of French terms, I think their derivation is here plainly made out. *Halloo!* for the same reason originates from *lah-le-loup*, or *au-loup*; wolves being formerly common in England, as well as on the Continent, and this word served as a shout to set the dogs on a pursuit, which expression continues in use to this day, though no wolves be found in either Great or Ireland, since the time that a premium was ordered by a law for their destruction.

JEAN JAKUES.

Somers Town, Jan. 4.

ANNUAL MEETINGS,

Pursuant to a late Resolution of the Jockey Club,

THE Meetings at Newmarket will, in future, begin as follows, viz.

The Craven Meeting, on Easter Monday.

The First Spring Meeting, on that day fortnight.

And the Second Spring Meeting, on that day month.

The July Meeting, about the 10th of July.

The First October Meeting, on Monday, before the first Thursday in October.

The Second October Meeting, on that day fortnight.

And

And the Houghton Meeting, on that day month.

That the King's Stables, at Newmarket, is the place of entrance, and the place for weighing is at the King's Stand.

HINTS ON MODERN IMPROVEMENTS IN EATING, RIDING, AND WALKING.

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

THE present age is undoubtedly distinguished for improvements beyond those of all former ages; but it has long been a question with me, whether our improvements are not too transitory, whether we make the best possible use of them, and whether the genius which invented them has been duly rewarded.

Some men of great capacity in sporting with the appetite, have, for wagers, contrived to eat at one meal, as much as would suffice for five men, and drink in proportion. Much as I admire extraordinary abilities, the present time is not the proper one for exertions of this kind. These men, however, might be useful in war, if we could contrive to quarter them upon the enemy, and send them into their camp, like foxes and firebrands. But as to their employment at home, however ingenious they think themselves, it is absolutely irreconcilable with the current prices of Leadenhall-market.

In the entertaining pages of your amusing Magazine, I have read of another species of very singular geniuses, who presented their abilities to an admiring world. They actually ate *live cats*. Now, al-

though cats are somewhat of a common property, and have not yet been *made game* of, still I have my doubts whether they are not useful in the destruction of vermin, and, therefore, if those who have made war with the cats, merely from a peculiarity of taste, will not follow up their voracity, by devouring rats and mice at the same time, we shall not be gainers by these gentlemen.

A few years since, we were mightily surprised and entertained with the discovery of Air-balloons. This promised to be a new æra in the history of mankind, to diminish the price of landed property, to realize the proverbial fiction of building castles in the air, and to wean our affections from sub-lunary pursuits. It was then expected that we should *look up* for the arrival of our friends from the country, that turnpike gates would no longer be formidable for their expense or extortions; that all the inconveniences of wheel-carriages might be dispensed with, and our only contests on this new road would be to soar higher and fly swifter than the feathered tribe. Parties were formed to visit the regions of the Moon, and new phaetons determined to drive the chariot of the Sun, regardless of the fate of that enterprising youth. In a word, the highway was to be deserted, and the milky way to be the only promenade of fashion, and the rendezvous of the gay and the busy. How soon this *rage* ended, most of my readers must remember, and travellers are now on the *footing* they were before that important discovery, nor is it reckoned a proof of a grovelling spirit to be a pedestrian.

Other discoveries have been made from time to time, which have been equally neglected as to practical

practical use: We have men, who have invented a mode of riding on three horses at one time. This has been often performed before thousands of spectators, who have applauded the discovery with heart and hand. Now of what use this can be, has not yet been explained. It is said to ease the horses, which I suppose may be the case. It reminds me of two Irish travellers, who, having ten miles to walk, concluded they could do it easily, as it was only five miles a-piece! The art of riding on three horses would, therefore, have been very generally practised, if the proportions of their feeding could be adapted to those of their labour. But I am afraid, as horses cannot be made to understand this, the art of riding upon three at a time must be content to remain in a very few hands.

Some of these ingenious persons, I observe, have attained, in very great perfection, the art of riding upon their *heads*. But this, likewise, is at present a species of *monopoly*. It is not applied to general use, although the advantages of it must be very obvious. It would prevent that galling, which is so extremely inconvenient to persons not used to riding on horseback, and which subjects them not only to much personal inconvenience, but likewise to many scurvy jests and gibes. Upon this account, riding upon the head ought to be practised by all who have heads, especially of the hard kind, as free from most of the objections the other mode is liable to. Whether it ought to be recommended to the fair sex, may admit of some doubts. Those who think that the perfection of the sex, is to get rid of the prejudices of education, would, I presume, have no objection to a revolution of this kind.

There are a third class of geniuses equally neglected and unemployed, as to all useful purposes, who have discovered a mode of dancing upon a rope, and walking upon it with as much ease as upon the solid ground. I have often been surprised, that this invention has not been generally adopted. It comes the nearest to that of the Balloons. To travel with rapidity, a man has only to fix a rope on the place from whence he sets out, and send the rest of the rope in a waggon to the place he wishes to go to, where the other end may be fixed on the top of a church, cathedral, or other high situation. These ropes, too, might be made stationary, and describe to an inhabitant of the upper regions, the *fac simile* of all the high roads, and cross roads of the kingdom, as laid down in the map, but more upon a scale of right lines, which would amazingly facilitate travelling. The traveller might either walk or dance the whole way at pleasure, and descend by means of his balance whenever he wished to bait. At present, I am sorry to say it, this invention is used merely as an amusement to a few holiday folks, who, by the bye, would be much better amused by a rope-dancer, if they could forget the chance he seems to have of breaking his neck.

At present we behold, and daily hear of many improvements in the art of walking on the ground. Hence, the many walking-matches which are the rage of the day, and by which we hear of men who can walk longer without being knocked up, as the phrase is, than a horse; that they require less food, and less sleep, on a journey of 100 miles. Now, if a man is capable of doing all this, may we not naturally ask, why is he

he not a horse, or a substitute for a horse? Six such men might be employed in drawing a mail-coach; and the nobility who have to make a singular, as well as brilliant appearance on a birth-day of their Majesties, might harness six of their footmen, in splendid liveries, properly broke in; but it would not be necessary for this purpose. They should draw more than five miles an hour; but those trained to the road, would of course be able to go over twice the ground in that time. Farmers know, that as much land is necessary for the feed of one horse, as would maintain three men. Of course we should be able to plant more corn, and in all other respects, the savings would be great. Our lives would undoubtedly be safer, as in this case there would be no danger of the cattle taking fright, and running down precipices. They would have an interest in preserving their masters' lives for their own sakes; and, indeed, should they be skittish or restive, application might be made to a neighbouring justice of peace, who would soon set all to rights, though perhaps notwithstanding a little *whipping*. These animals themselves would also have many advantages; that of being able to complain, is none of the least, and which we well know, horses do not possess, however barbarously they may be treated; a proof not only of the cruelty, but of the ingratitude of their owners. If, therefore, we hear a man boasting, that he can walk a hundred miles in a day, let him be immediately *put to*, and if he performs half that distance in a single-horse chaise, he may certainly be more usefully employed this way, than by swearing and drinking.

Such, Gentlemen, are a few of the modern improvements, which have hitherto been confined

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exclusively to the inventors. I might mention others; such as, the *fire-eaters*, and those who make a comfortable *meal of pebbles*. The abilities of all these persons might undoubtedly, and ought to be converted into more useful purposes, than merely adding to the sports of a country fair.—Your's, &c.

Jan. 5.

I. I. B.

ILLEGALITY OF BULL-BAITING.

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

I HAVE noticed in your last, what you have extracted from the Bury paper, of the shameful treatment of a young tame bull, at Bury, on the 5th of November last.

The term, BULL-BAITING, disgusting as it is, does not sufficiently characterise this outrage on humanity, good order, and the safety of a populous town.

But you go on—"It seems they are sanctioned by an Act of Parliament."—Had you attended to my letter, I think you would, at least, have doubted of the truth of this supposition, with respect to sanction. An Act of Parliament could not have sanctioned cruelty and injustice. It could, at most, only protect it from civil punishment. I know not of any such Act of Parliament, as protects *bull-baiting* at a stake. Until any one can shew such an Act, I shall rely on the best information my reading and researches give me, that there is not such a disgrace to our parliamentary code. If such an Act could be shewn, I am sure it ought to be repealed; and I trust that now it would be repealed. In the mean time, I trust the idea that there is such an act

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out to the parson, who stood at the top. "Doctor, as you have not confined your studies to geography, but know all things from the surface to the centre, pray how far is it from this pit, to that in the infernal regions?"—"I cannot exactly ascertain the distance (replied the divine) but let go your hold, and you'll be there in a minute."

*THE LIFE, ADVENTURES, and
OPINIONS, of COL. GEORGE
HANGER.*

[Continued from page 132.]

THE reader will give me credit, I trust, for having passed through my campaign to the north so peaceably as I have done, having not dealt in the exploits of war further than was absolutely necessary to keep up the chain of my adventures. I trust also he will applaud my humanity in not shocking his feelings: for, as yet, I have not drawn one drop of blood of the enemy; nor is it my intent. I have also studiously avoided relating all those calamities and horrors that in war are impossible to be prevented in the best-disciplined armies, some of which, were I to relate them, I assure the reader, would make his wig stand on end on his head; but a truce to murder, plunder, and desolation. Let the reader be assured, if his wig is not incommoded by other circumstances, my writings shall never disturb it.

In the progress the army under Lord Cornwallis made to the upper parts of North Carolina, I caught the yellow fever at Charlottebourg. Tarleton was just recovering from it as I sickened. When the army marched from that town, myself, and five officers,

who had the same disorder, were put into waggons and carried with the army. They all died in the first week of our march, and were buried in the woods as the army moved on.

My sickness happened in the autumn, at which time the rainy season sets in, when small rivulets, which, generally, the soldier may walk through and not wet him above the ankles, swell, in a few hours, to such an height, as to take a man up to the neck, and oftentimes for some hours impede the march of an army. In passing several of these small brooks, the straw on which I lay in the waggon was often wetted. Kind nature had endowed me with a constitution much stronger than the generality of mankind, or the damps I encountered must have killed me. The fatigue of travelling alone brought the other five officers, in a very short time, to their graves. I took the advantage of the escort of a regiment, which was ordered to leave the army and march down out of North Carolina to Camden, in South Carolina, where I arrived safe, and all but dead. There Lord Rawdon (now Earl Moira) commanded. I had travelled over a great extent of country, in a waggon; so that from the roughness of the roads, and the general debility of my whole frame, I was reduced to something very like a skeleton. I was, indeed, so weak, that I could not turn myself, but was forced to be moved by my attendants when I wanted for ease to change my posture. In this miserable situation I lay so long, first on one side, then on the other, and then on my back, that the bones of my back and each hip came fairly, or rather freely, through the skin. I then had no other posture to lay in but on my stomach

stomach, with pillows to support me.

The reader may think that I exaggerate the miseries I suffered, for surely no man ever endured more; but, I pledge my honour, that all I relate is strictly true: but I will give additional testimony to my own; for, having the honour to dine at Lord Moira's house in St. James's Place, about two years after my arrival in England, where his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Sir Henry Clinton, General Vaughan, General Crosbie, and many other officers who had served in America, were present, his Lordship could not refrain from observing how surprising it was that a man should be sitting in that company, whose bones he had absolutely seen, at Camden, come through his skin.—The disorder at last fell down into my legs, which, I am of opinion, saved my life; as that moment I began to recover. Till that circumstance I had taken nothing to support me but opium and port-wine for three weeks, as nothing else would stay on my stomach. I now began to have an appetite, and by degrees I recovered; but for a long time could not walk without the assistance of one crutch. If I do not actually owe my life to Earl Moira, I certainly am indebted to him for the more speedy recovery of my health, from the many comfortable and nourishing things he sent me every day from his own table, which my servants could not make, and were not to be purchased; and the butchers meat killed at that time of the year is absolutely little better than carrion at Camden.

I was witness to the arduous task to which this nobleman, young in years, but a veteran in abilities and military science, was appointed, and from which he ex-

tricated himself with so much honour to his talents, and advantage to his country.—Lord Cornwallis's army was marched into Virginia, and Lord Rawdon left to protect South Carolina, with a feeble force, against the whole power which General Green could assemble in both the provinces; and he unquestionably (without any disparagement to the military character of General Washington) was the best and most active officer in the whole American army. From Camden I went down to Charlestown, where I found my old friend Doctor Hayes, (now Sir John Macnamara Hayes) physician-general to our army, who assured me, that, notwithstanding the great debility I laboured under, my stamina was sound and unimpaired; and that if I would either go to sea for two or three months, and take my passage to the northward, so-as to quit, for a short time, that baneful climate, I should be as good a man as I ever was, in respect to health, Captain George Montague, an intimate friend of mine, who commanded the Pearl frigate, was ordered by the Admiral, with the Iris frigate, Captain Dawson, to cruise off the Bermuda Islands; and he kindly took me on board. I remained at sea above three months; and so beneficial was the sea-voyage, and bathing every morning in the salt water, that, before three weeks were passed, I had laid aside my crutch.

During our voyage, I had the pleasure of landing at Bermudas, a beautiful spot, and the most healthy climate on the face of the whole earth. Sick persons from the West Indies, and the Carolinas, resort to this island for the recovery of their health. Being situated a great distance from any land, it feels not the heat of summer,

mer, from the perpetual refreshing breezes of the ocean. There are here two species of fish, uncommonly fine, and of a very luscious quality, called grooper and porgey; the one equal to a john-dorie; the other superior in flavour to a carp. This island swarms with poultry, and yields the finest onions, both which are sent to the West Indies. Cedar wood is in great plenty on this island; so much so, that all the schooners and sloops are built with it: they are very light and buoyant, and sail faster than any vessels. The time for our cruise being expired, Captain George Montague bore away for the Chesapeake Bay. We made the Capes about two o'clock P. M. and were standing into the Bay. It was my intent to land at the first British port, and proceed to join my regiment, the British Legion, commanded by Colonel Tarleton. A privateer, however, fortunately bore down to us, and informed us that the Count De Grasse, with a French fleet, lay at anchor up the Bay. If it had not been for this intelligence, we should have anchored at night, in the middle of the French fleet, as we imagined we should find the British fleet there.

Thus, by my being at sea for four months, did I escape being captured with Lord Cornwallis's army, as well as the being made prisoner at sea by Count De Grasse. We stood out a great distance to sea that night, in order to avoid the track of another French fleet coming from Rhode Island to join Count De Grasse, and then made the best of our way to New York, where we heard all the particulars relative to the situation of Lord Cornwallis's army, which, in about six or seven weeks afterwards, surren-

dered to the joint forces of the French and Americans.

It is necessary for me to observe, that I sailed from New York with that fleet of men of war (in my friend Montague's frigate) which took on board ten thousand chosen troops, the prime of the British and Hessian forces, under the command of Sir Henry Clinton, with the intent to relieve Lord Cornwallis's army. This force, unfortunately, arrived three or four days after Lord Cornwallis's army had capitulated.

The fleet, with the troops on board from New York, finding this misfortune had befallen the army in Virginia prior to their arrival, returned to New York.—This misfortune drew the war to a conclusion.

The next year Sir Henry Clinton went home. I lost my kind protector and friend, and the army the best of men and a most gallant soldier. Sir Guy Carleton, now Lord Dorchester, assumed the command of the army in America. The manner in which this gallant and distinguished veteran received me, after all those officers, under whose auspices I had served the whole war, were departed for England, was highly gratifying to my feelings; and the assurance he made me, on his arrival at New York, of employing me in a very active line, (provided the war had continued) deserves my warmest thanks.

I cannot refrain from relating a ludicrous conversation which took place between Sir Guy Carleton and myself, one day, when I had the honour of dining at headquarters, immediately after his arrival, which strongly evinced his good humour and affability. The great skill which, from years of practice (even from a lad when
educated

educated in Germany), I had acquired in the knowledge of a rifle-gun, and the precision and perfection to which I had brought the art of shooting with a rifle, was well known to the army, and Sir Guy Carleton had been informed of it. At dinner, he said to me, sitting opposite to him, "Major Hanger, I have been told that you are a most skilful marksman with a rifle-gun. I have heard of astonishing feats that you have performed in shooting."—Thanking him for the compliment, I told his Excellency, that I was vain enough to say, with truth, that many officers in the army had witnessed my adroitness. I then began to inform Sir Guy how my old deceased friend, Colonel Ferguson, and myself, had practised together, who, for skill and knowledge of that weapon, had been so celebrated, and that Ferguson had ever acknowledged the superiority of my skill to his, after one particular day's practice, when I had shot *three* balls running into one hole.—Sir Guy replied to his, "I know you are very expert in this art."—Now, had I been quiet and satisfied with the compliment the Commander in Chief paid me, and not pushed his affair farther, it had been well for me; but I replied, "Yes, Sir Guy, I really have reduced the art of shooting with a rifle to such nicety, that, at a moderate distance, I can *kill a flea* with a single ball."—At this Sir Guy began to stare not a little, and seemed to indicate, from the smile on his countenance, that he thought I had rather outstepped my usual attainings in the art. Observing this, I respectfully replied, "I see, by your Excellency's countenance, that you seem doubtful of the singularity and perfection of my art; but, if I may presume

so much as to dare offer a wager to my Commander in Chief, I will bet your Excellency five guineas that I kill a flea with a single ball once in eight shots, at eight yards;"—(and, reader, I will bet you fifty guineas I do; and, what is more, the person who wagers with me shall decide the bet, to shew that there is no bubble in it.) Sir Guy replied, "My dear Major, I am not given to lay wagers; but for once I will bet you five guineas, provided you will *let the flea hop*."—A loud laugh ensued at the table; and, after laughing heartily myself, I placed my knuckle under the table, and striking the table, said, "Sir Guy, I knock under, and will never speak of my skill in shooting with a rifle-gun again before you."

[To be continued.]

A ROYAL ANECDOTE

Of Frederick II of Prussia, is related by Mr. Desenfans, in his Descriptive Catalogue of the Pictures purchased by him for the late King of Poland.

AT one period, Wouvermans painted in so small a size, that some of his pictures, like works in enamel, had been put in toilets and snuff-boxes. Frederick the II. King of Prussia, had one of them, representing a march of cavalry, painted on copper, and incrustated with a double-case gold watch, which he used to wear, till he gave it to a soldier, by whom he passed one day, as the man was on guard at the palace. The King having remarked that he wore a watch, and doubtful whether his own was set right, stopped and asked him, what o'clock it was; which question threw the soldier into confusion, who wore only a watch-chain, and had no watch; but, soon recovering, he pulled out a musquet-ball, to which the chain was

was fixed, and said, "My watch, Sire, does not tell the hour, but reminds me, that it is my duty to die fighting in the service of your Majesty."—"A brave man, who employs his time so, deserves to know how time goes," replied the King, and gave the soldier his own watch."

ACCOUNT OF MR. HATCHETT,
And his celebrated Coach Manufactory in
in Long Acre.

THIS excellent artist was born at Cranford, in the county of Middlesex, and served his apprenticeship to Mr. Petit, in London. He began business very early in life, we believe about his twenty-second year. His merit did not long lie concealed, for the present Earl of Berkeley employed him to make a coach on his coming of age; this was executed with such taste, and there was such an air of novelty through the whole, that it not only secured his Lordship's interest, but recommended him very strongly to many distinguished personages, who patronised him in every circle. He was the first that introduced the tim-whiskey; and, a short time after this, a three-wheeled carriage. His next work, we believe, was the arch-bottom phaeton, which still continues to be admired, being now in general use. The first invention that introduced him to a fortune, was some highly-finished fancy carriages which he sent to the East Indies; these met with such universal approbation, that any thing from his hands was held in the highest estimation in India.

His merit became so conspicuous now, that there were no limits to it where grandeur presided. His performances were talked of, and the Empress Catharine, of Russia, sent an order to him to make her a coach, after his own taste and ge-

nus; how he executed this, the universal applause it met with, here and in Petersburg, is a striking testimony of: for this he received fifteen hundred guineas. Some time after this he made a state car for Sir Thomas Rumbold, when Governor of Madras. This was so well approved of in that quarter, that he was, on the return of the fleet, employed to make a state coach for the Nabob of Arcot; to give a description of this magnificent piece of art would exceed our limits. The overflow at his manufactory for a month was incredible, and every one appeared so highly delighted, that it became a subject for some time. For this he received four thousand five hundred guineas. To enumerate the most distinguished carriages, made for the first personages in Europe, since that, would be tedious; the highest finished were, two for the Duc de Chartres and two for the Prince de Conti.

A short time after this he was appointed coach maker to his present Majesty of England, and to the Duke of Gloucester; and the next year the Empress of Russia and the Grand Duke conferred the same honour on him.

This artist is the first that introduced flowers in mother-o'-pearl on the bodies of carriages; and he was also the first that introduced the high varnish, now in such general estimation.

Of the manufactory, the front shop in Long-Acre, is appropriated to finished carriages, the number in general thirty. From this we are led into an extensive yard, one part for repaired carriages, the other for timber; the number of carriages one hundred; the wheelwrights, smiths, sawyers, and labourers, from this yard, are fifty. From this we are led to the first floor—In the first shop are carriage makers, to the number of twenty;

in the next shop are harness-makers, to the number of thirty. The next shop is for the finishing smiths, to the number of fifteen: this shop is circular, and commands a view from the centre of a number of smiths' fires from beneath, which has a very good effect by night. The next shop is for the painting of the carriage-part only; in this shop twelve painters are constantly employed. In the next shop there is a horizontal machine, which conveys finished carriages up and down. From hence we are led to the second floor. In the first shop the body-makers are employed, to the number of twenty. The next shop is for the trimmers or liners, to the number of six. The next shop is for the preparing and painting the different grounds; the number of those in employ here are eight. The next shop is for the herald-painters; the number six. The next shop is for the high-varnishing and japanning; the number of men six. The next shop is for the gilders; the number four.

In short, this very distinguished and extensive manufactory stands upon near two thousand feet of ground, and gives bread to two hundred men.

MORE PEDESTRIANISM.

PEDESTRIAN Exercises having now become fashionable, and the very extraordinary performance of Mr. Barclay having been for some time the topic of conversation, have led me into a more serious consideration of the subject than I at first supposed it could deserve; but I do not despair of drawing from it such national advantages, as will, in the end, obtain for me the approbation of every liberal and enlightened man in these united kingdoms. Having

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been myself always an enthusiastic admirer of pedestrian exploits, I have long thought on the means of arriving at excellence in so laudable an amusement; and, after the study and practice of a number of years, I find the following regimen, diet, and method of training, the best calculated to insure success.

There are three principal things to be attended to in preparing for a pedestrian effort; viz. strength, cunning, and agility. It is my purpose briefly to treat of the food proper to increase each of these grand desiderata.

First, as to strength; certainly the flesh of that noble animal the lion, is superior to any thing else that could be procured; but then, how difficult to obtain it! His Majesty's collection in the Tower is too much prized, and too well guarded, to give us the least shadow of hope from that quarter: indeed, Mr. Pidcock, of Exeter-Change, not long since announced the circumstance of the death of a lion, but such another opportunity of obtaining this prime food may not occur again for a number of years; therefore I would recommend a succedaneum: the strength of a bear, I believe, is generally allowed, and well known; and, I apprehend, was first discovered by the *warmth* of its embraces. The flesh of this animal may be at all times purchased of the renowned Mr. Vickery, now living in the neighbourhood of Covent-Garden, or his equally modest successor, in Bishopsgate-street, the ingenious Mr. Ross. I would recommend a due portion of this to be eaten *raw*, as a breakfast, changing from the leg to the shoulder; then a few slices of the loin, afterwards returning to the limbs, but carefully to avoid the entrails; and, indeed, every part but those I have named, except picking the pettitoes, which

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I would

I would allow merely as an amusement; but all to be taken *raw*.

As a drink, I shall name goat's milk, (being a *sure-footed* animal); and reluctantly I consent to the *melting* a small quantity of the bear's suet, in order to mix with it, by which means it will slip down more easily; for in this business *velocity* is to be considered a grand object. What is on the shin bone will afford an admirable lunch: and, for dinner, (to promote my second requisite, *cumming*) nothing will be found so efficacious as a plentiful portion of foxes brains; these, together with the feet of that sagacious animal, (which must assist the speed) will furnish a wholesome, light dinner. Should it not appear to entirely satisfy the stomach, a slice from the bear's haunches will complete the meal; but remember, all is to be eaten *raw*!—Tea I prohibit; spruce beer will recommend itself from its briskness.

My third thing necessary, *speed*, must be attended to in the business. My reader will, doubtless, anticipate me in recommending the legs of a fine old jack hare; indeed it will be necessary to have a copious supply of this valuable article, together with the loins and haunches of a full-grown greyhound, the one being nearly as good as the other; but not to forget to eat them both *raw*; and guard against swallowing them together, but take them on different nights; since, should they meet in the stomach, they might not agree, and therefore create an unpleasant pain and nausea. Should the person in training loath at last so much raw flesh, and languish for some unwholesome, and pernicious dressed meat; he may, once a week, indulge in a dish of stewed squirrels, or a broiled magpie; although I cannot embrace so great an absurdity as to suppose that cooked vic-

tuals will be of service; but the magpie being a hopping, skipping bird, and the squirrel clever at a jump, this food is least likely to lessen the agility.

On going to bed, a quantity of cut horse-hair, or cowitch, strewed between the sheets, will keep the body in exercise during the night; and in the morning, as usual, he must return to the diet of *raw flesh*.

At some future time I will treat of the *daily exercise*, and other particulars. In the mean time I remain, Gentlemen, your's at command,

A. B.

ANECDOTES OF THE LATE DR. MONSEY.

[Continued from page 143.]

A Particular apartment at Dr. Monsey's was devoted to mechanics, which displayed a confused collection of pendulums and wheels, nails and saws, hammers and chisels.

As long as age and sight allowed, in this recess he most days amused himself, and was particularly pleased in executing for himself, and even others, any necessary joiner's work.

It was always his pride to have an excellent watch, and a good clock: he possessed a time-piece of great value and exquisite workmanship, partly put together by Mr. Barber.

To two of his favourite clocks he had a string, which he could pull as he lay in bed; and when he could not sleep, which latterly was too often the case, it was his amusement to have recourse to his nocturnal companions, and count the tedious hours. A mischievous rogue, just as the Doctor was going to bed, put a feather into each of the clocks and stopped them. In the night, the old friends, in spite of

of all the Doctor's applications, were both silent: he rung his bell, instantly got up, called his servants, and the house was in confusion. The remainder of the night was spent in searching for and removing the cause of this misfortune; but the wag was forbidden his house for ever.

The mode he adopted for drawing his own teeth was uncommon: it consisted in fastening a strong piece of gatgut round the affected tooth firmly; the other end of the gatgut was, by means of a strong knot, fastened to a perforated bullet; with this a pistol was charged, and when held in a proper direction, by touching the trigger, a troublesome companion and a disagreeable operation were evaded.

Though he used to declare that he never knew this operation attended with any ill consequence, yet he scarce ever met with any body to adopt it, notwithstanding his frequent persuasions.

A person, whom he fancied he had persuaded to consent, went so far as to let him fasten his tooth to the gatgut; but then his resolution failed, and he cried out lustily that he had altered his mind:—"But I have not," said Monsey, holding fast the string, and giving it an instant and smart pull; "and you are a fool and a coward for your pains." The tooth was immediately extracted from the mouth of the reluctant, but not disappointed, patient.

He used to ridicule his neighbour, Mr. Hingestone, for asserting that the nave of a wheel, in the motion of a carriage, turned twice every time the circular part in which the outer end of the spokes are fixed turned once.

Though very different in front to Dr. Monsey, yet, if you followed Hingestone, there was a resemblance in wig, stooping, &c.

"Is that Dr. Monsey?" said a gentleman of Chelsea, who took him for the Doctor as he passed the window.—"I hope not," said Hingestone, turning round as he spoke.

This gentleman never forgave him, Monsey used to say, for cautioning him against Ranby's designs on his wife.

Such, with all his foibles, was Monsey; but the time was rapidly approaching when infirmity clouded his faculties, when the eye that enlivened and the ear that listened to his friend began to fail, narrative old age came on, and languor, pain, and petulance succeeded to wit which set the table on a roar, and sallies of ironical sarcasm which no "power of face" could resist.

He had exceeded the age of man; the accomplishment of his century was at hand; and he declared in the querulous voice of decrepitude, that he had outlived his pleasures and his friends.

The world was to him a desert; he was in a degree a stranger and alone; and, to use his own words, he was tired of life, but, like many fools and many philosophers, afraid to die.

The edge of the sword had cut through the scabbard, the candle had burnt to the socket, and the writer of this sketch "felt his convulsive grasp, caught his dying look, and heard that sigh which is repeated no more."

It has been the fashion to ridicule and censure that part of his will which directed his body to be sent to the anatomist after death; his reason for this was plausible, and I think just.

In the course of his practice he had often and strenuously recommended the opening the bodies of patients who had died of remarkable complaints, a conduct for which he had been grossly abused by the ignorant and uninformed.

He had, therefore, always determined to convince his enemies that what he had so frequently advised for his patients he was very willing to have performed on himself.

As a biographer, without a view to improvement, performs a nugatory task, and his readers at best have but unprofitable amusement, the life of Monsey may perhaps afford a not unuseful lesson to young and enterprising men of genius and learning.

He had been educated in a profession which, even in the country, might have rendered him, if not a brilliant, an useful and respectable member of society.

Roused by the enticing voices of ambition, luxury, and ease, he deserted the post in which Providence had placed him: he rushed on the wings of hope to the metropolis.

Endowed with strong discernment, possessed of no ordinary share of knowledge both of books and men, he took a satirical turn, and attempted to correct shabby enormity, to reform the abandoned, the impertinent, and the vain.

After a pause, let us ask the following questions:—Did he in general effect his purpose?—Does it appear that his change of situation advanced him on the road of happiness?—Did his rare talents elevate him to any great or lucrative employment?—Did his learning, and powers in conversation make him more feared or loved?—In a word, did they contribute to smooth his passage through life?—After considering these questions, the humble man may perhaps look up with thankfulness to Providence for blessing him with content, and the ignorant and unlearned cease to complain of not being initiated in those dangerous arts which so often tend to diminish the happiness of our neighbours as well as ourselves.

To conclude—Dr. Monsey had strong passions, pointed wit, and a lively imagination: his curiosity was ardent, insatiable, and often troublesome; but then his communication was rapid, copious, and interesting: he possessed a vein of humour, rich, luxuriant, and (as is the nature of *all humour*) sometimes gross, and sometimes inelegant.

If I may be permitted to borrow an allusion, I would say his wit was not the keen, shining, well-tempered weapon of a Sheridan, a Courtenay, or a Burke—it was rather the irresistible massy sabre of a Cossack, which, at the same time that it cut down by the sharpness of its edge, demolished by the weight of the blow.

To these qualities were added deep penetration and an incredible memory, which poured forth, in an unexhausted flow of words, the treasure of past years, which at times, like other treasures, was not without its dross. He was a storehouse of anecdote—a reservoir of good things—a living chronicle of past times.

His faults he either would not or could not conceal; they were prominent—a vitiated taste, a neglected dress, unseemly deportment, and disgusting language.

His treatment of the established clergy, who neither gave or received quarter from him, was unforgiving, and by no means liberal.

Yet, after all, let not the Courtier, the Philosopher, or Christian, be too sure, that, situated and used like Monsey, he would have acted a different part, or quitted the scene with more approbation.

It has been suggested to me by a literary friend, that the will of Dr. Monsey should be taken some notice of.

Without pointing out the uninteresting

interesting impertinence of displaying family concerns to the public eye, and diving into cabinets for domestic intelligence, it may be sufficient to observe, that he has left the bulk of his fortune, amounting to about sixteen thousand pounds, to his daughter for her life, and afterwards gives it by a long and complicated entail to her female descendants.

He mentions a young lady with the most lavish encomiums on her wit, taste, and elegance, and bequeaths her an old battered snuff-box, scarcely worth sixpence.

He mentions another young woman, to whom he says he meant to have left a legacy; but that he has discovered her to be a pert, conceited minx, with as many affected silly airs as a foolish woman of quality, which induced him to alter his mind.

He bequeaths his body for dissection; an old velvet coat to one friend, and the buttons to another; inveighs forcibly against Bishops, Deans, and Chapters, and gives annuities to two Clergymen who had resigned their preferment on account of the Athanasian doctrine.

EXTRA SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING, 1802.

Easter Tuesday, April 20.

THE Otlands' Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for all ages, Ditchin. — Those who declare forfeit before the 14th of January, pay only 10gs. forfeit.

	st.	lb.
Sorcerer	9	4
Cockfighter	9	2
Hippona	8	12
Slapbang	8	10

Rolla	—	8	10
Dick Andrews	—	8	8
Kill Devil	—	8	8
Lignum Vitæ	—	8	4
Chippenham	—	8	4
Anniseed	—	8	3
Hornby Lass	—	8	1
Surprise	—	8	1
Teddy the Grinder	—	8	1
Tuneful	—	8	1
Sir Sidney	—	7	12
Muley Moloch	—	7	11
Penelope	—	7	11
Lucan	—	7	10
Velvet Horn	—	7	8
Phœnix	—	7	4
Rigadoon	—	7	4
Squire Scout	—	7	3
Pacificator	—	7	3
Marianne	—	7	2
Yellow Mare filly	—	7	1
Traveller colt	—	7	0
Brother to Sir Sidney	—	6	12
Brother to Magic	—	6	10
Banaparte	—	6	10
Wilkes	—	6	10
Tulip filly	—	6	10
Attainment	—	6	8
Striver	—	6	6
Hospitality	—	6	6
Jack Chance	—	6	6
Pot80's grey colt	—	6	6

The above closed on Thursday Dec. 31, and will be divided into two classes.

CATALOGUE OF THE RACING STUD,

The property of the late James Smith Barry, Esq. on Sale by Private Contract.

STALLIONS.

- Lot 1. **T**TRIMMER, a chesnut horse, got by Young Marske, his dam by Bay Ranger, Phantom, Black Legs Mare, the dam of Old Marske.
2. Bergamotte, a bay horse, got by Highflyer, out of Orange Girl, by Matchem.
3. Old Tat, a brown horse, got by Highflyer,

Highflyer, his dam, Plaything, by Matchem, Regulus, &c. &c.

4. Improver, a brown horse, got by Trumpator, out of Lot 9.

BROOD MARES.

3. A brown mare, got by Saltram, Matchem, Regulus, sister to the Ancaster Starling. Covered by Trimmer, and supposed to be in foal.

6. Lullaby, a bay mare, own sister to Jannette, by Mercury, Highflyer, Snap, Miss Middleton. In foal by Old Tat.

7. Maria, a bay mare, by Highflyer, her dam, Nutcracker, by Matchem, out of a sister to the Ancaster Starling. In foal Sir Peter. N. B. This mare is the dam of Lot 4.

8. Orange Bud, a bay mare, by Highflyer, her dam, Orange Girl, by Matchem, Red Rose, by Babraham, Blaze, Fox, Darley's Arabian, Merlin. In foal by Trumpator. N. B. This mare is dam of Lot 14.

9. A brown mare, own sister to Lot 9. In foal by Sir Peter.

10. Theopha, a bay mare, own sister to Lot 3. In foal by Trumpator.

THREE YEARS OLD.

11. A bay filly, got by Volunteer, out of Maria, Lot 9.

12. Orange Flower, a brown colt, by Trumpator, out of Lot 10.

TWO YEARS OLD.

13. A bay filly got by Bergamotte, her dam by Amaranthus, out of Flashing Molly.

ONE YEAR OLD.

14. A chesnut filly, got by Trimmer, out of a bagot mare.

15. A brown filly, got by Fortunio, out of Maria's sister, Lot 11.

16. A bay filly, by Volunteer, her dam, Theopha, Lot 12.

17. A brown colt, by Old Tat, his dam, Hoity Toity, Lot 6.

18. A bay colt, got by Old Tat, his dam by Amaranthus, out of Flashing Molly.

DR. LETTSOM ON THE NECESSITY OF PRESERVING SMALL BIRDS.

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

WHEN Lieut. King was governor of Norfolk Island, he found, by experience, that the island was periodically visited by a desolating insect, which consumed the tender corn and maize, and nearly produced a famine. After every other endeavour had failed, it occurred to him, that poultry would not only eat, but fatten upon insects, penned his poultry upon the cultivated lands infested by insects, and thus gradually extirpated them; by degrees he increased his domestic stock of fowls to nearly three thousand, and these, on a subsequent visit from the insects, soon cleared the soil; and it has since been preserved in the most productive condition.

Some modern writer, I think J. Weld, junior, mentions in his Travels in America, that the crops of corn suffer greatly for want of proper birds to destroy the insects which infest that continent, and proposes the transportation thither of our common crow, to effect this purpose—a bird that is deprecated here for its supposed injury to the corn, a portion of which it certainly eats, but which philosophy will sacrifice to it for the superior good it performs, by destroying those insects, which are capable of producing infinite mischief to the grain and tender blade. I think, however,

However, Professor Barton enumerates our common crow among the birds indigenous to America. This reminds me here of an observation frequently made, although perhaps erroneously, that there are fewer insects after a hard frost in this country, and that it affords a prelude to a plentiful harvest. I can suppose, from chemical knowledge, that a frost may render the earth more nutritive to the seed committed to it, but not from the destruction of insects, which may even be preserved by the frost from the access of crows and other birds, whose food they partly constitute; and an intelligent farmer assures me, that the insects I allude to, are most numerous after a severe frosty winter, as the birds are by the severity of the weather, and hardness of the soil, precluded from finding them.

I imagine that our small birds, that frequent our fruit-trees, do more good by destroying insects, than mischief to the buds or fruit. Buffon, who gives a pompous account of the salacious and impudent disposition of the sparrows, supposes, if I mistake not, that, to nurture one nest of its young, about four thousand insects or caterpillars are devoted for their food.

I am, as an individual, so well satisfied with the visits of the feathered tribe on my small premises in the vicinity of London, as not only to discourage their destruction, but in severe weather, of frost or snow, to sprinkle corn in the walks for their preservation; and it might be suggested, from the numbers and varieties that frequent these premises, that they possess some medium of conveying to each other, a sense of the security they enjoy. Some, indeed, that are rare in these parts of England, I frequently meet with. Without much water, I have the king's

fisher. The diminutive and beautiful golden-headed wren is my denizen; the jay enlivens the trees, and creepers and wood-peckers climb their trunks.

J. C. LETTSOM.

Gronehill, Dec. 9, 1801.

SINGULAR AND ECCENTRIC CHARACTER.

MR. Archer, a gentleman of about ten thousand pounds per annum, chiefly landed property in Berkshire, and partly in Essex, died some time ago, and left a very large fortune, great part of which he gave to his wife, but the bulk went to his daughters by a former marriage. Besides his house in Berkshire, he had a fine mansion on his beautiful estate of Cooper-sale, near Epping, in Essex. But this house had been deserted for twenty years or more, no one being allowed to reside in it. On the death of Mr. Archer, it fell to the lot of one of his daughters, who, a few weeks ago, sent a surveyor to examine the house. His report is curious. Neither the gates of the court-yard, or the doors of the mansion-house, had been opened for the period of eighteen years. The latter, by order, were covered with plates of iron. The court-yard was crowded with thistles, docks, and weeds; and the inner hall with cobwebs. The rooks and jackdaws had built their nests in the chimnies, and the solemn bird of night had taken possession of the principal drawing-room. Several of the rooms had not been opened for thirty years. The pigeons had, for the space of twenty-five years, built their nests in the library (which contained some thousand books), having made a lodgment through the means of an aperture in one of the casements.

casements. Here they had, it is supposed, remained undisturbed for the space above-mentioned, as several loads of dung were found in the apartment. A celebrated naturalist, who was present at the opening of the house, declared he never saw cobwebs so beautiful before, or of such an amazing size. They extended the whole length of one room, from the ceiling to the ground. The wine, ales, and rum, of each of which there were large quantities, had not been touched for twenty years; they were found in fine order, particularly the port wine. The bailiff, the gardener, and his men, were expressly ordered by their late master not to remove even a weed from the gardens or grounds. The fish-ponds were untouched for many years. About a fortnight since, a gentleman having had permission to fish, caught several jacks, weighing fourteen and fifteen pounds each. All the neighbouring gentry have been to view the house and grounds, the ruinous condition of which forms a topic of general conversation.

The stile in which the late Mr. Archer travelled once a year, when he visited his estates, resembled more the pompous pageantry of the ancient Nobles of Spain, when they went to take possession of a Vice-Royalty, than that of a plain country gentleman. The following was the order of the cavalcade:—1st, The coach and six horses, with two postillions and coachman. Three out-riders. Post-chaise and four post-horses. Phaeton and four, followed by two grooms. A chaise-marine with four horses, carrying the numerous services of plate. This last was escorted by the under-butler, who had under his command three stout fellows; they formed a part of the household; all were armed

with blunderbusses. Next followed the hunters with their clothes on, of scarlet, trimmed with silver, attended by the stud-grooms and huntsman. Each horse had a fox's brush tied to the front of the bridle. The rear was brought up by the pack of hounds, the whipper-in, the hack-horses, and the inferior stablemen. In the coach went the upper servants. In the chariot, Mrs. Archer; or, if she preferred a less confined view of the country, she accompanied Mr. Archer in the phaeton, who travelled in all weathers in that vehicle, wrapped up in a swansdown coat.

FRENCH FORGERIES.

THE forgeries upon the Bank have lately been carried to an alarming extent: notes are executed under the base, but ingenious device of *French Emigrés*, some of whom are of distinguished families. The bills are so well counterfeited, that they are scarcely discoverable but by the thinness of the paper:—One of these dexterous *Comtes* is apprehended, and having been examined before Sir Richard Ford, and Mr. Graham. is, we believe, now fully committed for trial.—His mode of circulating was not less ingenious, than that of counterfeiting these notes. One of his plans was to parade opposite the window of some elegant *impure*, into whose apartments he soon procured an introduction, from his gentlemanly figure and appearance: before he retired, he always found it necessary to procure cash for a ten pound bank-note, which *Betty*, or the *black boy*, soon got exchanged at the shop of some neighbouring tradesman: in this felicitous way, he continued to put off counterfeit notes to a considerable amount, as

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no less than twelve of the finest women of their class in town, appeared before the magistrates with their domestics, on his last examination to give evidence against him. It is due to the French government to state, that they received the account of these forgeries with a laudable indignation.

ANOTHER SWINDLER OF THE FAIR SEX.

ABOUT the beginning of this month, the examination, &c. of a person at the Marlborough-street Police Office, took place, accused of swindling two young women out of four or five guineas each.—Under pretence of marrying them, he took them, at different times, in hackney-coaches, to Furnival's Inn, where, pretending he was going to his attorney for the marriage settlements, he borrowed the above sums of them to pay the expence; but never again appeared, leaving the damsels to sigh in the coach, "Oh me! how I long to be married!"

Being again examined at Marlborough-street, several new charges were preferred against him. One lady of easy virtue stated, that she accidentally became acquainted with him in the street about two months ago; that he represented himself to her as an officer in the 16th light dragoons, possessed of a good fortune. He called frequently at her lodgings in Mary-le-bone, where he borrowed, at different times, money to the amount of eleven pounds two shillings. One day he took from her apartments a silver nutmeg-grater; and, on another occasion, a silver knife and fork. The first article she gave him; but the last he took out of her drawers, saying he would return it as soon as he had got a knife

and fork made to the same pattern, as he wished to make a present of them to his sister, who was at a boarding-school, within a few miles of town. He had, previously to the getting possession of the above property, promised to take her into keeping, and said he would settle on her forty pounds a year. At the last interview, he called early in the morning, and took her in a hackney-coach to Furnival's Inn, for the purpose, as he said, to get a proper instrument drawn up for the settlement of the annuity. He then said the expence would be five pounds, which she must advance, as he was short of cash. He went into the inn, and soon returned, with a sheet of blank paper, pen, and ink, desiring her to put her name at the bottom. This the lady objected to; but, on his saying it was a prelude to the settlement of the deed, she consented, and wrote her name. The prisoner again left her to expedite the business; but she saw no more of him till he was in custody.

A person with whom the prisoner lodged some months ago, said he went away without paying his rent, leaving behind him two trunks, which he begged the Magistrates would order to be brought before them, as he was well assured they contained nothing but rubbish.

A boot-maker, and several other tradesmen, who have been defrauded by the prisoner, appeared, and identified his person. He was committed for re-examination.

The prisoner was formerly an ensign in the Lincolnshire militia. He is about five feet nine inches in height, is slight made, of a military appearance, wearing powder. He had on a blue great coat, bound with red. By the last Insolvent Act, he was liberated from the Fleet prison.

SINGULAR EVENTS

Of the First Year of the Nineteen Century.

IN the beginning of the year 1801 several fires happened in different parts of the kingdom, insured and uninsured; and no water could be obtained until the fire had become unextinguishable. Some lives were lost; and many very prudent persons thought proper to look after their servants' fires and candles a month or two.

Sundry houses were broke open, although the watchmen's boxes stood close to the doors, and robbed of plate, bills, cash, &c. to a more considerable amount, perhaps, than the owner ever possessed, but which reduced them to a state of bankruptcy. Notwithstanding this, the same example continued to be shewn to servants as usual; and they were allowed little card-parties, and junkettings on Sunday evenings, whilst their masters and mistresses were acting the same part elsewhere, upon a larger scale.

Many guns were laid aside loaded, and were taken up, and fired off, by children and servants, in sport; and a few lives were lost.—Those who kept no guns, were very grave and sententious on the subject, and enjoyed a wide field of admonition, wisdom, and sagacity.

Several hundreds of pockets were picked, at places of public amusement; and one or two of the sufferers had the cunning to discover, that if they had left their money at home, it would not have been in danger abroad.

Several capital failures took place; and men who lived at the rate of five or six thousand a year, were discovered never to have been worth half the sum: nevertheless, tradesmen's equipages continued

to blaze like meteors, and their villas to rise like exhalations."

Some Boxing Matches afforded vast amusement to the nobility and gentry who encouraged them; and were very severely censured by those who did not think that breaking ribs was sport for ladies.

Debates were sometimes extremely long; but, upon a division, the numbers appeared as if there had been no debate at all.

Many boats were overset on the Thames, and the passengers drowned, because it was necessary that they should crowd together to see a show that was not worth looking at. This afforded an awful lesson to many, who never went upon the water.

A few duels were fought by fools; the cause of dispute was a kept lady, a race-horse, or a dispute at cards:

The Watering-places suffered no diminution of visitors, notwithstanding the distresses of the times; but they were severely censured by those who never visit them.

A considerable number of gay young ladies died of consumptions in November, in consequence of their having gone half naked during the piercing winds of the preceding January.

ENTERTAINING OBSERVATIONS ON THE DOILITY OF HORSES, DOGS, &c.

WILD horses are taken notice of by several of the ancients. Herodotus mentions white wild horses on the banks of the Hypanis, in Scythia. He likewise tells us, that in the northern part of Thrace, beyond the Danube, there were wild horses covered all over with hair, five inches in length. The wild horses in America,

rica, are the offspring of domestic horses, originally transported thither from Europe, by the Spaniards. The author of the history of the Buccaneers, informs us, that troops of horses, sometimes consisting of five hundred, are frequently met with in the island of St. Domingo; that, when they see a man, they all stop, and that one of their number approaches to a certain distance, blows through his nostrils, takes flight, and is instantly followed by the whole troop. He describes them as having gross heads and limbs, and long necks and ears. The inhabitants tame them with ease, and then train them to labour. In order to take them, gins of ropes are laid in the places where they are known to frequent. When caught by the neck, they soon strangle themselves, unless some person arrives in time to disentangle them. They are tied to trees by the body and limbs, and are left in that situation two days without victuals or drink. This treatment is generally sufficient to render them more tractable, and they soon become as gentle as if they had never been wild. Even when any of these horses, by accident, regain their liberty, they never resume their savage state, but know their masters, and allow themselves to be approached and retaken.

From these and similar facts, it may be concluded, that the dispositions of horses are gentle; and that they are naturally disposed to associate with man. After they are tamed, they never forsake the abodes of men. On the contrary, they are anxious to return to the stable. The sweets of habit seem to supply all they have lost by slavery. When fatigued, the mansion of repose is full of comfort.

They smell it at considerable distances; can distinguish it in the midst of populous cities, and seem uniformly to prefer bondage to liberty. By some attention and address, colts are, at first, rendered tractable. When that point is gained, by different modes of management, the docility of the animal is improved, and they soon learn to perform with alacrity, the various labours assigned to them. The domestication of the horse, is perhaps the noblest acquisition from the animal world, which has ever been made by the genius, the art, and the industry of man. He is taught to partake of the dangers and fatigues of war, and seems to enjoy the glory of victory. He even seems to partake of human pleasures and amusements. He delights in the chase and the tournament, and his eyes sparkle with emulation in the course. Though bold and intrepid, however, he does not allow himself to be hurried on by a furious ardour. On proper occasions he represses his movements, and knows how to check the natural fire of his temper. He not only yields to the hand, but seems to consult the inclination of his rider; always obedient to the impressions he receives, he flies, or stops, and regulates his motions solely by the will of his master.

Mr. Ray informs us, that he had seen a horse, who danced to music; who, at the command of his master, affected to be lame; who simulated death; lay motionless, with his limbs extended, and allowed himself to be dragged about till some words were pronounced, when he instantly sprung on his feet. Facts of this kind would scarcely receive credit, if so many persons were not now acquainted

quainted with the wonderful docility of the horses educated by Astley, and others. In exhibitions of this kind, the docility, and prompt obedience of the animals, deserve more admiration than the dexterous feats of the men.

Next to the horse, the dog seems to be the most docile quadruped. More ductile in his nature than most other animals, the dog not only receives instruction with rapidity, but accommodates his behaviour and deportment, to the manners and habits of those who command him. He assumes the very tone of the family in which he resides: eager at all times to please his master, or his friends, he furiously repels beggars, because he probably, from their dress, conceives them to be either thieves, or competitors for food.

Though every dog is naturally a hunter, his dexterity is highly improved by experience and instruction. The varieties of dogs, by frequent intermixtures with those of different climates, and perhaps with foxes and wolves, are so great, and their instincts so much diversified, that, even though they produce with each other, we should be apt to regard them as different species. What a difference between the natural dispositions of the shepherd's dog, the spaniel, and the greyhound? The shepherd's dog, independently of all instruction, seems to be endowed by nature with an innate attachment to the preservation of sheep and cattle. His docility is likewise so great, that he not only learns to understand the language and commands of the shepherd, and obeys them with faithfulness and alacrity, but, when at distances beyond the reach of his master's voice, he often stoops, looks back, and recognises the approbation, or

disapprobation, of the shepherd, by the mere waving of his hand. He reigns at the head of a flock, and is better heard than the voice of his master. His vigilance and activity produce order, discipline, and safety. Sheep and cattle are peculiarly subjected to his management, whom he prudently conducts and generally protects. But when the flock, committed to his charge, is attacked by the fox, the wolf, or other rapacious animals, he makes a full display of his courage and sagacity. In situations of this kind, both his natural and acquired talents are exerted. Three shepherds' dogs are said to be a match for a bear, and four for a lion.

Every person knows the docility and sagacity of dogs employed in conducting blind mendicants.—Johannes Faber, as quoted by Mr. Ray, informs us, that he knew a blind beggar who was led through the streets of Rome by a middle-sized dog. This dog, besides leading his master in such a manner as to protect him from all danger, learned to distinguish not only the streets, but the houses where his master was accustomed to receive alms twice or thrice a week. Whenever the animal came to any of these streets, with which he was well acquainted, he would not leave it till a call had been made at every house where his master was usually successful in his petitions. When the beggar began to ask alms, the dog, being wearied, laid down to rest; but the master was no sooner served, or refused, than the dog rose spontaneously, and, without order or sign, proceeded to the other houses where the beggar generally received some gratuity. I observed, says he, not without pleasure and surprise, that when a piece of money was thrown from a window, such was the

the sagacity and attention of this dog, that he went about in quest of it, lifted it from the ground with his mouth, and put it into his master's hat. Even when bread was thrown down, the animal would not taste it unless he received a portion of it from the hand of his master. Without any other instruction, than imitation, a mastiff, when accidentally shut out from a house which his master frequented, uniformly rung the bell for admittance. Dogs can be taught to go to market with money, repair to a known butcher, and to carry home the meat in safety. They can be taught to dance to music, and to search for and find any thing that is lost.

The following story is told of a dog, belonging to a grocer at Edinburgh, which, for some years, amused and astonished the people in the neighbourhood:—A man, who went through the streets ringing a bell and selling penny pies, happened one day to treat this dog with a pye: the next time he heard the pye-man's bell, he ran to him with impetuosity, seized him by the coat, and would not suffer him to pass. The pye-man, who understood what the animal wanted, shewed him a penny, and pointed to his master, who stood in the street door, and saw what was going on. The dog immediately supplicated his master, by many humble gestures and looks. The master put a penny in the dog's mouth, which he instantly delivered to the pye-man, and received his pye. This traffic, between the pye-man and the grocer's dog, was daily practised for years.

Among these remarkable instances of animal sagacity, may be placed Banks's famous horse, whose renown is alluded to by Shakespeare, in "Love's Labour

Lost," Act I. Scene III. and by Dekker, in his "Untrussing of the Humorous Poet." It is related of this horse, that he would restore a glove to its owner, after his master had whispered the man's name in his ear; that he would tell the number of pence in any silver coin; and even perform the grosser offices of nature whenever his master bade him. He danced likewise to the sound of a pipe, and told money with his feet. Sir Walter Raleigh says, "that had Banks lived in older times, he would have shamed all the enchanters in the world, by the wonderful instructions which he had given to his horse."

Of the sagacity of a horse, Dr. Swift has given a strange instance. This horse, which was a native of Bristol, would stand upon his hind legs, bow to the company, and beat several marches on a drum. Sir Kenelm Digby, speaks of a baboon that played on the guitar. And we are informed of an ape that played at chess, in the presence of the King of Portugal. Various are the scientific performances of elephants. Bishop Burnet says, he saw one at Milan, that played at ball.

INSTRUCTIONS IN THE MANNER OF SWIFT,

To the Loungers of Bond-street, &c. &c.

AS the town is filling very fast, and as you follow in the train of your betters, like *young beagles* at a hunt, who depend not so much on the *keenness* of their noses as the *sharpness* of their sight, the few following hints may prove useful to you *by way of memento*—you may get the Oracle of the day in which they appear, leave it on your table, and before you sally forth in the morning, throw your eyes over it:

—You

—You must in the first place observe the aspect of the weather, a thing very important, and this too in the morning before you dress; if the day seems favourable you may dress in your best, *i. e.* *supposing your wardrobe contained a change.* As people of your description have generally nothing to do, half a dozen, or half a score of you, may get together in the morning to breakfast, *if convenient—the more the merrier*—be on the fashionable pavements above alluded to about two o'clock, before there will be *no fun*, as ladies of fashion are rarely out sooner—*fashionable demireps* not till three o'clock, or after, being *engaged* late over night, and unable to extricate themselves from the arms of Morpheus and their *caro sposus*, to dress and breakfast before the hour alluded to: the streets before are only infested by milliners, apprentices with their hand-boxes, hunted up and down by *lascivious old Dukes, and other debauchees*, who, being old sportsmen, know at what hour to hunt for their game. You may start either in St. James's-street, Pall-Mall, or Bond-street, which ever is most convenient to your lodgings—*get four of you abreast, close locked arm in arm, three deep, to support each other* in case any *sturdy porter* should be inclined to make his way through you, it will be the devil if, ten to one, you are not able to *maul him*. As to female passengers, you have *nothing to dread*; keep firm, and be sure keep the wall—the lady will most likely have her drapery and stockings splashed—look her full in the face, which will naturally create confusion on her part, and join in a loud laugh, which will afford an infinite fund of merriment to the party, until a fresh adventure presents itself. Be sure keep the step *militaire*, which will

give you the air of officers in coloured clothes, and at the end of your walk (I do not mean that you should on any account pass the end of Bond-street or the Haymarket), the whole of the party may wheel sharp round one of the party as the pivot. If there are any ladies of character near, let your conversation be as *loud and indecent* as possible, alluding, in the *broadest manner*, to the fictitious gallantries and debaucheries of the last night. Should you observe at a distance any gentleman who you take not to be *one of yourselves*, instantly commence a conversation about him, talk loud enough to be heard, and endeavour to laugh him too out of countenance.—You may *peep* into every carriage as you pass, and *wink* at the ladies, but take care that there is no gentleman with them, else you run the risk of *getting your head broke*. You may take off your hat now and then to a carriage, and should the lady not salute you, you may say she is *always shy* when she observes you in company.—The frail sisterhood being your own *counterparts*, you may take every liberty with them, as they generally meet you *more than half way*.—As the days are short, you may separate about five o'clock, and go to dinner, every man *where he is most welcome*; and if you should want an invitation, or your purse *fail you*, dine with *Duke Humphrey* in the Park.

Now that a part of the troops are arrived from Egypt, you may very fairly assume the air of the officers who have been on that expedition: for instance, you may leave your face unwashed, which will give you the air of the climate alluded to; a patch over one of your eyes will warrant the idea of your having the *Egyptian blindness*; but I would caution you to beware of the unhallowed touch of
bailiffs,

bailiffs, and the *rencontre* of your trades-people, as this is rather a sharp season, and a period at which they demand their debts rather *cavalierly*. Always wear spurs, which will make you appear like a field officer, and if ever you chance to hire a hack, let it be a *grey one*; the hairs will stick in your skirts until your coat is thread-bare, and this, with a formidable pair of prickers, will give you every appearance of keeping a stud; and should they stick in the ladies drapery, it will give you a fair opportunity of apologizing, and it has often happened that as slight an introduction has procured a footing in the heart of the *wounded fair*. Should the female you come in contact with be one of the free and easy, she will perhaps imperiously demand reparation of the injury; and, in order to come off with a good grace on such occasions, have an *elegant purse full of counters*; offer to make her instant amends; she of course will decline it, expecting to make more of you, give you her address, and you will have a frolic for nothing: but on quitting her, assure her that you will send her a draft on your banker, who, perhaps, is as difficult to be found as the man in the moon. —Mind these hints from your friend.

Fop's Alley, Jan. 4, 1802.

MORE SPARRING, BETWEEN
BUCKHORSE, THE YORK-
SHIRE MEN, AND OLD SOHO.

To the EDITOR of the MORNING
POST.

SIR,

I AM of the many, who, having waited most patiently for the termination of what some time since afforded hope of pecuniary sport to the sporting world during

the winter, now presume to offer a few observations, upon what was universally expected to have terminated in a great and honourable match, between the coursing amateurs of the Northern and Southern parts of the kingdom, which, on account of its novelty, and the emulation of the different parties, would have equalled, in eagerness and celebrity, any of the sporting transactions for many years past. An impartial retrospection reminds me, that in your paper appeared, repeated eulogiums upon, and pedigrees of, the favourite greyhounds of the North; to which was tacked, an oblique challenge to run "any leash of greyhounds, the property of one person;" whether this was an "*aut Cesar, aut nullus*" idea, boldly promulgated from the firm of Thornton, Topham, and Co. it is not in my province or intent to enquire or ascertain. Suffice it to recollect, it was answered in a most gentlemanlike and liberal way, perhaps by the principal Members of the Ashdown Park and Lambourn Meetings in Berkshire, or the Swaffham in Norfolk, "that they were willing to run a match with a leash of greyhounds, the property of one person; or six brace belonging to each county, running home and home, for a sum to be agreed on." To this most equitable and sporting-like proposition, no general answer in the London Papers has ever appeared; but you having kindly relieved us from our suspense, by copying a vaunting challenge from a Provincial Paper in the North, "to run upon Flixton Wolds only," the impartial part of the sporting world may justly conclude, the great and confident Northern Confederacy, "are afraid, and therein the wiser." Neither the gentlemen

gentlemen of either Berkshire or Norfolk are to be vanquished by threats, although they may come very far North. IUCKHORSE.

A WORD AT PARTING TO OLD SOHO.

MR. EDITOR,

If the South Country Gentleman's Greyhounds run as fast as the tongue of their master, they have no occasion to fear the Flixton Wolds, which he seems to dread so much. But he has entirely mistated what has passed; I have foregone my resolution, merely for the purpose of putting him right. A *paragraph*, or *letter*, (of which I knew nothing) appeared in one of the London papers, mentioning the superiority of the Flixton Coursing, and treating that of the South "as fit only for old ladies and children." This liberty, I suppose, could not be brooked by the great Courser of the South, for I saw, some time afterwards, an invitation for any North Country Gentleman to meet and run his dogs. The "*Bohadi! part*" was therefore entirely on the side of Old Soho. *It was this challenge I accepted*: and the individual who singly offers to run all the South of England, may certainly expect no easy task. But I did not mean, when a *great trial* of every excellence a greyhound could possess, was required to make a proof of it, where a bad dog might be equal to a good one. For such a trial, it was necessary to seek for—the best hares, and the best ground in Britain.—I do not deny, that on the highest and most open parts of the Wiltshire Downs, which the gentleman mentions, and which I know better than he does, a good course might be run: but unfortunately there are no hares. The Berkshire Downs, such as Ash-

down Park, (where the hares are driven out of a plantation the preceding night, that they may be run into it for five or six hundred yards the following morning); such coursing cannot possibly present any amusement to those who have seen a course on the Wolds of Yorkshire. The South Country Gentleman may be assured, that such *child's play* we should think ridiculous. The very worst coursing we have, is preferable to such pastime: and that Old Soho, as well as every sportsman in England may judge, I will mention to what kind of trial I invited him over Flixton.

A hare found on a high and bare sheep-walk, three or four miles from any thing to save her; and where, trusting only to her speed and strength, she must run a course of five or six miles, perhaps, to preserve her life: a country, where every sort of ground must be run over, where no hare was ever known to be unsound; and where, exposed to the breezes of the open sea on one hand, she has to go two or three miles every day for food on the other; and therefore—always on wind for running.

On this ground, I accepted his challenge: because, on such ground, a fair trial may be obtained.

The South Country Gentleman, who has challenged all Yorkshire, now gives up the contest!!

What I, *singly*, undertook was—for the honour of my county, which I hope has not suffered in my hands. I have now only to wish the South Country Gentleman (be he who he may) all the fame he seems to want, and to hope that he may reign *sole and undisputed* lord over those grand coursing scenes of Brentford Butts, Enfield Wash, and Bradwell Marsh for ever. A YORKSHIREMAN.

Jan. 10, 1802.

SPORTING

SPORTING ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

Skulked away, from a Northern County, a cross-bred, wire-haired Lurcher, of the true Flixton-Wolds breed, known to have strayed pretty far to the Southward, a few weeks back. He generally *pricks up his ears*, at any call, or whistle, but never fails to *sneak* off, whenever he is walked up to:—he is now and then given to *bark*, and *bay* in the last quarter of the Moon; but there is no bite, or harm in him whatever. He is supposed, by this time, to be *nose-ing* it back towards the Wolds, as a cur answering his description was lately frightened off Ash-down, in Berkshire, by a random shot, and afterwards whipped off Bradwell Level, in Essex, for an incorrigible *sheep-biter*: but the last time of all that he was seen, was, with a *tin-pot tied to his tail*, running in great fright due North!

No great reward will be given for *fixing* him; but the expence of penny slips will be allowed for, as he will not bear to be put in *couples*, and has a nasty, snappish trick of biting *cordage* asunder.

Information will be thankfully received by all the Printers of *Sporting Calendars*, and the Editors of the Morning and York Herald. *Jan. 13, 1802.* HERBERT.

TO OLD SOHO.

WORTHY SIR,

We in these parts are tickled a good deal at the neat way in which you have dressed our *sporting pre-ender* off the Flixton Wolds. Not liking your *turn-tails*, we one and all disown this same Yorkshire Courser for a countryman of ours, at least; however, we have traced him out a little by his *swaggering*, and fancy him to be nothing more

than a cap-in-hand kind of a deputy to a certain well-known Colonel: some, indeed, say, that it's like master, like man, as what the one says, the other must swear to. You pegged him so closely, that he has been obliged at last roundly to *plump* it, "that he knew nothing about the sneer in the papers," which was the first attack upon the credit of the South-Country Greyhounds. Now only ask his friend, the Printer of the York Herald, how much of this assertion is true? But even this would not lift the poor fellow out of the mud that he has so clumsily splashed about himself, and in which you left him still *floundering*!—The plain truth is, that he has refused to run you *home* and *home*, or in any *central county* between the two, the choice of which you handsomely left to him: we hope, therefore, to hear no more of his *coursing braggadocios*. As to our Flixton Wolds, where he slyly wanted to drag you, it is fitting you should know a little about them. The ground is various, but chiefly made up of steep and craggy ascents, upon which scarcely a dog is permitted to run but out of a *certain kennel*; indeed, except in a *well-concerted match*, and that for a *good sum*, when the strange dog, from his inexperience of the broken ground, and *what you* have rightly described the *dodge* of their well-trained hares, is sure to be beaten, though his speed and blood be even superior.

You have done our Northern corner much *good*, Master Soho, let me tell you, in stripping off this chap's *swaggering* jacket: he is what we call a *bad one*; not having *plain-dealing* enough to pass for an *honest* Yorkshire man—nor wit enough for a Yorkshire *bite*! Your's heartily, *Gregory Go-By!*
Scarborough, Jan. 16, 1802.

Ff THEATRICALS.

THEATRICALS.

ON December 28, a new *Pantomime*, called *Harlequin's Almanack*, or, *The Four Seasons*, invented by the junior Dibdin, and produced under the direction of Bologna, jun. was brought forward for the first time; the principal characters of which were thus represented:—

Harlequin	-	Mr. Bologna, jun.
Pantaloon	-	Mr. Delpini.
Clown	-	Mr. Bologna.
Booby Love	-	Mr. L. Bologna.
Spring	-	Miss Wheatley.
Summer	-	Mr. King.
Autumn	-	Mrs. Dibdin.
Winter	-	Mr. Cory.
Peace	-	Mrs. Edwards.
Britannia	-	Mrs. St. Ledger.
Blight (an opposing fiend)	-	Mr. Kilaert.
Jailor	-	Mr. Oddwell.
Black Servant	-	Mr. Harley.
Huntsman	-	Mr. Hill.
Greenwich Pensioners	-	Mr. Emery, &c.
Gardeners	-	Mess. Little, Street, &c.
Pantalina	-	Master Menage.
Columbine	-	Mrs. Wybrow.

In this *Pantomime* is personated the *Four Seasons*, who meet at the commencement of the Piece, and each throwing a specimen of its favourite produce and colour into the vase of Winter, Harlequin receives his power and being from the charm, and skips about through the usual routine of adventures and hair-breadth escapes, which particularly belong to this species of stage entertainment. Blight, the avowed enemy of all the Seasons, endeavours to counteract the views of their favourite: in this line he is often successful; but as each Season alternately takes care of Harlequin, Blight is at length destroyed by Autumn, who introduces Peace, and reconciles all parties.

In the progress of the Piece

there is a great variety of splendid, charming, and picturesque scenery, imitating chiefly the prospects and effects of the different Seasons.—The Palace of Winter, by Whitmore, may be considered a *chef-d'œuvre* of perspective deception; and the representation of Winter and Summer, with the snow dissolving, and a view of Greenwich, by the same artist, are of the most excellent description.—The scenes by Hollaga are also most admirable specimens of the art. A View of the Serpentine River in Hyde Park, and at Battersea, the Pantaloon's House, a Moon-light scene, a Frozen Lake, and a Drawing-room, with the Moon shining through the window, by that artist, are not inferior in design, execution, and effect, to any scenes of a similar nature, we have ever witnessed; on such an occasion Cresswell, Morris, and others, have likewise exercised their respective talents with great success; and the last scene forms a most splendid representation of the Mansion of Peace.

The tricks and machinery are extremely well managed.—The principal of these are, the change of a piano-forte to a theatre; Harlequin's sword to a violin; and afterwards to a sickle; a sign-post to a table; two chairs to a refreshment of fruit and wine; a quart bottle to a pot; a snuff-jar to a giant; a frozen-bough to a serpent; a Greenwich long-coach to a pair of porter's ladders and gates; a silver race-cup to a padlock and pair of handcuffs; a woolpack to a sailing-boat; Kew Garden walk, with the chalk ships on it, to a fleet at sea; a dove-house to a Cupid's car; a broom to an old witch; and a sociable to a couple of gigs.

Piece:

Pieces of this nature are not to be judged of by the ordinary rules of criticism. They seldom display any regularity of plot or construction, and are intended merely to divert, without any pretensions to mental entertainment. The present is certainly not inferior to most of the productions of the same nature we have of late years witnessed; and it derives all requisite aid from the beauty of the scenery, the ingenuity of the mechanism, and the taste and variety of the music. In the representation too, it receives all possible support. Bologna and Mrs. Wybrow never appeared to more advantage, as the representatives of Harlequin and Columbine; Delpini, and the senior Bologna, are extremely diverting, as the Pantaloon and Blown; and several of the vocal tribe contribute their exertions to render the entertainment complete. The piece was applauded throughout, and will, no doubt, prove a permanent favourite. The house was crowded in every part.

The following is a specimen of the Poetry;—

SONG,

GREENWICH PENSIONER, MR. EMERY.

A sailor I was born and bred,
My father's name was Midship Ned,
I doesn't tell a story;
And when he died, says Mam, says she,
"Suppose, my lad, you goes to sea,"
Says I, "that there's all one to me,
If it's all for Britain's glory."

Wan't to splice, and reef, and clue,
To drink my grog till all was blue,
And tell a merry story;
And tho' I was'n't very big,
Aloft I'd climb, nor care a fig,
Or lead a gun, or dance a jig,
And all for Britain's glory.

When I came home again, I found,
My mother, she was left aground,
I doesn't tell a story;

For she was cheated by an elf,
Who married her for father's self,
Then spent the cash, and hang'd himself,
And all for Britain's glory,

I fought the Spanish, French and Dutch,
You know it doesn't matter much,
To tell a tedious story;
While mother liv'd, why I kept she,
And, now I cannot go to sea,
The King, God bless him, he keeps me,
And all for Britain's glory.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

A new Tragedy, called *Alfonso, King of Castile*, written by Mr. M. G. Lewis, was performed, on Friday night, January 16, at this Theatre, for the first time.

Alfonso	-	Mr. Murray
Orsino	-	Mr. Cooke
Cæsario	-	Mr. H. Johnston
Henriquez	-	Mr. Betterton
Melchin	-	Mr. Whitfield
Father Basil	-	Mr. Waddy
Gomez	-	Mr. Clermont
Ricardo	-	Mr. Davenport
Amelrosa	-	Mrs. H. Johnston
Otrilla	-	Mrs. Litchfield
Estella	-	Mrs. St. Leger

The scene is laid in Burgos, the capital of Old Castile, and the plot turns chiefly upon the conspiracy of Cæsario against the King Alfonso, as well from motives of ambition, as in consequence of the persecution of his father Orsino by that monarch. Cæsario, after finding his father in a solitary cave, makes known to him the nature of his treasonable plans; but the old man, though deeply injured by the King, indignantly refuses to become an accessory in his overthrow, from a generous conviction, that although Alfonso had injured him individually, he had, by his wise and prudent government, blessed the country over which he reigned. Loyal, though enchained, he exclaims with patriotic animation,

- " My sufferings! mine alone! and what am I,
 " That I should weigh me 'gainst the public welfare?
 " What are my wrongs against a Monarch's rights?
 " What is my curse against a nation's blessings?"

Cæsario, however, pursues his favourite object; but by the discoveries made of his guilty intention by Ottilla, to whom he had made love, and who dies by his sword, as well as by the resolution of his wife Amelrosa (daughter to the King), and the exertions of Orsino, notwithstanding the conspirators succeed in springing a mine under the palace, the King is preserved, the traitors are defeated, and the piece, with much bloodshed, concludes in the complete triumph of the Monarch and his loyal associates.

Such is the outline of the fable, which the Author has enriched with much excellent language.

A chorus and *requiem*, composed by Dr. Busby, were introduced in the fourth and fifth acts. These pieces are of the most beautiful description, and produced the most happy effect.

The performers all exerted themselves greatly in support of their several parts, and to their ardent exertions the Author is in a very material degree indebted.

The Tragedy was, in many parts, very warmly applauded, and was given out for repetition with general applause.

The House was very full.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

A New After-piece, with Songs, under the title of *Urania*, written by the Hon. Mr. Spencer, was performed here on Friday evening, the 22d inst. for the first time; the

principal characters of which were thus represented:—

Manfred, Prince of Colona	Mr. C. Kemble.
An Armenian	Mr. Powell.
Conrad	Mr. Holland.
Inquisitor	Mr. Mattocks.
Carlos, an Inn-Keeper	Mr. Palmer.
Pietro	Mr. Bannister, jun.
Rodrigo, a Gardener	Mr. Suett.
Urania	Miss De Camp.
Jaqueline	Mrs. Bland.

The scene is laid at Tarentum, and the fable relates chiefly to the ridiculous propensity of Manfred to the occult sciences, and his belief in ghosts. His devotion to supernatural spirits is such, that Urania, the Princess of Tarentum, assuming the character of a celestial being, succeeds in imposing, effectually, upon his credulity; and at length discovering herself to be mortal, he becomes convinced of the error of his former disposition, and they are happily united in the bands of Hymen. The father of Manfred, for the same purpose, assumes the character of an Armenian, in which disguise he continues, till the folly of his son becomes sufficiently exposed, to induce him to abandon it. There is also an under plot, consisting of a courtship between Pietro and Jaqueline; and the piece concludes in the perfect happiness of all parties.

In the construction of this little drama, the author has evinced no slight degree of skill. Several pleasing situations are produced, and the incidents, on the whole, are by no means over-strained or unnatural. The character of Manfred, the main spring of the plot, though ridiculous to the enlightened mind, is far from being drawn with features of marked hyperbole, for such beings, and such

such dispositions, exist beyond all doubt, even in the nineteenth century. If the lines of probability are in a few instances forced, it must, at least, be confessed, that in no respect is any thing presented that is calculated to offend; and even the most fastidious critic, we think, will admit, that the licence usually granted; in cases of this nature, has in no one particular been exceeded by the author. In the dialogue, there is a pleasing mixture of the serious and the comic, of the philosophic and the romantic; and the seriousness of one part is seasonably relieved by the sprightly *équivoque* of the other. The satire upon some of our modern botanical systems, and the supposed loves of the plants, is extremely neat, and produces a very happy effect; as do likewise several other passages in the course of the piece. A few of the expressions in the second act might, indeed, be omitted with advantage to the piece, particularly the allusion to the credit of bank-notes; and, with some trifling alterations, the whole may be rendered not only unexceptionable, but highly entertaining and popular. It was applauded throughout, and announced for repetition with pretty general approbation.—The performers all acquitted themselves with great ability. Powell, C. Kemble, Bannister, Palmer, Suett, Miss De Camp, and Mrs. Bland, had characters well suited to their respective talents, and greatly exerted themselves in their support. The music is extremely pretty. It is composed partly by Kelly, and partly by the brother of the author. Two beautiful airs, sung by Mrs. Bland, and the chorus to the first act, are by the former, and all the rest are by the latter. Considering these as the produc-

tions of an amateur, they do infinite credit to his taste. Mr. Spencer, we understand, studied musical composition at Vienna, under that able master Haydn, from whose instructions he has acquired no inconsiderable knowledge of the science of sounds. The following air, set to the most charming music by Kelly, was universally encored:—

SONG.—Mrs. BLAND.

NATURE with swiftness arm'd the horse,
She gave the royal lion force
His destin'd prey to seize on;
To guide the swiftness of the horse,
To tame the royal lion's force,
She gifted man with reason!

Poor women! what
Was then our lot?
Submission, truth, and duty;
Our gifts were small,
To balance all,
Some God invented BEAUTY.

For empire REASON made a stand,
But long has BEAUTY's conqu'ring hand
In due subjection kept her:
To rule the world let Reason boast,
She only fills a Viceroy's post,
'Tis BEAUTY holds the sceptre!

PRECISE FORM OF A BOTANY-
BAY PLAY-BILL,

As there published June 23, 1800.

For the BENEFIT of Mrs. PARRY.

By permission of his Excellency,
At the THEATRE, SYDNEY,
This Evening will be presented the Favou-
rite Comedy of,

*She Stoops to Conquer; or, The
Mistakes of a Night.*

Hardcastle	-	G. Hughes
Young Marlow	-	W. Smith
Hastings	-	W. Knight
Sir Cha. Marlow	-	H. Parsons
Diggory	-	J. Cox
Tony Lumpkin	-	J. White
Miss Neville	-	Mrs. Radley
Mrs. Hardcastle	-	Mrs. Barnes
Pimple	-	Mrs. Charlton; and
Miss Hardcastle	-	Mrs. Parry.

End of the Play, the Interlude of
Miss in her Teens.

To which will be added, a Musical Entertainment, called,

The Devil to Pay; or, The Wives Metamorphosed.

Sir John Loverule	G. Hughes
Magician	J. White
Jobson	D. Parnell
Lady Loverule	Mrs. Radley
Lucy	Mrs. Barnes
Lettice	Mrs. Charlton; and
Nell	Mrs. Parry.

Boxes, 5s. Front Boxes, 3s. 6d. Pit 2s. 6d. Gallery, 1s.

Doors open at Half past Five, begin at Half past Six.

No person will be admitted without a Ticket; and it is requested that no person will attempt to smook; or bring spirits into the Theatre.—No Money will be returned.

Tickets to be had of Serj.-Major Jamieson, D. Began, S. Lord, M. Kearns, Mrs. Parry, Serj. Field, S. Forster, and J. Mackey, next door to the Theatre.

More recent advices from that Settlement say, that a smart altercation had just taken place in the Green-room of their Theatre, in consequence of the *Beggar's Opera* having been given out by the Manager. It was agreed, on all hands, that the play was very *strongly* cast.—Mackheath observed, that as he had *acted*, on all occasions, like a *Gentleman* in his profession, he should have no objection to the performance of the character. *Polly* and *Lucy* remained passive.—*Bagshot* expressed some *scruples*—the rest of the gang were divided in opinion. At length, from a suggestion of *Flick*, how far the representation of the piece might tend to wound the feelings of both audience and performers, the matter was postponed for further consideration.

AN IMPERIAL EDICT AGAINST GAMING

APPEARED lately at Venice, in consequence of the insufficiency of the existing laws. It

forbids all persons, of whatever age, sex, or condition, to play at any game of hazard, such as *faro*, *basset*, or any other already known, or that may be hereafter invented, under penalty of a fine, in proportion to the ability of the criminals, from one hundred ducats up to two thousand; and, in case of inability to pay, three months imprisonment for the first offence, six months for the second, and a total privation of civil rights for the third: these privations to remain in force, till the proper officer shall certify the reformation of the person so convicted.

The masters of coffee-houses, hotels, or private lodgings, permitting gamesters to hold meetings in their houses, are also subjected to very severe punishment; and associations, for the purposes of play, even at such games as are permitted, are required to be open to the visits of Officers of Police; and, as a said further restraint, even presumptive proofs are held sufficient against them; and they are esteemed innocent only, when they have done away the presumption, by positive evidence of their innocence.

MODERN 'SQUIRESHIP,

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

THOUGH the rage of *Squirehood* is irresistible, it must be confessed, however, that this *equalizing* system is dissimilar to that of the *Jacobin*, whose ambition is to pull down their betters; as it is well known that our *will-be Squires* only make a modest push to get up to theirs! The annals of these illustrious personages must not be lost, or confounded, amidst the ordinary

ordinary occurrences of human life. A few of these having just reached me, I have drawn them up in a manner I conceive appropriate to the *dignity* of their subjects, and which may be adopted by you as a recording model for the annals of modern *Squirehood*; for example—

“**BIRTH.**—Yesterday the Lady of Stephen Spare-rib, *Esquire*, Sausage-monger, of Fetter-lane, Fleet-street, was safely delivered of a son and heir, at their country seat, near the Veterinary College, at Pancras Wash: the lovely infant, and his amiable and accomplished mother, are both as well as can be expected!”

“**MARRIED.**—On Thursday last, not before, at St. Giles’s in the Fields, Benjamin Treacle, *Esquire*, Wholesale Gingerbread-baker, of Bunhill-Row, to Miss Penelope Pimple, youngest daughter of Cornelius Pimple, *Esquire*, of the Cold Cream Warehouse, Milk-street, Cheap-side: after the ceremony was performed, the happy pair set off in one of the six-wheel stages, for their blissful retreat near Peckham Gap—where, it is said, they mean to pass their honey-moon!”

“**DIED.**—In the 34th year of his age, universally lamented by all who had the honour of his sociable acquaintance, Alexander Fustian, *Esquire*, Master Tailor, of Bandy-leg-walk: a perfectly upright man, whose thread of life was too untimely cut in twain!—His remains, after lying in state, will be conveyed on Sunday next to St. Katherine Crees, Aldgate, in order to be interred with due solemnity in the family vault of his ancestors!”

The above, I think, must be allowed, Gentlemen, to be the true style in which such events ought

to be enregistered; but you will hear from me on this national subject—*statum—ilcrumque!*

Your’s, &c. GEORGE GENT.
Jan. 12, 1800.

AN ECCENTRIC EPISTLE

From Dr. Walker, the *Passive Doctor*, has been transmitted from Malta, by one of the Doctor’s acquaintance.

“*To Friends Pemberion, Hewitt, and Gibson.*

“Health and Peace be multiplied unto you,

“**INASMUCH** as I intend to sojourn for a while in the land of *Judea*, and have already a companion to go with me thither, who is an inhabitant of *Bethlehem Judah*, I turn to you to request that ye will commit to remembrance that any letters sent for me to that ship of the King, which is by interpretation the *Thunderer*, and whose sign is the *Eagle of Jupiter*, will be likely to reach me in whatever part of my journeyings I may be.

“The letters I sent to Joseph, were directed to the care of him, who commanded this ship, and may yet be in her keeping: if so, it will be pleasant unto her, if ye call on her, and take them unto your care. Farewell.

“Written at *Rosetta*, on the eighteenth day of the sixth month, in the forty-first year of the King, when his armies came from afar, from the East and from the West, and encompassed *Cairo* about altogether with the armies of the *Arabians*, and the *Egyptians*, and the *Syrians*, and those that dwell in the land round about the *Hellaspont*, and in the isle thereof from the river, even to the going down of the sun in the *Adriatic*—and, behold! the fall of the

the city!—will it not be shortly written in the Chronicles of the King? and all the world shall hear the report thereof.

“To the Lieutenants Pemberton or Hewitt, or Benj. Gibson, La Valette.”

✂ This letter was written during the time Cairo was invested by the English.

A TRAGI-COMIC,
AND
RATHER SCENIC INCIDENT
OCCURRED

IN New Bond-street, on Saturday afternoon, the 9th of January, which was fortunately attended by no serious consequences.—About half after four o'clock in the afternoon, a chariot belonging to Mr. Johnstone, M. P. of Hanover-square, stopped opposite the door of the furniture warehouse; when the coachman imprudently getting off his box, and leaving the horses, the animals set off on a full gallop down Bond-street. Near the corner of Little Brook-street they encountered the chariot of Mrs. Peacock, of Portman-square, who was in it with another lady. The concussion was so violent as to overturn the chariot of Mrs. Peacock; both pole and springs were broken by the fall. The ladies fell with their heads through the window next the ground. Happily the horses did not move during the accident, for if they had, both the ladies must have inevitably been killed. Several gentlemen assisted to get them from their perilous situation, which was accomplished without much difficulty, and they escaped without the least personal injury. The coachman was thrown from his box, but not hurt. After over-

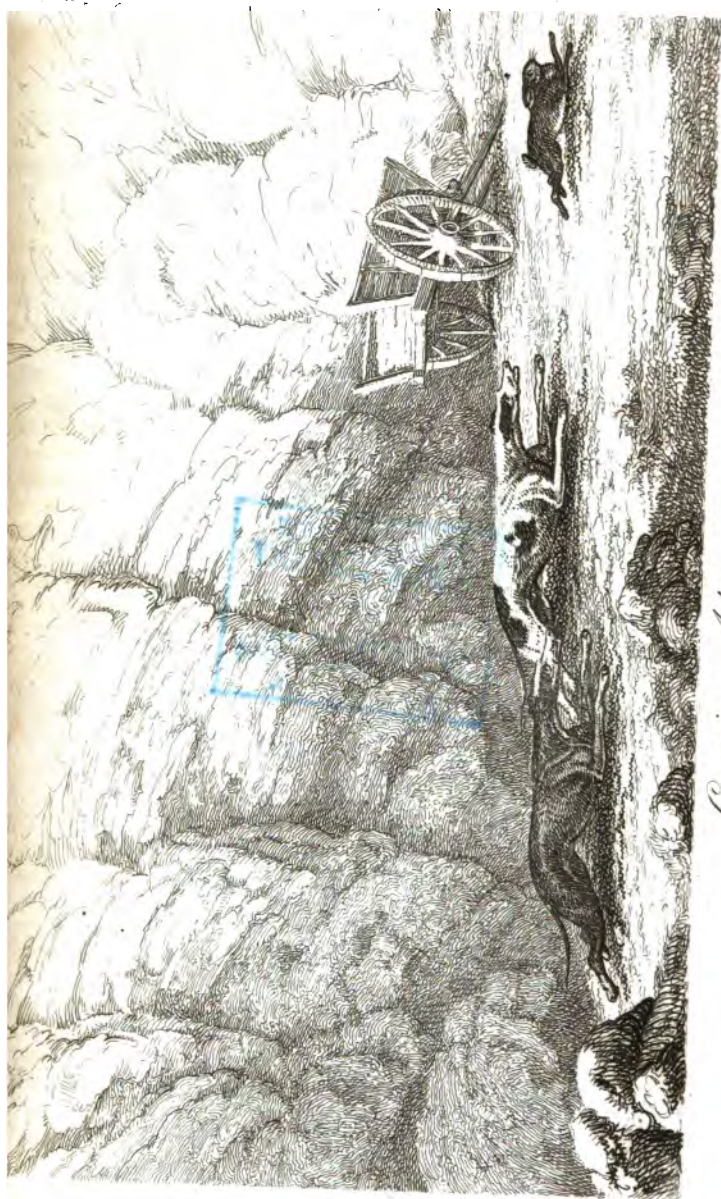
turning Mrs. Peacock's carriage, the horses of Mr. Johnstone proceeded furiously down the street; about twenty yards further they drove against the carriage of Mrs. Oriell, of Park-lane, who was in it with her daughter. Mrs. Oriell's, being a family coach, was too strong to be easily overturned; the result was, that the pole and springs of Mr. Johnstone's chariot gave way, and the splinter bar likewise breaking, the horses were loosened from the carriage, and proceeded in their career a few paces further, but without doing more mischief. They were stopped by the servants of a neighbouring stable-keeper. Mrs. Oriell and her daughter were much alarmed; but neither they, nor any other person, were hurt by the accident. Mrs. Johnstone's carriage was greatly damaged.

COURSING ADVENTURE.

[An Etching by Mr. HOWITT.]

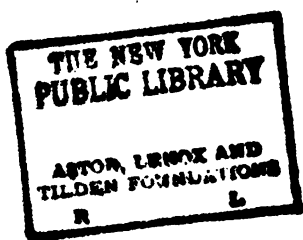
ON the last day of December, 1801, as Mr. Robinson, and two other gentlemen, were coursing with a brace of greyhounds, in Surry, between Croydon and Sutton, the dogs so pressed a hare they had put up, that she was forced to leap a precipice of not less than sixty feet, into a chalk pit, and was followed by the dogs. Nothing short of death to both hare and greyhounds was expected; but, to the astonishment of all who witnessed it, none of them were hurt, nor was the course impeded, as the hare, after getting out of the pit, by a cart road, was followed by the dogs, and though turned several times by them; at length made her escape.

FEAST



Coursing: Adventure.

And the Winner is the Winner.



THE FEAST OF WIT; or, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

THE Marquis of Granby having worn out his old blue regimentals, in the service of a publican, over his door at Alport, Derbyshire, the veteran Colonel of the Blues has lately been presented with a new scarlet suit.—Perhaps mine host thought that he and his patron might thrive as well as others have done, by changing their colours.*

A young gentleman waited lately on a distinguished official character, with whom he had a slight acquaintance, to mention, that he was ambitious of getting into place. "Have you money or merit?" asked the latter—"Plenty of both," replied the spark—"That is impossible, young Sir; merit always dwells with modesty."

Bon-Mot.—The witty Lord —, who has a son, one of the greatest coxcombs in London, caught him lately admiring himself at his toilet. "Jack," said the nobleman, "you are very fond of yourself."—"Yes, Sir, as the ladies think me an *Adonis*, I must take care of my person."—"Well, my boy," rejoined his father, "your self-admiration has one advantage at least—it has no rival."

A gentleman, who, by his extravagancies, has rendered himself unable to pay his debts, called lately on an uncle, who is a wine-

merchant in the city, to order six dozen of Madeira. "Nephew," said the latter, "I'll make you a present of three dozen."—"Gad, uncle, you are very generous!"—"Rather call me prudent," replied the merchant, "as I save three dozen by not selling you six."—The sarcasm was a home one; may it work a reformation!

A gentleman, soured from disappointments in life, and continually railing against the iniquity of mankind, exclaimed lately, "that he constantly experienced knavery and imposture."—"Then, Sir," cried a cynical character, "you certainly keep very bad company."

Anecdote.—"Who is that little man?" said a King of France to the Duke of Montmorency. "Sire," answered the Duke, "That little man, by means of a little book, has done what your Majesty could not do with thirty thousand men—he has compelled the Pope to demand a Peace."—The little man was the celebrated lawyer Dumoulin.

An eminent physician, who is equally the disciple of Plutus and Esculapius, and very remarkable for continuing his visits to his rich patients after he has turned their disorders out of doors, attended a lady of some celebrity in the world of wit for three months after her recovery, and regularly staid with her till he received his *dismissing fee*, of two guineas. Weary of his expensive *devoirs*, and concluding

G g that,

* Blue and Buff; also, the old colours of the old opposition party, which the D. of P—— and his old friends so honourably deserted.

that, to lessen the fee would be to lose the visitor, she ventured to give him four guineas at the conclusion of his next call. He looked anxiously in his hand, then on the carpet, and stood some time in evident embarrassment. "Have you lost any thing?" enquired the lady very kindly—"Why, Madam, I thought I had *dropped a guinea*." "It is only a mistake in the person, Sir, rejoined the fair patient, "It is I have *dropped the guinea*." The Doctor, of course, *dropped his visits*.

"What is your name?" said a magistrate lately to a witness. "Sir," answered the deponent, "my name is Bat; but they call me, for brevity sake, Bartholomew."

An Eye to Business.—A gentleman travelling post last week to town, being informed by the hostler that there were two roads, asked the landlord which was the shortest way?—"A post-chaise and four, your honour."

Retort pointed.—"Well, old Quidnunc (says a young mercantile Buck, who keeps a brace of nags and a mistress) how will you employ your time, now that Peace deprives you of your favourite amusement of reading Extraordinary Gazettes of bloody battles?" "Why, in reading what will not be extraordinary in Gazettes—the WHEREAS's of such dashing young tradesmen as yourself."

When Gen. Bonaparte was in the camp at Dijon, a person asked him if it was true that his health would not allow him to follow the army? "What do you call following the army?" replied the General; "I never followed the army; I always marched at the head of it?"

Dramatic Anecdote.—At the rehearsals of *Irene*, which Voltaire always attended, he begged Madame Vestris to repeat a couplet,

which he thought not well delivered. Vestris did so two or three times successively; but Voltaire was not pleased. At last a great Lord, who was present, said, "Indeed you teaze Madame; and I think she has delivered the passage very well."—"It may be very well for a Duke," replied the Wit, "but it is not very well for me."

Bon Mot.—*Puerile*.—A gentleman who dined some days since with a friend, was amusing himself in conversation with a fine boy of six years old, of whom, amongst a number of other questions, he asked, turning to one of the pointers—"Well, Sir, and pray what is that dog's name?"—"Fox, Sir," answered the little fellow. "Very well, Sir," rejoined the querist; "and what's the other's name? Pitt, I suppose?"—"Sir," replied the child, with a very stern look, "if you call the dog such names, he'll fly at you."

Among the many examinations of Surgeons now taking place, the following is worthy attention:—It is well known, that the veterans of that respectable class question very minutely those who wish to become qualified. After answering very satisfactorily to the numerous enquiries made, a young gentleman was asked, if he wished to give his patient a profuse perspiration, what he would prescribe? He mentioned many diaphoretic medicines in case the first failed, and had some hopes that he should pass with credit; but the unmerciful questioner thus continued—"Pray Sir, suppose none of those succeeded, what step would you take next?" "Why, Sir," rejoined the enraged and harassed young Esculapius, "I would send him here to be examined, and if that would not give him a sweat, I do not know what would."

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

TO the great regret of the sporting gentlemen in the vicinity of Windsor, Sunning-hill, and the Forest, it is understood his Majesty has declined engaging this season in the fatigue of hunting with the stag-hounds, not only in consequence of the length and uncertainty of the chase, but the very great distance his Majesty had frequently to return at its termination. Although this change in sporting politics may seriously affect the few, we are disposed to believe there is not a loyal subject in the kingdom, who will not feel pleasure at any circumstance by which the safety of our Sovereign is additionally insured.

The Parisian bucks excel our fashionable *runners* and *walkers* in their taste for *laborious pleasures*. Some of these *merveilleux* lately swam across the Seine, notwithstanding the rapidity of its swollen current, and the severity of the cold. It is needless to add, that they reached the opposite bank more dead than alive. They were supposed to have undertaken the task for a considerable wager, but they have formerly contradicted the assertion, and declare they did it for pleasure.

Walking Match.—A gentleman of Glasgow lately undertook, for a considerable wager, to walk forty miles in nine hours and a half, which he won with ease, in sixteen minutes within the time allowed. The place upon which

he walked was under the shade of the Glasgow rope-walk, where one-eighth part of a mile was measured off. Considerable bets were depending on the occasion.

The game laws are sought to be pushed to such an extent, as to enable gentlemen to claim a *property* in *wild fowl*. A Mr. Fleming, of North Hants, threatens with a prosecution any person, who shall destroy any of this "his *winged inheritance*."

At a late sporting party at the Earl of Cholmondeley's, at Houghton, the Duke of Bedford, Lord John Thynne, and Lord Paget, were the principal shots, whose guns, in the course of six days, jointly brought in

Hares	-	165
Pheasants		45
Partridges		2

212 heads of game, besides a brace of Woodcocks, and five Rabbits.

Sporting Anecdote.—One of the French Princes was a few days since shooting at Mr. Coke's, at Holkham, while looking the co-veys, a foreign servant cried out *poule* (hen) as is customary, whenever a hen pheasant rose. On the gamekeeper's return at night, Mr. Coke asked what sort of a shot the Prince was? to which the man replied, "I thought, Sir, you had been the best shot in the world, till I saw his Highness, who beats you; for if he had pulled as often

as the French fellow desired him, he would have shot all the pheasants on your honour's estate."

A few weeks since upwards of six hundred starlings were caught in one night, in the dove-house of Mr. Hamshar, of Rottingdean.

There are at this time in the roof of Storrington-church, two nestling owls, nearly fledged, which we state on the authority of two very respectable gentlemen of Storrington, as a remarkable fact, at this rigorous season of the year.

A Mr. Pratt, of Suffolk, who has been in Egypt, has produced a hatch of sixty-seven chickens, without the eggs being sat upon by hens. The method he used was the same as that pursued in Egypt, by moderate heat. The little animals are now three weeks old, healthy, and by preserving a proper temperature of heat, seem not to thrive the less for being motherless.

Strength of Imagination.—One of the late French Papers gives a very strong instance of the power of imagination. A person who was extremely fond of dogs, was recently playing with a small one, and was slightly bit by him in the nose. He thought nothing of it for some time, but happening to be in company with some persons who were speaking of the dreadful effects of the bite of mad dogs, he was struck with terror, and immediately caused his little favourite to be killed. But the idea had so completely got possession of his senses, that he died in a state of delirium. A child of his, who was bitten by the same dog, is perfectly well, because he apprehended no danger.

A gentleman on the turf, said to be very niggardly in his douceurs to his riders, is reported to have received a whisper of the reason

why he never wins a plate, although he is known to have excellent racers, namely, that his jockeys get double by losing what they would gain by winning.

A fellow lately taken up for stealing a horse, assured the magistrate he only meant to buy him. "How is that, fellow?" exclaimed the Justice.—"Why, please your Worship," answered the thief, "if you steal a horse, the owner publishes him in the papers with a true description of all his marks, faults, and blemishes; but if you buy the horse in the first instance, he is sure to be represented as a model of perfection.

A trotting match was performed on the 7th instant, on the Hatfield-road, Essex, between two horses, the property of two butchers; the one of Danbury, and the other of Purleigh. Much jockeyship was displayed during this trial of speed, between the two animals; but the old adage, that an ounce of blood was equal to a pound of bone, was, in consequence of the ice, totally reversed, and the Danbury butcher won the bet of five guineas. The distance of six miles was performed in about twenty minutes.

On the 1st instant died, at Aldborough, near Boroughbridge, aged twenty-five years, the celebrated and favourite brood-mare, Miss West, the dam of Stargazer, Telescope, Microscope, Huby, Skyepeer, Ann of the Forest, Circassian, Roseberry, Telegraph, Honeycomb, Allspice, and Quiz, whose ancestors were, Matchem, Regulus, Crab, Childers, and Basto.

A hawk, which had been observed by the neighbours to have nested for the last fifteen years near the roof of Westminster Abbey, was shot a few days ago by one of the Westminster scholars.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY H. J. FYE, ESQ. POET-LAUREAT.

LO, from **BELLONA**'s crimson Car,
At length the panting Steeds un-
bound;
At length the Thunder of the War
In festive shouts of Peace is drown'd;
Yet, as around her Monarch's brow
BRITANNIA twines the Olive Bough,
Bold as her Eagle-eye is cast
On hours of recent Tempest past;
Through the rude wave and adverse
gale,
When free she spread her daring sail,
Immortal **GLORY**'s radiant form
Her guiding Load-star through the
storm;
Directed by whose golden ray
Through rocks and shoals she kept her
steady way—
"My Sons," she cries, "can Honour's
Guerdon claim,
"Unsoil'd my parent worth, unstain'd their
Sov'reign's fame?"

ALBION! though oft by dread alarms
Thy native Valour has been tried,
Ne'er did the lustre of thy Arms
Shine forth with more refulgent pride
Than when, while **EUROPE**'s Sons,
dismay'd,
Shrunk recreant from thy mighty aid,
Alone, unfriended, firm, you stood,
A barrier 'gainst the foaming flood!
When mild and soft the silken breeze
Blows gently o'er the rippling seas,
The Pinnacle then may lightly sweep
With painted oar the Halcyon Deep;
But, when the howling Whirlwinds
rise,
When Mountain Billows threat the
skies,
With ribs of Oak the Bark must brave
The inroad of the furious wave—

The hardy crew must to the raging wind
Oppose the sinewy arm, the unconquerable
mind.

In ev'ry clime where Ocean roars
High though thy Naval Banners
flew,
From where, by Hyperborean shores,
The frozen gale ungenial blew,
To sultry Lands that Indian surges
lave,
Atlantic Isles, and fam'd Canopæ
Wave;
Though from insulted Egypt's Coast
Thy Armies swept the Victor Host,
From vet'ran bonds, where British Va-
lour won
The lofty walls of Ammon's godlike Son;
Useless the danger and the toil
To free each self-devoted soil,
Auxiliar legions from thy side
Recede, to swell the Gallic Conqueror's
pride,
While on Marengo's fatal plain,
Faithful to Honour's tie, brave **AUSTRIA**
bleeds in vain!

Not fir'd by fierce **AMBITION**'s flame
Did **ALBION**'s Monarch urge his
Car
Impetuous through the bleeding ranks
of War;
To succour and protect, his noble aims;
His Guardian Arm, while each Hesperian
Vale,
While **LUSITANIA**'s vine-clad Mountains
hail,
Their ancient Rights and Laws restor'd,
The Royal Patriot sheathes th' avenging
Sword;
By Heav'n-born **CONCORD** led, while
PLENTY smiles,
And sheds her Bounties wide to bless the
SISTER ISLES.

CAMPA.

CAMPANALOGIA;
A POEM,
IN PRAISE OF RINGING.

YE sacred Nine! assist a daring bard,
Who scorns the vulgar hackney'd road
to fame

Parnassian—One who aims, elate with
hope

Adventurous, to reach your sweet abodes
Through paths, which poet never trod be-
fore;

Oh! harmonize my numbers, while I
sing

The art of Ringing. Let the measure
sound,

Tuneful as is ray theme, nor think it
ought,

Ignoble, insignificant. For health
This exercise awaits—and hence the nerves
Brace into strength—Hence too the life-
blood rolls

In sprightlier torrents through the swelling
veins,

And ev'ry manly muscle looks robust;
Such as distended great Alcide's arms.

To you, my countrymen! I strike the
lyre,

Ye Britons! who delight to ring the
change

Of bells melodious. Smile! ah! smile
applause,

Ye festive sons of music. Attend my
song,

And let the sentiment supply the rhyme.
Critics! to your good-nature much I owe.

But should your taste this barren choice
condemn,

I shall not weep—
Nor let my tongue speak ought in your
dispraise.

Enough for me, if those for whom I
breathe

The voluntary pipe, applaud the lay.

First, the youths try one single bell to
sound,

For to perfection who can hope to rise,
Or climb the steep of science, but the
man,

Who builds on steady principles alone,
And method regular! Not he who aims
To p'unge at once into the midst of art,
Self-confident and vain. Amaz'd he stands
Confounded and perplex'd, to find he
knows

Least, when he thinks himself the most
expert.

As well the school-boy might assume the
stile

Of rhetoricians, and as well declaim
In British periods, whom his tutor taught
Beginning at the alphabet's extreme.

In order due to rounds they next proceed,
And each attunes numerical in turn;
Adepts in this, on three bells they essay
Their infant skill. Complete in this,
they try

Their strength on four, and musically hold
Full four-and-twenty changes they repeat.

Next, as in practice gradual they advance,
Ascending five, they ring a peal

Of grandsires, pleasing to a tuneful soul.
On they proceed to six. What various

peals,
Join'd with plain Bobs, loud echo thro'
the air,

While ev'ry ear drinks in th' harmonious
sound!

With grandsire's tripples then the steeple
shakes,

On seven with tenor behind. From eight
alone

The musical bob-major next is heard.
Caters, with tenor behind, on nine they
ring,

On ten bobs-royal—from eleven, cinquies
Accompanied with tenor, forth they pour

And the box-maximus results from twelve.

These are the rules, on which depends the
art,

But yet from these, far other peals are heard
Of infinite variety. Suffice,

The chief are mentioned. Endless were
the task

To record and enumerate the whole.
To you, ye seniors! I submit, pleas'd most

To stand corrected there, where most I err,

Hail to thee, Geary! * tho' expert of skill;
In matters naval—tho' the azure deep

Thou know'st—tho' navigation has disclos'd
Her stores to thee, and pregnated thy mind

With useful knowledge! yet, did'st thou
vouchsafe

To patronize this manly British art,

Nor Blackwell! † thou, not least, altho'
the last,

In silence be forgotten. At thy fame
Detraction lays her finger on her lip.

Tho' sullen, yet convinc'd, and (truth to
tell)

Envy herself to admiration turns.

* The late Admiral Francis Geary, Esq. who commanded the Grand Fleet about the year 1780, and when at the age of seventeen, rang with the Society of College Youths, in the first peal of twelve in, which was performed at St. Bride's, about the year 1730.

† Samuel Blackwell, Esq. of Gloucestershire, and late Member of Parliament for Cirencester, in that county.

But,

But, Hardham!* shall my young good-natured muse

Be silent in thy praise! No, she applauds
Thy strict sincerity of mind, and deigns
To call thee, no mean patron of this art.
Nor may'st thou blush to own it, since thy soul

With *milk of human kindness* is replete,
And truth and open honesty are thine.

Long may'st thou live, accompanied with health,

The sweetest, comeliest progeny of Jove!
Without whose presence, all that meets the eye,

Wears an unpleasing aspect, and the hand
Of wealth devolves her golden tide in vain.

Be others pleas'd with trifling gew-gaw sights

Unmeaning—but, let me behold a band
Selected, and of twelve compos'd, with arms

Ascending, and descending, stand, while health

Sits wreathing roses on their damask cheek,
And jocund pleasures sits dancing in their eyes;

While ev'ry bell strikes true, and not a note
Of jarring discord hurts attention's ear.

Toe-racking gout! be gone—with limping foot

Hobble on other ground. To man of ease
Who sits in pamper'd state in elbow chair
Thy steps direct. He shall support thee long,

And wrap thee in the flannel's warmest coat.

Bells! what can equal! Is not public joy
By them demonstrated, when gales benign,
Waft o'er victorious news—when British forces

Pours their dread thunder o'er th' ensanguin'd field,

Scattering the Gallic host; while all dismay'd,

Their leaders own them victors of the day.

These too, the sacred nuptial tie proclaim,
And ev'ry sound, and ev'ry varied peal,
Call smiles of transport from the happy pair.

Can none remember—yes, I'm sure—some must

When gracious Charlotte, prime of all her sex,

The Queen of rare accomplishment arriv'd,

How ev'ry bell divulg'd it thro' the isle,
And every steeple nodded high applause.

* Late an eminent Tobacconist and Snuffman, in Fleet-street.

These in most climes, but most in British land,
Tell to the travelling winds their monarch's birth.

Of as the annual blessed day returns
For thee, oh George! superior they aspire,
And bid the nation triumph at thy name.
Ev'n Grief lifts up her melancholy head,
Wipes from her face the slow descending tear,
And for a day grows convert unto mirth.

Go! view the rural region, where the blush
Of innocence is seen; where health imprints

Her kisses on the cheek. Soon as the peal

By rustics rung, each virgin's ear salutes,
How blithe her eye! how sprightly is her mien!

And ev'ry stripling gambols with delight.
Ev'n infants, hanging at their mother's breast,

Quit the sweet nutriment, their pleasures smile

Ineffable, clench hard their little hands,
And seem convuls'd with agonies of joy.
Echo, coy nymph, who loves to dwell unseen,

Unrival'd mistress of uncounted sounds,
Dear memory's sister twin, her voice exalts
Mellifluous, and ever fond to learn,
Repeats distinct the bold harmonious tones.

Nor you, ye social spirits! let me pass
Unnotic'd, who, around the festive board,
With hand-bells charm the minutes. The ye shine

In miniature, not less ye merit praise.

Indulge your honest joy. By turns regale
Your cheerful hearts, with nectar from the wine,

But let sobriety present the glass.

Your's, is the tie of friendship. Your's, the bond

Till death indissoluble. Long in mirth
May ye survive, and bid old Care good night,
And if the Muse can prophecy with truth,
Your names shall flourish, longer than the verse

Of him, who aims to register your praise.
Far better thus to close the mirthful eve,
If scandal be away, and mad excess
That drowns the struggling soul. Far better thus,

Than at one fatal cast to sink your fame
And substance to perdition, or to tire
Your constitution in the harlot's arms.

[ropes,
Now, rise accordant. Pull the pendant
Bid ev'ry bell strike true. The noble touch
Rouses

Rouses the lethargy, that clogs my mind,
And prompts me on to action. Swell my
heart

And dance without controul! for sweeter far
These lofty sounds, than those dead, lan-
guid airs,

That tremble on an instrument of wire!

As far superior as th' expressive notes
Of Incledon are to the eunuch's trill.

Britons! arise, resume the reigns of taste,
And let the natives of your isle receive
Your amplest tribute of deserv'd applause;
For whilst 'tis yours to boast an Arne, or
Boyce

No skill is wanting from a foreign land.

JAN. 6.

J. J. B.

THE ROYAL STAG HUNT.

A NEW SONG.

HARK away! the loud horn calls—To
Windoor repair!

What a splendid appearance of Royalists
there!

Not vulgar the game, nor the sportsmen
plebeian,

For the stag and great Caesar unite in our
pursuit.

See yonder, with generous order he flies,
Fancy stretches her wings, and the enemy
dies;

Like an arrow he soars from the bow of
Apollo,

And distances all who respectfully follow.

Now speeds the arch forester, swelling with
pride,

And fearless encounters the clamorous tide;
While it foams he increases, he laughs at
its roar,

And rears his warm crest on the opposite
shore.

Great souls hither bend, and yes small ones
retire,

For our theme is sublimed with poetical
fire;

Now, indeed, should the Muse give her
Pegasus breath

When the monarch thus pants to be in at
the death?

THE TENCH OF THORNVILLE- HOUSE—A TRUE STORY!!!

O' The marvellous,
At Thornville-House!

We read of feats in plenty,

Where with long bows

They hit, I trow,

Full nineteen shots in twenty!

Their fame to fix,
'Midst other tricks,
In which they so delight, Sir,
These blades, pray know,
The batchet throw
Till it is out of sight, Sir!

Of beast or bird,
Enough we've heard,
By cracks as loud as thunder;
So now they dish—
A monster Fish,
For those who bite at wonders!

The scullion wench
Did catch a Tench,
Fatter than Berkshire hogs, Sir,
Which, pretty soul,
Had made his hole
Saug shelter'd by some logs, Sir!

Sans water he
Had liv'd, d'ye see,
Beneath those roots of wood, Sir,
And there, alack,
Flat on his back,
Had lain since Noah's flood, Sir!

Now he's in stew,
For public good,
And fed with lettuce-cess, Sir;
In hopes the Town
Will gulp him down,
With good humping sauce, Sir!

THE DRUNKARD'S PROGRESS.

AT noon I rose and scratch'd my head,
Resolv'd to dine with Tom and Ned;
So took a coach at four to join
Those gen'rous friends to sparkling wine;
At five the dinner smooking hot,
But little appetite I'd got,
And hardly would my jaws unfix.
Till very nearly half past six;
At seven quick the bumpers past,
And I my spirits got at last.
What torrents of inspiring wine
Salute the hours of eight and nine!
At ten our wigs to fire were given,
Mene chose our coats just past eleven.
At twelve there wan't a soul quite able
To sit—but lay beneath the table;
And like enough but I, at one,
Was carry'd off as dead as stone:
All night quite burning sick and mazy,
And in the morning—damme! crazy!
Clodhopping Farm, Jan. 1, 1802.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR,

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS of the TURF, the CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION-interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

For FEBRUARY, 1802.

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Embellished with a beautiful Engraving, from the Design of Mr. Tomson, by Mr. SCOTT, of A HUNTER THROWN OUT; and an Etching of an EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE, by Mr. HOWITT.]

L O N D O N,

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS;

And Sold by J. WHEBLE, Warwick Square, Warwick Lane, near St. Paul's; C. CHAPPLE, 66, Pall-Mall, opposite St. James's Palace; J. BOOTH, Duke Street, Portland Place; JOHN HILTON, at Newmarket; and by every Bookseller and Stationer in Great Britain and Ireland.

W. Justing, Printer, Warwick-Square.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Gentleman who transmitted a large packet from Dublin, with various pedigrees, &c. claims our sincere acknowledgment of his good wishes for the success and improvement of THE SPORTING MAGAZINE. His letter, with the description of the carriage, engraved for Number CV. of this Work, and some of the pedigrees which accompanied them, distinguish our pages for the present month.

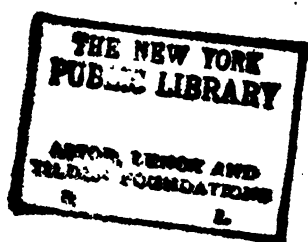
Our old Correspondent at Bath, who informs us that he has all our Volumes, *ab initio, elegantly bound*, will perceive that his communications occupy a place in our Poetical Department. We heartily sympathise with him in his *podagrous confinement*, and wish him all the mitigation that a genuine acquaintance with the Muses will admit of.—We have not the least objection to the *Beatification*, or the *Apotheosis* of the *Grazier* alluded to.

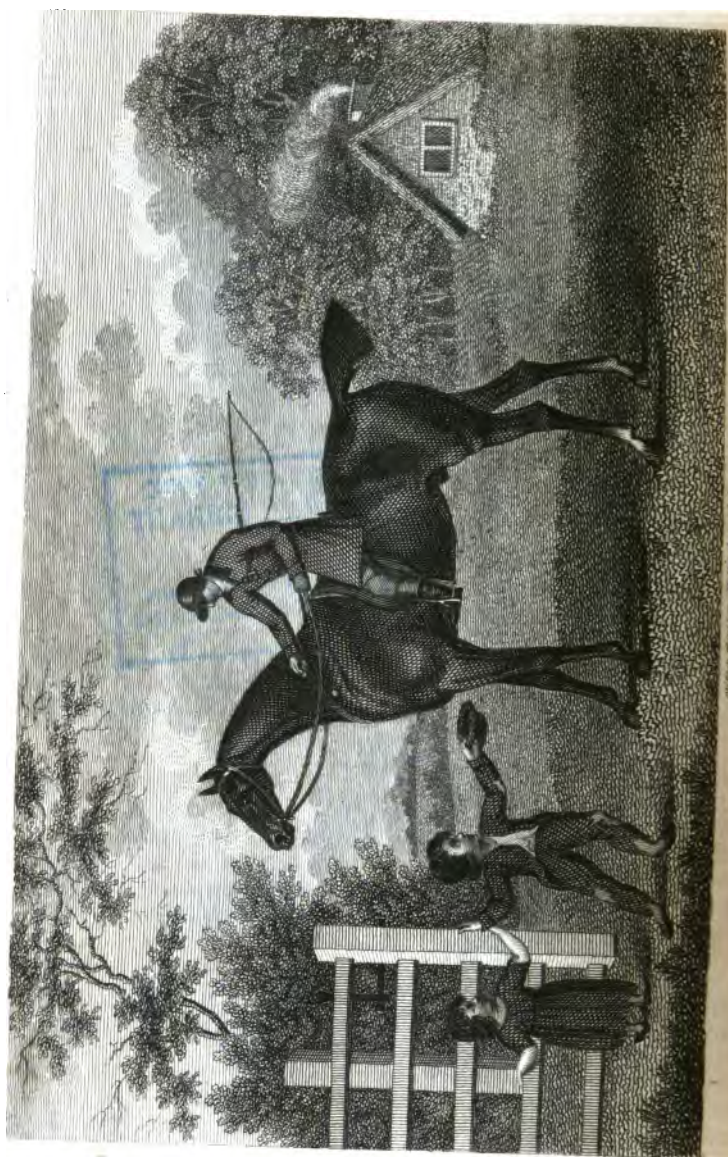
A. B. who writes from Castle-Hedingham, will see that we have availed ourselves of some of his humorous sketches of modern manners in our present Number. In our next we shall endeavour to make use of the whole of his packet.

X. Y.; a Juvenile Sportsman; and several other favours, are only postponed through the press of temporary matter.

☞ The essence and point of a good article in the FEAST OF WIT, in our last Magazine, is totally lost, by an error of the press, page 299, beginning, "An eminent physician;"—it should have read, "a dismissing fee of *five guineas*," not *two guineas*;—the mention of *two guineas* spoils the subsequent part of the article.

THE Portrait of HYALE was from a Drawing of Mr. TOMSON, of Nottingham, and not from any Design of Mr. SARTORIOUS, as stated, by mistake, on the Cover, and in the Title-page, of last Month's Magazine.





THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1802.

EXPLANATION OF PLATE I.

A HUNTER THROWN OUT.

[An Engraving by Mr. Scott, from a Drawing of Mr. CLIFTON TOMSON, of Nottingham.]

THIS subject is taken from an occurrence which the artist, Mr. Tomson, himself, witnessed. A gentleman, *thrown out*, rode up to a gate, that two poor children were opening to let him pass; "which way did the hounds go," said he.—"Through this gate, Sir. The *red coats* are all gone down here, Sir," answered the children.—The gentleman for a moment checked his impatience, to give the little informants something for their trouble and intelligence.

This constitutes all that can be said on the Engraving, except it be to notice an act of charity, and to remind all Sportsmen, and others, enjoying the bounty of Heaven, never, when out, to give trouble to the humble and needy, without acting after the manner of

THE HUNTER THROWN OUT.

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Dublin, Jan. 19, 1802.

GENTLEMEN,

HEREWITH you will receive the pedigrees, &c. of famous horses, together with a short description of the famous Carriage Match, at Newmarket, to illustrate the Plate you gave of it in one of your former Numbers. As you have given us a Chronological History of Boxing, I beg leave to suggest to you a Chronological History of the Turf from the earliest period, being convinced it would prove very acceptable to the majority of your readers; I can answer for many on this side the water. I likewise beg leave to suggest to you, when the Twentieth Volume is completed, to give a general Index, and a List of the Plates contained in the whole; it might be given (with portraitures of horses) as a Supplement, if you think proper.

I should be very much obliged to any of your Subscribers, if they could inform me (through the medium of your Magazine) the colour and marks of a filly, called *Dame Quickly* (Mr. Ver-

2 H 2

non's

non's), and the horse, called Corydon (the Duke of Ancaster's), or their portraitures; they were in training in the years 1774 and 5. Beg leave to return you, and Mr. Tomson, thanks for the two portraitures he has already given, and hope he will favour us with many more; among which, if it were convenient, I would wish to point out Coriander, Abba Thulle, (of which I will give a pedigree, &c.) Clay Hall, Satellite, Whip, Volunteer, Vertumnus, Fortunio, Holyhock, Javelin, John Bull, Alexander, Pegasus, Pipator, Sir Peter Teazle, Fidget, Trumpator, Young Eclipse, Soldier, Tamerlane, Trimmer, Bobtail, Cock-fighter, Vivaldi, Jack Andrews, Expectation, Expedition, Sir Harry, Spread Eagle, Symmetry, Champion, Rolla, Seagull, His Lordship, Scorpion, Heart of Oak, Overton, Stamford, Gohanna Kilton, Knowsley, Mendoza, Asparagus, Toby, Tickle Toby, Drone, Spear, Halbert, King Bladud, Jonah, Tarter, Schedoni, Archduke, Ambrosia, Telegraph, Timothy Warter, Humbug, Wrangler, Spoliator, Speculator, Pet, Poppinjay, Dick Andrews, Kill Devil, Magpie, Minos, Driver, Oscar, Sorcerer, Chippenham, Worthy, Laborie, Old Highflyer, Ambo, Dubscelper, Surprize, Balloon, Precipitate, Weathercock, Ruler, Aurelius, Jubilator, Funow, Harpator, Gunpowder, Bubble, School-boy, Bustler, Didelot, Razor, St. George, Calomel, Aimator, Sheet Anchor, Split Pigeon, Sparrowhawk, Admiral Nelson, Young Magpie, Boaster, Jack-a-lantern, Phenomenon, Flying Gib, Combatant, Challenger, Weazel, Harry Rowe, Pepper-pot, Wonder, Dart, and Sir W. Aston's Anthony.

I shall write again the first opportunity, if I see the inclosed

make its appearance in your Magazine, as I shall then be assured of its being acceptable. At the same time I must request of you to give us portraits of horses as often as you possibly can; as likewise their pedigrees, &c. Yours, a constant reader,

T. E. A. B.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CARRIAGE MATCH, AT NEWMARKET,

Made between the Earls of March and Eglington, with Theobald Taffe, and Andrew Sprowle, Esqrs. for 1000g.

THE conditions of the articles were, to get a carriage with four running wheels, with a man in it, to be drawn by four horses, nineteen miles in one hour; which was performed in fifty-three minutes and twenty-seven seconds. The pole was small, but lapped with fine wire; the perch had a plate underneath; two cords went on each side from the back to the fore carriage, fastened to springs; the harness was of thin leather covered with silk; the seat for the man to sit on was of leather straps, covered with velvet; the boxes of the wheels were brass, and had tins of oil to drop slowly for one hour on the axle-trees, to prevent its taking fire; the breechens for the horses were whalebone; the bars were small wood, strengthened with steel springs, as were most parts of the carriage, but all so light that a man could carry the whole with the harness, being but one hundred and a half. The near fore horse was a brown one, named Tawney (Mr. Greville's), was rode by William Errat, who had the conducting the rate to go at; the off fore horse was a dark grey, named Roderick Random (late Mr. Stanford's): the near wheel-

steel-horse was a chestnut, named Chance, late Duke Hamilton's, and the off wheel-horse, a grey, named Single-peeper (Mr. Thompson's, of Beverley—Little Dan being ill, did not run): they had all bolsters to preserve their shoulders, and the traces, by an ingenious contrivance, ran into boxes with springs, when any of them hung back, to prevent the traces getting under their legs. It started on Wednesday, August 29, 1750, about seven o'clock in the morning, near the six-mile-house, and ran between the warren and rubbing-houses; came through at the ditch called the Running Gap, then turned to the right, and run three times round a corded piece of ground of four miles, and then back to the place it started from. This match was performed before a great number of spectators, without any person attempting to ride with it, except Mr. Geo. Tuting, and Lord March's groom, who waited on them to assist in case of accident: it was timed by Dr. Monsey, Mr. Deard, and Mr. Rowley. The horses were all bred and trained for running. The two leaders, including bridles, saddles, riders, and harness, carried about 8st. each, the wheel-horses about 7st. each; the man on the carriage was to fulfil the articles. The carriage was invented by Mr. J. Wright, of Long-Acre: two or three other carriages had been made before, but disapproved, and several horses killed in trials, to the expence of six or seven hundred pounds.—Roderick Random was sold afterwards for ninety guineas, Single-peeper sold for fifty, Tawney sold for one hundred and ten guineas. Chance afterwards covered at Barnet.

[An Engraving of this Chaise-March, was given in the Sporting Magazine, No. 105, for June, 1801.]

I. ABBA THULLE.

HE was got by Young Marske, his dam, by Chatsworth, grand dam, by Engineer, Wilson's Arabian, Hutton's Spot, Mogul, Old Crab, Bay Bolton, Carwen's Bay Barb, Old Spot, white-legged Lowther barb, Vintner mare, bred by Mr. Dodsworth, and foaled in 1786. In 1789, he won Fifty Pounds at Durham, beating Beltona and Maria; in 1790, he won Fifty Pounds at Hexham, beating Brickdust, Duckwing, and Orleans; and Fifty Pounds, beating Ticket, Ratler, and two others. At Lancaster, he won Fifty Pounds, beating Lord Derby's Director; and next day, he again beat Director and Ostrich, for Fifty Pounds. At Doncaster, he won the Gold Cup, beating Duke of Norfolk's, Dubsclerper, Mr. Garforth's Harold, and two others. Dubsclerper was the favourite; the odds were four to one against Abba Thulle, who won easy. In 1791, at Nantwich, he won a Sweepstakes of Ten Guineas each, fifteen Subscribers, beating Sir C. Turner's Weathercock, and Mr. Legh's Harlot; the rest paid. He also beat Citizen, for Fifty Pounds, at Preston, Fifty Pounds at Lancaster. At Richmond, he won the Cup, beating Dubsclerper, Windlestone, and Pencil. At Morpeth, he walked over for Fifty Pounds, and Fifty Pounds at Dumfries; won Fifty Pounds at Perth, and the King's Plate at Carlisle, beating Pleader and Whitelegs. He then became the property of John Clifton, Esq. and in 1792, won a Sweepstake of Ten Guineas each, nine Subscribers, at Nantwich. At Preston, he won Fifty Pounds, beating Telescope; and, at Doncaster, he beat Microscope, for Fifty Pounds, 1793. At Nantwich, he won a Sweepstakes of Fifteen Guineas

Guineas each, fifteen Subscribers, beating five others, and the Cup at Richmond, beating five others.
(To be continued.)

COURSING.

WE believe it is pretty clearly understood, that the Rev. Bate Dudley, of Bradwell Hall, Essex, was the gentleman who, under the signature of *Old Soke*, challenged the North Country Greyhounds to meet his. The gentleman who accepted this, it is said, was Major Topham, of Wold Cottage, who, on the part of Yorkshire, offered to run the whole South of England over the Flixton Wold. Captain Topham, however, could never be prevailed on to run his greyhounds in the South, and Mr. Dudley declining, for the very good reasons already stated in a former Magazine, to run his dogs in the North, the challenge rests undecided.

Several gentlemen met at Newmarket, on Monday the 1st inst. with a view to establish a coursing party, which continued the three following days; during which, several matches were run, and plenty of hares being found by the company, (it being an established rule that no hare-finders should be encouraged) produced excellent sport. The hares were, in general, faster than their opponents. Sir Samuel Fludyer's bitch beat Mr. Goodison's bitch, for five guineas; and the same winner beat Mr. Lacey's bitch. Considerable bets were depending upon this match. A bitch, belonging to F. Tysson, Esq. eighteen months old, beat Mr. Baddison's bitch; the winner was sold for twenty guineas.—It is expected, from the accommodation the gentlemen re-

ceived in the field, as well as in the town, that a coursing meeting will be periodically continued.

ROCKLEY COURSING MEETING, FEB. 1, 1802.

A Sweepstakes of One Guinea each.

Mr. Pickering's Pink, beat Mr. Williams's Dash. Mr. Pitt's Pistol, beat Mr. Blagrave's Smoke. Dr. Vilett's Promise, beat Mr. Woolrych's Willing. Mr. Corcellis's Caustic, lost against Mr. Long's Laurel, by a toss.

The Winners matched again.

Mr. Pitt's Pistol, beat Mr. Pickering's Pink. Dr. Vilett's Promise, beat Mr. Long's Laurel.—Dr. V. and Mr. P. divided it.

Matches.

Mr. Goodlake's Gipsy, beat Mr. Methuen's Miss. Mr. Goodlake's Good-for-naught, beat Mr. Methuen's Mungrell. Mr. Pickering's Portia, beat Sir C. Mallet's Matchim. Sir C. Mallet's Matilda, beat Mr. Goodlake's Venus. Mr. Corcellis's Cango received forfeit from Mr. Methuen's Miss.

FEB 2, 1802.

Mr. Davenport's Nimble, beat Mr. Pickering's Pest. Mr. Davenport's Tippoo, beat Mr. Pickering's Pain. Mr. Goodlake's Trimket, beat Mr. Long's Lucy. Mr. Pickering's Presto, beat Mr. William's Fly, Mr. Goodlake's ginger, against Mr. Pickering's Plot, and Mr. Woolrich's Wilful, against Sir C. Mallet's Mayhap, and Mr. Methuen's Maggot, beat Mr. Pitt's Pandora. Sir C. Mallet's Marplot, against Mr. Pickering's Plotus, and Mr. Goodlake's Good-for-naught, beat Mr. Pickering's Pink. Sir C. Mallet's Matilda, beat Mr. Pitt's Psyche. Mr. Corcellis's Castle, beat Mr. Williams's Nabob. Mr. Pickering's Pantaloon,

mon, beat Mr. Pitt's, Pegasus.
Mr. Goodlake's Ginger, beat Mr.
Corcellis's Catch-him. Mr. Cor-
cellis's Bess, received forfeit from
Mr. Methuen's Mungrel.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

THE Yorkshire Gentlemen, fol-
lowing the example of those
at Newmarket, have been handi-
capping the North Country Horses,
to run at York, in August next.
The owners are allowed till the
1st of March to accept the pro-
posal, and there is to be no Race
in either of the Stakes without
there are five Subscribers to it.
The weights, &c. proposed, are
as follows:—

**ATURDAY BEFORE THE YORK
AUGUST MEETING, 1802.**

The York Oatlands Stakes of 50gs.
each, h. ft. four miles.

Mr. Johnson's Sir Solomon, 6 yrs
old, 9st.
Mr. H. T. Vane's Cockfighter, 6
yrs old, 8st. 9lb.
Lord Darlington's Agonistes, 5 yrs
old, 8st. 3lb.
Lord Darlington's Champion, 5
yrs old, 8st. 3lb.
Mr. Wentworth's Chance, 5 yrs
old, 8st. 3lb.
Mr. Wentworth's Barnaby, aged,
8st. 2lb.
Mr. Baker's Jonah, aged, 8st. 2lb.
Lord Darlington's Hap-hazard, 5
yrs old, 8st. 2lb.
Mr. Garforth's Hyacinthus, 5 yrs
old, 8st. 2lb.
Mr. H. T. Vane's Rolla, 5 yrs old,
7st. 13lb.
Mr. Fletcher's Lethe, 5 yrs old,
7st. 13lb.
Mr. Sitwell's Cork Boat, 6 yrs old,
7st. 11lb.
Lord Strathmore's b. h. by Walnut,
5 yrs old, 7st. 11lb.

Mr. L. Savile's Cinnamon, 5 yrs
old, 7st. 9lb.
Mr. Cornforth's Wrestler, 5 yrs
old, 7st. 9lb.
D. of Hamilton's b. m. by Walnut,
5 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.
Mr. Baker's Jack's Alive, 5 yrs
old, 7st. 4lb.

Same day, the York Oatlands
Stakes, of 50gs. each, h. ft. for
4 yrs old.—Two miles.

Mr. Brandling's Alonzo, 8st. 7lb.
Lord Darlington's Muly Moloch,
8st. 7lb.
Mr. Walker's Driver, 8st. 5lb.
Lord Strathmore's Highland Fling,
8st. 3lb.
Sir T. Gascoigne's Lenox, 8st.
Mr. Wilson's Sophia, 8st.
Sir W. Gerard's Belleisle, 8st.
Mr. Brandling's Doctor Solander,
8st.
Sir H. T. Vane's br. c. by Travel-
ler, 7st. 10lb.
Lord Fitzwilliam's Miracle, 7st.
10lb.
Duke of Hamilton's b. c. by Ser-
pent, 7st. 8lb.
Sir H. Williamson's Lancaster,
7st. 7lb.
Mr. Wentworth's Antelope, 7st.
7lb.
Mr. W. Fletcher's Malta, 7st. 7lb.

BETTING-ROOM, FEB. 22.

First Class of Oatlands.

3 to 1 against Penelope—4 to 1
against Marianne—5 to 1 against
Chippendale—6 to 1 against Ligu-
num Vitæ—15 to 1 against Rolla.

Second Class of ditto.

3 to 1 against Dick Andrews—
4 to 1 against Sorcerer—6 to 1
against Hornby Lass—6 to 1 against
Phoenix—9 to 1 against Striver.

Derby.

5 to 2 against Young Eclipse—
7 to 1 against Brother to Gig—10
to 1 against any other.

Oaks.

Oaks.

3 to 1 against Julia—6 to 1 against any other filly.

A Match.

Sir F. Standish's Eagle, against Sir H. V. Tempest's Rolla; 6 to 4 on Eagle.—Sir H. V. Tempest's Rolla, against Lord Sackville's Tag. Across the Flat, for 1000gs. h. ft.; the odds, 6 to 4 on Rolla.

ESSEX FOX-HUNTING.

GREAT WALTHAM, ESSEX,
FEB. 20.

MR. Tuffnell's hounds have in no season hunted in so capital a style, nor with so much success in killing foxes, as they have during the present. The only fear among the Nimrods is, that the breed of the subtle animal will barely keep pace with the rage which exists at the present moment for its pursuit, as scarce a hunting day occurs, but the field consists of fifty horsemen. Saturday the 13th instant, was a day of trial to their speed and bottom. By invitation from General Egerton, the hounds were thrown off at Danbury, and after drawing several small covers, within and near the Park, and not finding, they drew off for Gibcrack, where they found about twelve o'clock, but Reynard, by a manœuvre, threw the whole field out, and went off with the hounds close at his brush, at a contrary part of the cover to what he was expected. At one time the hounds and fox were near five miles a head, and not one of the field were within that distance. During this check of the horsemen, the fox made for South Hanningfield Tye, to West Hanningfield, from thence for Stock Common, to Bishop's Wood, when he headed and made a circle for Ramsden, Runwell, to Cray's Hill; here he headed again, came back to Down-

ham, by Rettenden Common, from thence to South Hanningfield Hall, giving those who had long heard, an opportunity of seeing, and taking cross to near Woodham Hall, he came back to East Hanningfield, threaded Gibcrack for a cover by Bricknacre Priory, but being hard pushed by the hounds, he again headed, intending to take his old haunt, but was pulled down in full view, within one field of that cover where he was first found, after one of the most severe chases ever remembered, for the time it lasted, being three hours incessant breast-high running, one momentary check excepted, with thirteen couples of hounds only. There were many respectable gentlemen of the county in the field, some of whom, after the first check, rode up to the hounds, but a great number of the horses, at the close of the day, were unable to gallop.

KING'S STAG HOUNDS.

THE King turned out a fine stag at Try's-hill, near Chertsey, on Saturday morning, the 13th instant; which, after affording a good chase, in a circuitous direction, through the open country, took soil in Shire-water pond; from whence he afterwards broke away in a bold stile, and was taken in the inclosures of Horshill.

WILD FOWL.

THE wild fowl have this winter been much missed at the tables of the Sussex gentry, owing, in a great measure, to the want of the ordinary supply from Ratton decoy pond, which the fowl deserted, after being shot at by two young men, whose ignorance of the decoy laws saved them from prosecution, and its consequent punishment.

The

THE LIFE, ADVENTURES, and
OPINIONS, of COL. GEORGE
HANGER.

(Continued from page 203.)

PEACE took place shortly after, when I observed a passport, both from the Congress and the French Ambassador at Philadelphia, to repair to that city to visit my old acquaintance the Duke de Lauzun, afterwards Duke de Monmouth, and afterwards guillotined. I must confess, although I had a passport from the French minister and from the Congress, I was rather doubtful and diffident how I should journey across the Ferries to Philadelphia in the character of Major to the British Legion; a corps not much esteemed by the Americans. But my friend, Mr. Church, who resided many years, after the war, in England, together with Colonel Wadsworth, who had acted with him as Joint-Commissaries to the French army, kindly took me under their protection to Philadelphia. These two gentlemen, in great good humour, but not without some degree of fear and displeasure on my part, when they arrived at Princetown, visited the celebrated, pious, and well-known character, Doctor Witherspoon. To this pious man they exhibited me in such characters, that, although the peace was concluded, I truly believe the Doctor thought his head in danger that night; and certain I am, if he had heard that I had been within ten miles of his pious and sanctified domain, he would have buried the last silver tea-spoon he was possessed of ten feet under ground. Thus did my friend Church and Wadsworth amuse themselves at my expence; and, what is more, all they told the

Doctor in good humour and in fun, playing me off before him, the pious Divine took for gospel.

I was treated with the greatest civility, not only by the French ambassador and officers, but also with the most perfect respect, attention, and politeness by the leading families in Philadelphia, particularly by Mr. Morris, the financier; also by Governor Morris, a gentleman who, I think, at that time filled the office of Secretary of State for the war department; and though he had by some misfortune lost one leg, that accident had not in the least impaired his understanding; for he was one of the most sensible, the best-informed, and most agreeable of men I ever knew: but, above all others, I here with pleasure pay that tribute of gratitude to General Dickenson, a distinguished officer in the American service, for the uncommon civility and attention he shewed to me: his house, replete with the truest hospitality, was open to me by night and by day; his mind was too noble, too enlightened, too expanded, to think ill of, or harbour any rancour against me or any other officer, who, by any active services, might have made themselves obnoxious to the generality of Americans. I am convinced from my heart, that, had I been of ten times more detriment to the Americans, his respect would in proportion have increased; for he had, from an early period of the war, served his country with distinction and alacrity, and honoured those British officers who had endeavoured, to the utmost of their abilities, to serve their king and country.

I shall here relate a conversation that took place one day at his table, before a large company; and an opinion which I gave rela-

tive to the future destiny of the government of that country; and I am of opinion, that the state of affairs there is rapidly hastening a dissolution of the United States. At that time, when peace had been concluded but a few weeks, I was of that opinion; and remember well, when General Dickenson asked me my opinion of the government and of its stability, I communicated my thoughts nearly in the following words:—"Sir, as long as General Washington, and the other principal military characters and leading men in Congress, who have brought about this revolution, are alive, the government will remain as it is, united; but, when all of you are in your graves, there will be wars and rumours of wars in this country: there are too many different interests in it for them to be united under one government. Just as this war commenced, you were going to fight amongst yourselves, and would have fought, had the British not interfered: you then, one and all, united against us as your common enemy; but, one of these days, the Northern and Southern powers will fight as vigorously against each other, as they both have united to do against the British. This country, when its population shall be completed, is large enough for three great empires. Look, gentlemen, at the map of it: view how irregular the provinces are laid out, running into each other: look particularly at the State of New York; it extends one hundred and fifty miles in length, due north; and in no place, in breadth, above fifteen or twenty miles. No country can be said to have a boundary or frontier, unless its exterior limits are marked by an unfordable river, or a chain of mountains not to be passed but in particular

places. The great finger of nature has distinctly pointed out three extensive boundaries to your country: the North River, the first; the Great Potomack, which runs three hundred miles from Alexandria to the sea, unfordable; the second; and the Mississippi, the third and last. When the country of Kentucky is completely settled, and the back country farther on to the Banks of the Mississippi shall become popular and powerful, do you think they will ever be subjected to a government seated at Philadelphia or New York, at the distance of so many hundred miles? But such a defection will not happen for a very long period of time, until the inhabitants of that country become numerous and powerful: the Northern and Southern powers will first divide, and contend in arms."

I remember perfectly well General Dickenson's reply to my opinion; "God forbid that I should ever live to see that day, or that such a dire calamity should ever befall my country after my death! yet I am afraid that there may be some just grounds of suspicion for the foundation of your opinions." I could not refrain from making some further observations relative to the future situation of America; for this liberal-minded man insisted on my giving my opinions without the least restraint; and I continued my discourse as follows:—"The Americans, Sir, are grateful, and ought to be grateful, to the French nation, for having assisted them to gain their independence; but I think a day will come when the Americans will have reason to curse the hour that they ever admitted a Frenchman into their country. Look, Sir, to Europe; throughout

throughout all that great continent you will find, that wherever France has gained a footing, she has ever, by the intrigues of her emissaries, embroiled those European powers in disputes and wars, and used them to her interest. She will endeavour to act the same by your nation; and make you subservient to her interests, as she has done by other nations."

I am bound in justice and truth to add the opinion of the company; and the whole of them seemed much to undervalue the sentiments which I entertained of the policy of the French nation; and General Dickenson replied, "Maj. Hanger, in this point, relative to the French, you, in the opinion of the company, and also in my opinion, are totally mistaken; for the counsels or influence of the French will never prevail amongst us: they can never have any influence or power with us."—Thus the conversation ended,

(To be continued.)

MODERN AMAZONS.

SOME years since, a gentleman in the city, extensively engaged in West Indian commerce, was involved in bankruptcy by a misplaced confidence—he retired into the neighbourhood of Bradford with two daughters, and shortly after sunk beneath the pressure of his misfortune, leaving them wholly without provision. The former affluence of their father had prevented their acquiring knowledge of any profession by which to earn a respectable maintenance—they could not work, and were ashamed to beg. In this dilemma, their enterprize rose superior to considerations of fear,

and prompted the bold expedient of assuming the dress and character of men, and entering into the Navy. They went to Portsmouth, and by their address, obtained a situation on the quarter-deck of a troop-ship bound to the West Indies. They were engaged in the reduction of Curacoa, &c. and served with credit in two or three actions in those seas, till one of them was wounded by a splinter in the side, when her sex being discovered, she was discharged, and came to England a few weeks ago. The other sister was at this period sinking under the fever which has proved so fatal to Europeans in the West Indies, and had been sent ashore at Dominica; there, under an impression of approaching death, she disclosed to one of the officers of the ship, her sex. The discovery gave tenderness to the esteem he had before entertained for his young friend: his attentions contributed to her convalescence. In short, she recovered, and they were married, and are now on their return to Europe, in possession of the means to render happy the remainder of their days.

The French Revolution has furnished similar instances of singular acts of determination and courage in women. Forgetful of the delicacy of their sex, they assumed the habits of men; they worked the artillery, and charged at the head of the cavalry, while others fought on foot under the Austrian horses, fearless either of the sabre or of being trodden to death. Amongst others, may be instanced the two sisters who fought in the battle of Jemappe, as well as in other actions, in the capacity of Aides-de-camp to General Dumourier. Those female warriors were strongly recom-

mended by that General to the President of the National Convention, and to the Minister of War, for their heroism and bravery.

ACCOUNT OF THE NATIVE DOG,
THE KANGAROO, THE BIRDS,
&c. OF NEW SOUTH WALES.

From a Voyage to Botany-Bay.

By GEORGE BARRINGTON.

(Continued from page 178.)

"IN my walks I often fell in with the Kangaroos, of which there are great numbers; they are about the size of a common deer, of a dark tan colour; its head, I think, resembles that of the Mocoek, from the East Indies. The hind legs are much longer than the fore, and with them they leap and spring forward with amazing rapidity, their fore feet being seldom seen to touch the ground; and, indeed, they are so very short, that it is not possible the animal can make great use of them in running; they have prodigious force in their tail, which is a principal part of their defence; when attacked, they strike a blow with this weapon sufficient to break the leg of a man, or the back of a dog; it also assists them in their springs, which are truly surprising. The native Dog is much swifter than the Kangaroo, and will attack them with great courage; the chase is seldom of long duration, the Kangaroo being soon tired, and is generally overtaken in less than a quarter of an hour. When seized, if they have no opportunity of using the tail to advantage, they turn upon the Dog, and, catching hold with the talons of his fore-paws, he flies at, and strikes his adversary with those of his hind feet, which are long, sharp, and of great strength;

and, if the dog is not assisted, it frequently happens that they get the better.

"I have frequently seen male Kangaroos which, when sitting on their haunches, would measure at least from five feet eight to five feet ten inches in height: such a one would, I think, overmatch any of the dogs; but I never ventured to try them singly. Having had several young native dogs given me, from time to time, I take great delight in Kangaroo hunting; it is not only an agreeable exercise, but produces a dish for the table nearly as good as mutton; and, in the present dearth of live stock, is not an unacceptable present.

"The native Dog greatly resembles the Pomeranian breed: with their ears erect, they have a remarkable savage look, and are not unlike a Wolf, both in size and appearance. There is no getting the better of their natural ferocity; for, if you take ever such pains in rearing them, they will, at every opportunity, destroy the sheep, pigs, or poultry; nor do I think it possible to break them of this savageness of temper, so that they are of little or no use, except in hunting the Kangaroo.

"The country abounds in birds of numberless species; those of the parrot kind, such as, the macaw, cockatoo, lory, green parrot, and paroquets, of different species and sizes, ornamented with the most gay and luxuriant plumage that can be conceived. The common crow is no stranger here, but is found in considerable numbers; the sound of their voice, and manner of croaking, is widely different from those in Europe. Hawks are in great plenty: pigeons, quails, and a great variety of small birds; but I have not seen any with an agreeable note.

"There

"There is also a very large bird, but it is not very common; at first they were taken for the ostrich, as they did not fly when pursued, but ran so exceedingly fast that a strong native dog could not overtake them: I shot one of them, which measured upwards of two yards and a half from its feet to the upper part of its head. The difference between this bird and the ostrich is in its bill, which is narrower at the point, and it has three toes, which is not the case with the ostrich, as I had an opportunity of seeing several of them at the Cape. It possesses one singularity, by which it cannot fail of being known, which is, that two distinct feathers grow out from every quill. Its flesh, though not the most tender grained, is far from unacceptable; it resembles, when raw, neck beef; and a side-portion of this bird makes an excellent dinner for half a dozen. The crow, I think, relishes equally as well as the barn fowl in England. I have sometimes, when on a shooting excursion, fallen in with the black swan; the extremity of their wings are white, and all the rest of their plumage a bright black; its bill a pale pink, or crimson: they are of the size of the common white swan, and are a delicate appendage to the table.

"A prodigious quantity of bats have made their appearance during these two last years; they are generally seen about Rose Hill, towards the close of the evening: the head of this bat very much resembles that of the fox; the wings of many of them extend four feet, from tip to tip. I have one of them that will eat out of the hand, and as domestic in the house as a cat. Their smell is rank and offensive; and numbers having perished from the extreme heat of the

weather, and fallen into the water about Rose Hill, rendered it undrinkable for some days.

"There are as many different species of insects as of birds; the centipedes, spider, ant, and scorpion; the generality of these vary but little from those described as inhabitants of most parts between the tropics: the ant possesses, not only the greatest portion of industry, but also of courage; an insult is never offered them with impunity: they are of various sizes, from the common European ant to near three quarters of an inch in length; they are also of different colours, as, black, white, yellow, and red; the most formidable of which are the red-coated gentry: whenever it happens that they are disturbed by any person, or beast treading on their nests, which are constructed just beneath the surface, with numberless small passages or outlets, they sally forth in myriads, and attack the ill-fated and unconscious offender with astonishing intrepidity, and even continue their pursuit to a considerable distance; their bite, if not venomous, is attended with the most acute pain for some time: one species of them build their nests against a tree, of the size of a beehive; another kind raises mounds of earth, with prodigious industry, to the height of four feet.

"The spider of this country nearly approaches the ant in point of industry; the smallest of these are larger than any I ever saw in England; they spread their webs in the woods, between the trees, generally to the distance of ten or a dozen yards, and weave them so strong, that small birds are frequently entangled therein. The silk of which the web is composed, when wound off in a ball, I think, is equal to any I ever saw in the same state from

from the silk-worm; it is of the same colour, a pale yellow or straw colour. Of reptiles, there are snakes, from the smallest I have ever seen in England, to the length of eleven feet, and as thick as a man's leg; also lizards, of various kinds and sizes.

(To be continued.)

HISTORY OF ANCIENT AND MODERN COURSING;

FROM RURAL SPORTS,

By W. B. DANIEL.

"THIS amusement is of great antiquity, and is treated on by Arrian, who flourished A.D. 150. It was first used by the Gauls, the most luxurious and opulent of whom, used to send out good hare-finders early in the morning, to those places where it was likely to find hares sitting; they returned to their employers with an account of the number of hares found, who then mounted their horses, and took out their greyhounds to course them; not more than two greyhounds were to be ran at once, and those were not to be laid in too close to the hare; for although the animal is swift, yet when first started, she is so terrified by the hallooing, and by the closeness and speed of the dogs, that her heart is overcome with fear, and in the confusion, very often the best sporting hares were killed without shewing any diversion; she was therefore allowed to run some distance from her seat, before the dogs were set after her. The best hares were those found in open and exposed places; they did not immediately try to avoid the danger by running to woods, but whilst contending in swiftness with the greyhounds, moderated their own speed

according as they were pressed; if overmatched in speed by the dogs, they then tried to gain ground by frequent turns, which threw the dogs beyond them, making at the same time their shortest way to the covers, or nearest shelter. The true sportsman, even in Arrian's time, did not take out his dogs to destroy the hares, but for the sake of seeing the contest between them, and was glad if the hare escaped, which was never prevented, by disturbing any brake in which she might have concealed herself, after beating the greyhounds. They were also frequently taken alive from the dogs, by the horsemen who closely followed them, and after the greyhounds were taken up, were turned down for future sport. They used to *speak* to their greyhounds whilst in the field, considering it a kind of encouragement to them, to know that their master was a witness of the excellence of their running; but this *speaking* was recommended to be chiefly confined to the first course, lest, after being weakened by a second or third, they might, by such encouragement, exert themselves beyond their strength, and hurt their insides, which was thought to be the destruction of many good dogs.

"Those who had not the convenience of hare-finders, went out commonly in a company on horseback, when they beat the likely grounds, and on starting a hare, the greyhounds were let loose after her: those who were more keen after the sport, used to go on foot, and if any one accompanied them on horseback, it was his business to follow the dogs during the course. It is singular, that after the lapse of so many centuries, the mode of beating for a hare in coursing, should be now, exactly what

what it then was. The company were drawn up in a straight rank, either horse or footmen, and proceeded at certain distances from each other, in a direct line to a given point, and wheeling round that they might not go over precisely the same track, they beat the ground regularly back. This practice is still continued. A person was appointed to take the command of the sport, if there were many dogs out; he gave orders that such and such dogs should be slipped, according as the hare took to the right or left, and these orders were punctually obeyed.

"The Gauls sometimes mixed and used finders with their greyhounds, and while these tried to find the hare, the greyhounds were led by the hand at a small distance, taking care, however, to lead them where the hare was most likely to come; and here the greyhounds pretty well supplied the use of Zenophon's nets. This method of coursing was deemed irregular, as the stoutest hares were so alarmed with the cries of the finders, that if they did not start a very considerable way before, they were sure to be killed. This method is very much practised in some parts of Great Britain, to the great consolation of those, who think no course worth seeing, unless there is a hare at the end of it.

"A young hare, when found sitting, was not disturbed, as it was considered unfair to run the greyhounds at her; but with the finders, (who are said to have been very eager through hunger, and so desirous of eating up what they caught, that it was difficult to get them off, even by beating them with sticks), the exercise of this clemency was impossible.

"In our own country, during

the reign of King John, greyhounds were frequently received by him as payment in lieu of money, for the renewal of grants, fines, and forfeitures, belonging to the Crown; the following extracts prove this Monarch to have been exceedingly partial to this kind of dogs. A fine paid A. D. 1203, mentions five hundred marks, ten horses, and ten leashes of greyhounds; another, in 1210, one swift running horse, and six greyhounds.

"The greyhound, in ancient times, was considered as a very valuable present, and especially by the ladies, with whom it appears to have been a peculiar favourite: in a very old metrical romance, called *Sir Eglamore*, a Princess tells the Knight, that if he was inclined to hunt, she would, as an especial mark of her favour, give him an excellent greyhound, so swift that no deer could escape from his pursuit.

'Syr yf you be on huntynge founde,
'I shall you gyve a good greyhounde,
'That is dunne as a doo:
'For as I am trewe gentylwoman,
'There was never deer that he at ran,
'That might yscapc him fro.'

"The Isle of Dogs, now converting to the first commercial purposes, derived its name from being the *dépôt* of the spaniels and greyhounds of Edward III. and this spot was chosen, as lying contiguous to his sports of woodcock shooting, and coursing the red deer, in Waltham, and the other Royal Forests, in Essex, for the more convenient enjoyment of which, he generally resided in the sporting season, at Greenwich.

"In the days of Elizabeth, when she was not herself disposed to hunt, she was so stationed, as to see the coursing of deer with greyhounds. At Cowdrey, in Sussex, the

the seat of Lord Montecute, A. D. 1591, one day after dinner, the Queen saw from a turret, 'sixteen bucks all having fayre lawe, pulled down with greyhounds in a laund or lawn.'

"In ancient times, three several animals were coursed with greyhounds, the deer, the fox, and the hare. The two former are not practised at present, but the coursing of deer formerly was a recreation in high esteem, and was divided into two sorts; the paddock, and the forest or purlieu. For the paddock coursing, besides the greyhounds, which never exceeded two, and for the most part consisted of one brace, there was the teaser or mongrel greyhound, whose business it was to drive the deer forward, before the real greyhounds were slipt. The paddock was a piece of ground generally taken out of a park, and fenced with pales or a wall; it was a mile in length, and about a quarter of a mile in breadth, but the further end was always broader than that which the dogs started from, the better to accommodate the company in seeing which dog won the match. At the lither end was the dog-house (to enclose the dogs that were to run the course), which was attended by two men, one of whom stood at the door to slip the dogs, the other was a little without the door, to let loose the teaser to drive away the deer. The pens for the deer intended to be coursed, were on one side, with a keeper or two to turn them out; on the other side, at some distance, stood the spectators. Along the course were placed posts. The first, which was next the dog-house and pens, was the law-post, and was distant from them one hundred and sixty yards. The second was the quar-

ter of a mile, the third the half mile, the fourth the pinching-post, and the fifth marked distance; in lieu of a post, was the ditch, which was a place made so as to receive the deer, and keep them from being further pursued by the dogs. Near to this place were seats for the Judges, who were chosen to decide the wager.

"So soon as the greyhounds that were to run the match were led into the dog-house, they were delivered to the keepers, who, by the articles of coursing, were to see them fairly slipt; for which purpose, there was round each dog's neck a falling collar, which slipt through rings. The owners of the dogs drew lots, which dog should have the wall, that there should be no advantage; the dog-house door was then shut, and the keeper turned out the deer; after the deer had gone about twenty yards, the person that held the teaser loosed him, to force the deer forward, and when the deer was got to the law-post, the dogs were led out from the dog-house, and slipt. If the deer swerved before he got to the pinching-post, so that his head was judged to be nearer the dog-house than the ditch, it was deemed no match, and was to be run again three days after; but if there was no such swerve, and the deer ran straight until he went beyond the pinching-post, then that dog which was nearest the deer (should he swerve) gained the contest: if no swerve happened, then that dog which leapt the ditch first, was the victor. If any disputes arose, they were referred to the articles of the course, and determined by the Judges.

"In coursing deer in the forest or purlieu, two ways were used; the one, coursing from wood to wood,

wood, and the other upon the awns by the keepers' lodges. In the first, some hounds were thrown into the cover to drive out the deer, whilst the greyhounds were held ready to be slipt, where the deer was expected to break; if the deer was not of a proper age and size, the dogs were not let loose; and, on the other hand, he broke at so great distance, or was otherwise deemed an overmatch for one race, it was allowable to way-lay him with another brace of fresh greyhounds.

"For the coursing upon the lawn, the keeper had notice given him, and he took care to lodge a deer fit for the purpose, and by nipping the wind of him, there was no danger of getting near enough to slip the greyhounds, and having fair course.

"In coursing the fox, no other was necessary but to get the wind, and stand close on the outside of the wood, where he was expected to come out, and to give him law enough, or he instantly turned back to the cover; the swiftest greyhounds were speedy enough to overtake him; and all was hazard was, the fox spoiling the dog, which frequently happened; for the most part, the greyhounds used for this course were hard-bitten dogs, that would seize any thing."

(To be continued.)

CHARACTERS AT THE LATE RANELAGH MASQUERADE.

THE first in rank and singularity, was Sir John Dyneley, Bart. one of the poor Knights of Windsor, who, agreeably to an advertisement inserted with his signature, a few days since in the Morning Prints, appeared in search of wife; whatever was the furniture

of his pockets, he discovered on the occasion a plentiful lack of brains.

A very active Tailor appeared, mounted on an immense goose, which kept such a continued hissing, that it is well for a certain Monkish Author, this ominous bird was not present during the first performance of *Alfonso*.

Diogenes in search of an honest man, extremely well supported, and holding a dark lantern, &c. After a long search, the cynic thought he had discovered his wish under a sooty countenance, when, lo! it proved to be a sprig of the law!

A Fashionable Youth supported with great spirit, the character of a Barber, but took so many liberties with the noses of the company, that he was fortunate in escaping without a lathering.

A dismounted Surry Yeoman was so unpleasantly vociferous in his inquiries after a stolen horse, that a jockey severely disciplined him with a horsewhip.

A Young Surgeon turned Soldier, instead of cutting, got cut up, as he found the wits too far north for him.

A Youth from the vicinity of Battersea-bridge, warbled as sweet as a skylark; and four Chorus Singers of Covent-Garden Theatre, sang several glees so happily, as to cause the audience to approve the mirth-inspiring influence of the moment.—A Bailiff, however, soon silenced them, by exclaiming that he was their superior, being President of a Catch Club!

Little Simmons, from the same Theatre, played *Harlequin*; but, after supper, was more light-headed than light-heeled.

The Fools were, as usual, numerous, and very naturally supported.

In fine, there was an amazing inundation of Chamber-maids,

K k Watchmen,

Watchmen, Cyprians, and Chimney-Sweeps, together with a Worshipful Magistrate, who appeared exactly like "a Reed shaken by the wind!"

The supper and wines, which were excellent in their kind, and most freely distributed, did great credit to the liberality of Mr. Ashley, and indeed proved so extremely inviting, that the majority of the company did not depart, till Aurora blushed for them.

GRAND DIPLOMATIC SPECTACLE;

Or, a Description of a Public Audience of the First Consul of France.

By an EYE-WITNESS.

WE were conducted into a saloon, where were assembled the ambassadors, and those foreigners, who were to be conducted to the audience. We were all in the first instance, presented to the Councillor of State, Benezech; the Minister, Talleyrand, also made his appearance, while the state hussars guarded the doors, and overlooked the apartments. In a short time, the domestics of Bonaparte came to serve us with chocolate, liqueurs, &c. In about half an hour, we were conducted by Benezech through a long line of guards, into the hall of audience. During this procession, warlike music was heard, which seemed to transport us all to Marengo. In the saloon preceding that of the Consul, the officers of the Etat-Major formed a double line. The Consuls were placed near the chimney, with four officers of the guards in full uniform, behind them: the Ministers were on the right, and the Councillors of State on the left; whilst many Members of the Legislative Bodies, and a great num-

ber of General Officers formed a semi-circle. The entrance completed the circle. The Foreigners ranged themselves by the side of the respective Diplomatic Agents, who took their stations without any apparent design. The Envoy from the Pope placed himself on the right of the Consuls: by the side of him was the Imperial Ambassador; then followed the Ambassadors of Prussia, Denmark, &c. Bonaparte alone did the honours of the audience: he made his round with inexpressible ease—he spoke to all without the least affectation, and found means to say something agreeable to each.

As we were near eighty in number, he was near an hour making the round. Having at length, however, returned to his place, we made our bows and were re-conducted by Talleyrand and Benezech, amidst the music of martial instruments, into the first saloon, from whence we departed, filled with satisfaction and admiration at what we had seen and heard.

A WHIMSICAL WAGER

Was determined in the course of his Month.

MR. H. of the City laid a wager of five guineas that he would cross the river Thames in a washing-tub at high water. About eleven o'clock in the morning he made the attempt, attended by four boats, and proceeded with much dexterity with his paddles until he got into the middle, when, losing his balance, the tub upset, and Mr. H. was immersed in the surge, to the no small entertainment of the spectators.

PENURIOS CHARACTERS.

MR. Guy, who was the founder of the noble hospital that bears his name in the Borough of Southwark, was as remarkable for his private parsimony as his public munificence. He invariably dined alone, and a soiled proof-sheet, or an old newspaper, was his constant substitute for a table-cloth.

It is recorded of him, that as he was one winter evening sitting in his room, meditating over a handful of half-lighted embers, confined within the narrow precincts of a brick-stove, and without any candle, a person who came to enquire for him was introduced, and after the first compliments were passed, and the guest requested to take a seat, Mr. Guy lighted a farthing candle, which lay ready on the table by him, and desired to know the purport of the gentleman's visit. The visitor was the famous Vulture Hopkins, immortalized by Pope, in the lines—

'When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend

'The wretch, that living, say'd a candle's end, &c."

"I have been told; (said Hopkins) that you, Sir, are better versed in the prudent and necessary art of saving, than any man now living, and I therefore wait upon you for a lesson of frugality; an art, in which I used to think I excelled, but am told by all who know you, that you are greatly my superior."—"And is that all you come about? (said Guy) why then, we can talk this matter over in the dark:" so saying, he with great deliberation extinguished his new-lighted farthing-candle. Struck with this instance of economy, Hopkins rose up, acknowledged himself convinced of the other's

superior thrift, and took his leave.

A boiled egg was the usual dinner of Sir Hans Sloane. When he once complained to Doctor Mortimer that all his friends had deserted him, the Doctor observed that Chelsea was a considerable distance from the residence of most of them, and therefore they might be disappointed when they came, to find he had so slight a dinner. This gentle remonstrance put the old Baronet in a rage, and he exclaimed, "Keep a table! Invite people to dinner!—Would you have me ruin myself? Public credit totters already; and if (as has been presaged) there should be a national bankruptcy, or a sponge to wipe out the national debt, you may yet see me in a workhouse." His landed interest was, at that time, very considerable, and his museum worth much more than the twenty thousand pounds, which was given for it by Parliament.

Pope has recorded the rapacity of Peter Walters, but there are some circumstances in his life not generally known. He was of a low origin, but acquired an immense estate; the principal part of which arose from his knowledge of the world, and careful attention to the follies and vices of young noblemen and gentlemen of fortune, whose wants he was, on proper terms, always ready and willing to supply.

He was first an under-steward to the great Earl of Uxbridge, whom he had the address to manage with such dexterity, that to his dying hour, no man stood so well with that nobleman as Peter Walters. The Earl himself was a great usurer, and Peter was privy to all his bargains. When they were alone and disengaged, their

custom was to compare notes, and then a question sometimes arose about which of them had pocketed the greatest number of peers.—Pope calls Walters “a person eminent in the wisdom of his profession, a dexterous attorney, and a good, if not a safe, conveyancer.” It happened one night that Anthony Henley, who was as remarkable for his *wit*, as Peter was for his *money*, met together at an inn on the road and joined company. In the course of the evening’s conversation, Henley heartily rallied his new companion, on his immoderate love of money, and threw out some sarcastic hints on his manner of getting it. Walters was no less severe upon Anthony for his sovereign contempt of that precious metal, and his ways of squandering it. “At best (Henley said), every body knows, Walters, how you got your *money*—but do be frank for once, and tell me how the devil you came by your *wit*, for they very rarely go together.”—“Why, as to that (said Peter), I thank my stars I am not indebted to nature for a grain of it; but you must know I have lately bought a good many estates from men of a bright fancy and high genius, and they gave me their wit into the bargain,”

SMILES AND TEARS: A SINGULAR ADVENTURE.

ANECDOTE FROM THE FRENCH PAPERS.

CAFFARIELLI, a celebrated Italian singer, went into France in the time of the Princess of Saxe, who was very fond of music. He sung several times at the concert of sacred music, and before Louis XV. who sent him a

very elegant gold snuff-box by a gentleman of the Chamber.—“What,” says the musician, “does the King of France send me this box without his portrait?”—“The King makes a present of this to no one but his Ambassadors.”—“To Ambassadors,” replied Caffarielli, “why then he should make them sing.”—The King, when this was related to him, laughed very heartily.

But Caffarielli did not get off so easily with Cardinal Albani. His Eminence invited him to sing at a Concert, which he gave at his Palace at Rome. The musician promised to be there, but wilfully forgot the appointment.—A messenger was sent for him, who found him at his door in his robe de chambre.—“His Eminence waits for you.”—“O, *che disgrazià*—I have entirely forgotten the appointment; but will not another time do as well?”—“No, you must come as you are.”—“In a robe de-chambre!”—“Yes, in a robe de chambre.”—Caffarielli thought it extremely pleasant to go to sing in a robe de chambre before Cardinal Albani; he entered, made excuses, and sung an air; after which, the major-domo desired him to go into a cabinet, where he presented to him a box of gold, filled with sequins.—“There,” said the major-domo, “this is the reward which his Eminence has sent you for the exertion of your talents, and he has at the same time ordered that you should receive chastisement for your insolence.”—Immediately four footmen gave him a dozen blows upon his shoulders; what was still more cruel during this scene was, that whilst he was roaring out with pain, those who heard him called out—“Bravo, bravo Caffarielli.”

ENTERTAINING ACCOUNT

Of the Festivals and Diversions of the
Modern Greeks of Corfu.

THE number of churches in Corfu is very considerable. Each officiating priest is annually elected by the assembled parishioners.

The richest of those churches is that in which are deposited the reliques of St. Spiridion, to whom the Greeks bear a peculiar devotion. The descendants of the family which possessed his venerated remains have always enjoyed a sort of apparent property in the church, to which they have the privilege of nominating the officiating *papa*. That benefice, as being one of the best, is always conferred on one of their own family.

The festival of Saint Spiridion is celebrated with the greatest pomp. A week previous to the day, the doors, windows, and steeple of the church are adorned with myrtle and laurel branches. Round the top of the steeple runs an iron balustrade, at the four corners of which are erected four long poles bearing four flags: that of St. Marc, the Russian, and the English, are always of the number; for the fourth, the Danish, or Swedish, or Dutch, &c. is indiscriminately chosen, but never the Turkish, nor that of France, which was not admitted even when France was a monarchy. The bells are kept incessantly ringing during the whole week. At length, on the eve of the festival, amid the sound of all the bells in all the churches, and the report of firing, the priests expose to the veneration of the multitude the sacred shrine containing the saint's body entire and in good preservation. The shrine is of ebony, covered with gilded silver plates, of very neat workmanship,

and enriched with precious stones. The front consists of a large glass plate, through which the saint is discovered, standing in an erect posture, and arrayed in his pontifical robes.

The governor and his household repair in a body to assist at this ceremony, which is performed with greater tumult than devotion. A detachment of sixty soldiers find a difficult task in maintaining order among the crowd of people who, during three successive days and nights, eagerly throng to the spot, to implore the protection of the saint. After this, comes a procession, in which the clergy of Corfu, are joined by a host of *papas* from the neighbouring isles, and even from the Morea. The shrine is carried on a bier by six *papas* in sacerdotal array, under a canopy alternately supported by the governor and the other chief officers and magistrates. They are preceded by the governor's band of music, who, as well as his servants, are dressed in their state-liveries. The whole garrison are all the while under arms; and the chief part of them accompany the procession. So soon as, in the course of its stated round, it has reached the ramparts which cover the city on the side fronting the sea, all the ships of war, with their flags displayed, pay it a salute of cannon and musketry: the gallies and galliots, with their colours likewise flying, advance from their usual station, and sail along the shore under the ramparts, keeping pace with the march of the processive above.

The ceremony is necessarily of long duration on account of the slowness of the march. It is besides frequently interrupted by the approach of sick persons whom their friends carry under the shrine in full confidence of an infallible cure.

cure. It usually happens that several of those sick persons fall into frightful convulsions, and cause great confusion: but such of the *papas* as are in the secret dextrously avail themselves of the circumstance to levy contributions on the credulity of the devotees. During the whole time that the body of the saint continues to be exposed to public veneration, the church is crowded with sick persons, who lie there stretched on their beds, patiently awaiting a cure, for the promise of which they are obliged to pay.

So long as the festival lasts, the *papas* are busily employed in gratifying the public devotion; one devotee earnestly praying them to read him a portion of the gospel, another equally desirous to obtain a wax-candle, a handkerchief, a ribbon, or any other object which had touched the saint's body. All these favours are paid for.

The reliques of Saint Spiridion are exposed with the most religious confidence in every season of public calamity. His church has been enriched by private donations; and the devotion of the islanders is a productive source of wealth to him: the mechanic, the mariner, fancy that they insure the success of their undertakings by devoting a part of the profit to Saint Spiridion. Not a barque sails from their port, in the profits of whose voyage the saint is not interested: the Greeks even of the Morea and the Archipelago are equally zealous in paying tribute to him.

The night between Holy Thursday and Good Friday is remarkable for the number of processions which perambulate the city. Every church, every chapel, has its owa, in which is triumphantly carried a sepulchre previously prepared with the greatest possible munificence; for in this point

there is a certain emulation between the different churches. Each sepulchre is surrounded by a great number of lighted tapers, each *papa* holding one of very large size in his hand, and each person who accompanies the procession being also provided with one. All these different processions, after having perambulated the streets, unite on the esplanade, where the light of their numerous tapers equals the splendor of day. All the churches are open; all the streets and public squares are crowded with people running from church to church, from procession to procession. The women, who on other occasions, do not appear at church except in a close-tailed gallery, now enjoy full liberty. This night is the time when they contract new acquaintances or renew their old.—On every side people are seen going in parties to enjoy the spectacle of the processions, and to visit the churches; devotion serves as a cloke to curiosity, or to the accomplishment of preconceived plans. These pious rambles are usually succeeded by feasts, which do not always terminate peaceably. The events of the night furnish an ample fund of conversation for the ensuing day.

(*To be continued.*)

INGENIOUS PLOTS OF FRENCH DRAMATISTS.

THE prolific genius manifests itself in some new productions every week. The return of peace will afford us the opportunity of occasionally noticing those ephemeral productions. Among the latest is a new piece, which, if the accounts in the French papers are correct, may very fairly be put in competition with some of our own modern dramatic productions.

ions. This piece is called *An Inn à Calais*. At this Inn are assembled the following personages: A Gascon, who is going to establish a theatre in England; a Parisian, who comes down to meet his niece on her arrival from London; the niece herself; the young lady's lover; and an Englishman, also in love with the young lady, and who has followed her from England. The Englishman forms a plan for carrying off the lady, and bribes the Gascon to assist him: but by a mistake, the landlady is carried off in her stead. Such is the Piece, which is stated to have been received with a mixture of applause and censure.

"This Piece," says a French Editor, "will undoubtedly please the English, who always describe the French on their Theatres as *rue Gascons*."

Another Piece has also made its appearance during the last decade, at the Theatre Feydeau. It is entitled *Plutarch*, and is rather of an amusing description. It seems, however, to afford but a slight foundation even for a single act. A young officer, who is over head and ears in love, requests some pecuniary assistance of a rich uncle; by means of which he hopes to render himself more worthy of the woman of his heart: on this application the uncle makes his laconic reply—"Read *Plutarch*," at the same time presenting him with a copy. The young man, who cannot conceive that the perusal of a Greek author could prove any resource to him, not only neglected the advice, but sold all his books, including even *Plutarch*. The Valet disposes of the whole to a person whom he takes for a broker, but who, in fact, proves to be the uncle. The *Plutarch*, which was given to the nephew sealed up, was in fact, alone worth one thousand crowns. At

length, the uncle and the nephew have an interview; and after many ironical and humorous reflections on the taste of young men for reading, he gives him to understand, that the book in question contained a note for six thousand francs, and a consent to his wished-for marriage. The benevolent uncle pardons him, and unites the lovers. He gives, at the same time, a thousand crowns to the valet, who, perceiving the *gout* of the old man for ancient authors, presents him with a *Cicero*, observing at the same time, that he was not the first great man who had made the fortune of a fool.

LUDICROUS BET, AND LEGAL DECISION.

OUR readers have no doubt heard much of the Savage of Aveyron lately said to have been taken in the woods of France, a circumstance which gave rise to a ludicrous bet between Feydel and Vaille, two actors. The first alleged that the Savage of Aveyron was only a young actor, who played his part indifferently well; the latter maintained that he was a real Savage. The parties not agreeing to refer the matter to arbitration, this ludicrous cause came to be tried before the Justices of Peace of Moulins, who decided, that Citizen Feydel having produced no proof of his assertion, had lost the bet to Citizen Vaille, in consequence of which he was condemned to pay him twenty-four francs, the amount of the bet, and also the costs of suit.

Quere.—Should not the *onus probandi* have rested with Vaille, as there have been more instances of actors counterfeiting Savages, than of real Savages appearing as actors.

SPORTING VOLUNTEER APO-
THECARY

An extract from the Comedy of
THE POOR GENTLEMAN.
Written by G. COLEMAN, junior, Esq.

SCENE II.

An Apartment in Sir Charles Cropland's
House; Sir Charles Cropland at break-
fast; his Valet-de-chambre adjusting his
Hair.

Sir Cha. **H**AS old Warner, the
steward, been told
that I arrived last night?

Valet. Yes, Sir Charles; with
orders to attend you this morning.

Sir Cha. (*Yawning and stretching*)
What can a man of fashion do with
himself in the country, at this
damn'd dull time of the year!

Valet. It is very pleasant, to-
day, out in the park, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Pleasant, you booby!
How can the country be pleasant
in the middle of spring? All the
world's in London.

Valet. I think, somehow, it looks
so lively, Sir Charles, when the
corn is coming up.

Sir Cha. Blockhead! vegetation
makes the face of a country look
frightful. It spoils hunting. Yet,
as my business on my estate, here,
is to raise supplies for my pleasures
elsewhere, my journey is a wise
one. What day of the month was
it yesterday, when I left town, on
this wise expedition?

Valet. The first of April, Sir
Charles.

Sir Cha. Umph!—When Mr.
Warner comes, shew him in.

Valet. I shall, Sir Charles.

[*Exit.*]

Sir Cha. This same lumbering
timber upon my ground has its me-
rits. Trees are notes, issued from
the bank of Nature, and as cur-
rent as those payable to Abraham
Newland. I must get change for

a few oaks, for I want cash con-
sumedly. So, Mr. Warner!

Enter WARNER.

Warner. Your honour is right
welcome into Kent. I am proud
to see Sir Charles Cropland on his
estate again. I hope you mean to
stay on the spot for some time, Sir
Charles.

Sir Cha. A very tedious time.
Three days, Mr. Warner.

Warner. Ah, good Sir! things
would prosper better if you ho-
noured us with your presence a
little more. I wish you lived en-
tirely upon the estate, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Thank you, Warner;
—but modern men of fashion find
it devilish difficult to live upon their
estates.

Warner. The country about you
so charming!

Sir Cha. Look ye, Warner—I
must hunt in Leicestershire—for
that's the thing. In the frosts, and
the spring months, I must be in
town, at the Clubs—for that's the
thing.—In summer, I must be at
the watering-places—for that's the
thing.—Now, Warner, under
these circumstances, how is it pos-
sible for me to reside upon my
estate? For my estate being in
Kent—

Warner. The most beautiful part
of the county.

Sir Cha. Curse beauty! we
do not mind beauty in Leicester-
shire. My estate, I say, being in
Kent—

Warner. A land of milk and
honey!

Sir Cha. I hate milk and honey.

Warner. A land of fat!

Sir Cha. Damn your fat!—list-
ten to me—my estate being in
Kent—

Warner. So woody!

Sir Cha. Curse the wood! No
—that's wrong—for it's conve-
nient. I am come on purpose to
cut it

Warner.

Warner. Ah! I was afraid so! Dice on the table, and then, the axe to the root! Money lost at play, and then, good lack! the forest groans for it

Sir Cha. But you are not the forest, and why devil do you groan for it?

Warner. I heartily wish, Sir Charles, you may not encumber be goodly estate. Your worthy ancestors had views for their posterity.

Sir Cha. And I shall have views for my posterity—I shall take special care the trees sha'n't intercept their prospect.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Mr. Ollapod, the apothecary, is in the hall, Sir Charles, to enquire after your health.

Sir Cha. Shew him in.

[Exit Serv.]

The fellow's a character, and wastes time as he does his patients. He shall kill a quarter of an hour for me this morning. In short, Mr. Warner, I must have three thousand pounds in three days. Fell timber to that amount immediately, 'Tis my peremptory order, Sir.

Warner. I shall obey you, Sir Charles; but 'tis with a heavy heart! Forgive an old servant of the family, if he grieves to see you forget some of the duties for which society has a claim upon you.

Sir Cha. What do you mean by duties?

Warner. Duties, Sir Charles, which the extravagant man of property can never fulfil—Such as to support the dignity of an English landholder, for the honour of Old England; to promote the welfare of his honest tenants; and to succour the industrious poor, who naturally look up to him for assistance. But I shall obey you, Sir Charles. *[Exit.]*

Sir Cha. A tiresome old block-head! But where is this Ollapod? his jumble of physic and shooting may enliven me—and, to a man of gallantry, in the country, his intelligence is, by no means, uninteresting, nor his services inconvenient. Ha! Ollapod!

Enter OLLAPOD.

Olla. Sir Charles, I have the honour to be your slave. Hope our health is good. Been a hard winter here—Sore throats were plenty; sower woodcocks. Flush'd four couple one morning, in a half-mile walk from our town, to cure Mrs. Quarles of a quinsy. May coming on soon, Sir Charles—season of delight, love, and campaigning! Hope you come to sojourn, Sir Charles. Shouldn't be always on the wing—that's being too flighty. He, he, he! Do you take, good Sir, do you take?

Sir Cha. Oh, yes, I take. But, by the cockade in your hat, Ollapod, you have added lately, it seems, to your avocations,

Olla. He, he! yes, Sir Charles, I have, now, the honour to be Cornet in the Volunteer Association Corps of our town. It fell out unexpected—pop, on a sudden; like the going off of a field-piece, or an alderman in an apoplexy.

Sir Cha. Explain.

Olla. Happening to be at home—rainy day—no going out to sport, blister, shoot, nor bleed—was busy behind the counter—You know my shop, Sir Charles—Galen's head over the door—new-gilt him last week, by the bye—looks as fresh as a pill.

Sir Cha. Well, no more on that head now—proceed.

Olla. On that Head! he! he! he! that's very well; very well, indeed! Thank you, good Sir, I owe you one.—Churchwarden

Ll

Posh,

Posh, of our town, being ill of an indigestion, from eating three pounds of measly pork at a vestry dinner, I was making up a cathartic for the patient; when, who should strut into the shop, but Lieutenant Grains, the Brewer—sleek as a dray-horse—in a smart scarlet jacket, tastily turn'd up with a rhubarb-coloured lapelle. I confess his figure struck me. I look'd at him as I was thumping the mortar, and felt instantly inoculated with a military ardour.

Sir Cha. Inoculated! I hope your ardour was of a favourable sort.

Olla. Ha! ha! that's very well—very well indeed!—Thank you, good Sir, I owe you one. We first talk'd of shooting—he knew my celebrity that way, Sir Charles. I told him, the day before, I had kill'd six brace of birds—I thumpt on at the mortar—we then talk'd of physic—I told him, the day before, I had kill'd, lost, I mean—six brace of patients—I thumpt on at the mortar—eyeing him all the while; for he looked devilish flashy, to be sure; and I felt an itching to belong to the corps. The medical and military both deal in death, you know—so 'twas natural. He, he! Do you take, good Sir? do you take?

Sir Cha. Take? oh, nobody can miss.

Olla. He then talk'd of the corps itself; said it was sickly, and if a professional person would administer to the health of the Association—dose the men, and drench the horse—he could, perhaps, procure him a Cornetcy.

Sir Cha. Well, you jump'd at the offer?

Olla. Jump'd! I jump'd over the counter—kick'd down Churchwarden Posh's cathartic into the pocket of Lieutenant Grains's smart

scarlet jacket, tastily turn'd up with a rhubarb-coloured lapelle; embraced him and his offer; and I am now Cornet Ollapod, apothecary, at the Galen's Head, of the Association Corps of Cavalry, at your service.

Sir Cha. I wish you joy of your appointment. You may now dispense water for the shop from the laurels you gather in the field.

Olla. Water for—oh! laurel-water—he! he! come, that's very well—very well indeed! Thank you, good Sir, I owe you one. Why, I fancy fame will follow; when the poison of a small mistake I made has ceased to operate.

Sir Cha. A mistake?

Olla. Having to attend. Lady Kitty Carbuncle, on a grand field day, I clapt a pint bottle of her Ladyship's diet-drink into one of my holsters; intending to proceed to the patient after the exercise was over—I reach'd the martial ground, and jallap'd—gallop'd, I mean—wheel'd, and flourish'd, with great *éclat*; but when the word “Fire” was given, meaning to pull out my pistol, in a hell of a hurry, I presented, neck foremost, the damn'd diet-drink of Lady Kitty Carbuncle; and the medicine being, unfortunately, fermented, by the jolting of my horse, it forced out the cork, with a prodigious pop, full in the face of my gallant commander.

Sir Cha. But, in the midst of so many pursuits, how proceeds practice among the ladies?

Olla. He! he! I should be sorry not to feel the pulse of a pretty woman, now and then, Sir Charles. Do you take, good Sir? do you take?

Sir Cha. Any new faces since I left the country?

Olla. Nothing worth, an item—nothing new arrived in our town.

the village, to be sure, hard by, the most brilliant beauty has lately given lustre to the lodgings of former Harrowby.

Sir Cha. Indeed! is she comest-able, Ollapod?

Olla. Oh no! Full of honour's a Corps of Cavalry; tho', stamp as a partridge, and mild as infusion. Miss Emily Worthington; I may venture to say —

Sir Cha. Hey? who? Emily Worthington?

Olla. With her father —

Sir Cha. An old officer in the army?

Olla. The same.

Sir Cha. And a stiff maiden aunt?

Olla. Stiff as a ram-rod.

Sir Cha. (singing and dancing.) Fol-de-rol-lol!

Olla. Bless me! he is seized with St. Vitus's dance.

Sir Cha. 'Tis she, by Jupiter! by dear Ollapod! (embracing him).

Olla. Oh, my dear Sir Charles! (returning the embrace).

Sir Cha. The very girl who has just slipped thro' my fingers, in London.

Olla. Q ho!

Sir Cha. You can serve me materially, Ollapod. I know your good nature, in a case like this, and —

Olla. State the symptoms of the case, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Oh, common enough. I saw her in London by accident: wheedled the old maiden aunt; kept out of the father's way; followed Emily more than a month, without success; — and, eight days ago she vanished — there's the outline.

Olla. I see no matrimonial symptoms in our case, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. 'Sdeath! do you think me mad? But, introduce yourself to the family, and pave the way for me. Come! mount your horse — I'll explain more, as you go to the stable: — but I am in a flame, in a fever, till I hear further.

Olla. In a fever! I'll send you physic enough to fill a baggage-waggon.

Sir Cha. (aside.) So! a long bill as the price of his politeness!

Olla. You need not bleed; but you must have medicine.

Sir Cha. If I must have medicine, Ollapod, I fancy I shall bleed pretty freely.

Olla. He! he! Come, that's very well! very well indeed! Thank you, good Sir, I owe you one. Before dinner, a strong dose of coloquintida, senna, scammony, and gambouge; —

Sir Cha. Oh; damn scammony and gambouge!

Olla. At night a narcotick; — next day, saline draughts, camphorated julep, and —

Sir Cha. Zounds! only go, and I'll swallow your whole shop.

Olla. Galen forbid! 'Tis enough to kill every customer I have in the parish! — Then we'll throw in the bark — by the bye, talking of bark, Sir Charles, that Juno of yours is the prettiest pointer-bitch —

Sir Cha. Well, well, she is yours.

Olla. My dear Sir Charles! such sport, next shooting season! — If I had but a double-barrell'd gun —

Sir Cha. Take mine that hangs in the hall.

Olla. My dear Sir Charles! — Here's a morning's work! senna and coloquintida — (aside).

Sir Cha. Well, be gone then. (Pushing him).

Olla. I'm off! — Scammony and gambouge —

Sir Cha. Nay, fly, man!

Olla. I do, Sir Charles — A double-barrell'd gun — I fly — the bark — I'm going — Juno, the bitch — a narcotick —

Sir Cha. Oh, the devil! (Pushing him off). [Exit.

spectators. On these days the Neva is covered with carriages, sledges and foot-walkers, houses and booths being erected on it, in which spirituous liquors are sold, ludicrous farces acted, and dancing bears exhibited. All these people, horses, carriages, sledges and buildings, stand on the winter-covering of a great river, in a place where, within only a few weeks afterwards, large ships will be beating the billows. If it happen, however, to be a mild winter, so as to raise apprehensions that the ice may not be strong enough to sustain this prodigious pressure, precautions are taken by the police to prevent accidents.

SARCASTIC OBSERVATIONS UPON BULL-BAITING.

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING
MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

SUCH of your readers as regard the welfare of their country, must hear with pleasure that the subject of bull-baiting is about to receive a full and deliberate discussion; and they will not be less pleased when they are told, from good authority that the grandeur and prosperity of Great Britain, all that is renowned in history, and all that is dear to us as Christians and Britons, have depended, and must depend, on the "blood of bulls." And if their minds were not fired with true patriotism, still it will be an object of great curiosity to know in what manner these important truths can be proved. It must, in the first place, be the bounden duty of the great advocate of bull-dogs, to censure those annalists and historians who have detailed the progress of power, government, and

civilization in this country, without giving bull-baiting its due share in producing those effects. It will next fall in his way to state, historically, that bull-baiting was first introduced into England by King John, a fact which involves certain very important inferences. King John, it is well known, wished to rule without law or constitution—"Give us our constitution," said the Barons—"I'll give you bull-baiting," answered the King—"Give us our liberties," said the Barons—"You shall have a bull to bait," answered the King—"Give us the code of Alfred," said the Barons—"I'll promote the breed of bull-dogs," answered the King—"Give us Magna Charta," said the Barons—"Can't you be content with bull-baiting?" answered the King.

But since that period many advocates for breeding, have been irritated to a wonderful degree of soreness at the least attempt to abridge the pangs of a bull tied to a stake, and have never been so happy in their arguments on this subject, as when they could exclaim with Virgil—

"Taurus
Concidit, et mixtum spumis vomit ore
cruorem,
"Extremasque ciet gemitus."

The advocate for bull-baiting should now demonstrate by a train of beautiful positions, metaphors, and similes, the effect which it has produced on the spirit and courage of Englishmen—what share it had in the reformation—in the restoration—and in the revolution—the three grand eras in our history, the secret moving principles of which will now be found—not in the wisdom of cabinets, or the promotion of reason—but in the people being properly trained to the amusement of bull-baiting. Bringing the argument still nearer our

our own times, the obligations the Duke of Marlborough was under to this noble and valorous sport, may be fairly stated; and lastly, its due merit assigned in the victories of Howe, St. Vincent, Duncan, and Nelson—and by what means our sailors, merely from a knowledge of bull-baiting, were enabled to break the line, and perform a feat which no other navy has dared to attempt. The recent landing in Egypt, and success there, may, on equal grounds, be attributed to the same causes, and shew, beyond all contradiction, the absurdity of the interference of Magistrates, and other persons, whose minds have been perverted by false notions of humanity, and who think, oddly enough, there is no great courage in tormenting an animal that is deprived of its natural defence, and that what is not courage in itself cannot produce bravery in others.

However, should such arguments as I have already hinted at be encouraged, they would apply, with equal effect, to that congenial amusement, or rather science, cock-fighting, or throwing at cocks, and thus every source of spirit and valour be for ever dried up. And the mighty return for this irreparable loss would only be, that in a moment of weakness, we had consulted the interests of humanity, and fondly imagined that the populace might be diverted with amusements more correspondent to their character, than the torments of the helpless, the effusion of blood, or the agonies of death.

JUVENCULUS.

UPON THE ABSOLUTE IMPORTANCE BOTH OF BOXING AND BULL-BAITING.

It is not very extraordinary

that, after so long a war, the elegant amusement of boxing should become popular. People have been so much accustomed to battles and blood-shed, that they cannot brook a sudden stoppage of these interesting details. Boxing and bull-baiting afford tolerable substitutes. Instead of "the pomp and circumstances of glorious war" on the grand theatre of Europe, we are reduced to a scaffold twenty-four feet square, at the flag end of a county.

By the way, the word scaffold should be avoided; it is ominous, and calculated to excite very unpleasant prospects in the minds of the heroes.

Though the scene be thus confined, we have all the essential points of a pitched battle in attack and defence: instead of the *left* and *right wings*, we find the *right* or *left eye* very much *maltreated*, as the French call it, and sometimes put *hors de combat*; sometimes the *front of the line*, vulgarly called the *nose*, is very roughly handled; again, the centre is driven in upon the rear, and so on.

Nay more, these warlike operations are detailed in the official Journals of the Belligerents, and the merits of their different pretensions are discussed in manifestos, which discover no small resemblance to many State Papers that have issued from St. James's or the Thuilleries. All this, to be sure, is war in miniature, but it is war still.

We fear that experience has sufficiently proved that man is a pugnacious animal. Those who do not fight themselves are sure to do every thing they can to make others fight. Seeing then, that this disposition is so prevalent, it may be worthy the attention of the

the naturalist and politician, to render the gratification of it, upon the whole, as little mischievous as possible. Perhaps, persons who are allowed to taste the enjoyments of witnessing a boxing-match, a bull-baiting, or a cock-fight, might limit their desires to these, without endeavouring to set nations by the ears, and converting whole continents into a bear-garden!

Aware, therefore, of the importance of indulging this pugnacious disposition, we are inclined to think that a prudent legislature, and a pacific ministry, will oppose no obstacle to the campaigns of dogs, bulls, and boxing-masters. A strict neutrality should be observed towards the different brutes. Nay, we have heard, not without considerable satisfaction, that a bear-garden is to be established, under the patronage of persons of distinction! This will afford a new field of recreation to the lovers of sports, that are the very image of war.

We are sensible that it may be objected, that these sports will rather encourage the fierce disposition, particularly as it has been observed of certain ferocious animals, that having once tasted blood, they are not to be withheld from pursuit of game. To this we answer, that the passion must have some food; hunger will render it quite outrageous, and if we prohibit boxing-matches and bear-fights, the peace cannot last a twelvemonth. Such, from its having no vent, would, in so short a space, be the accumulation of pugnacious matter in the nation.

T. C.

UPON THE ORIGIN OF BULL-
BAITING.

By another Correspondent.

Capel Loft, Esq. in your Ma-

gazine, has shewn his usual good sense, good learning, and good nature, in trying to remove from the genteel town of Bury, the reproach of encouraging, or permitting, so abominable a custom, as that of Bull-running or Bull-baiting, though it is also practised at many other reputable places, as at Tutbury, Stamford, &c.

Mr. Gough, in his edition of Camden, vol. 2, p. 395, gives this account of the former:—"There was another extraordinary ceremony of electing a King of the Minstrels, and turning out a bull by the Prior of Tutbury, which being soaped and made as mad as possible, was to be pursued by them, and when taken within the county, and before sun-set, to be brought to the market-cross, and there baited. By this bull, as a tenure, the Duke of Devonshire holds the priory, but of late years has commuted for it, and gives the minstrels four marks, whether they get the bull or not. The King of Music and the bailiff have also of late compounded: the bailiff giving the King five nobles, in lieu of his right to the bull, and then sends him to the Earl of Devon's manor of Hardwick to be fed, and given to the poor at Christmas. Sir Simon Degge was steward here several years, but there was no going to the church in his, nor his predecessor's time, but it might be so in the time of Popery, and discontinued since."

It is very well known, that such was the grossness and barbarity of former times, even of Societies of Regular Clergy, that we cannot deny the account from its unsuitableness to their professions and functions: but though I have not Mr. Shaw's magnificent History of Staffordshire at hand, and therefore am forced to speak from memory only, and so may easily be mistaken,

mistaken, yet I think he clearly proves that the custom no way depended on the priory, but to some grant of the Castle by John of Gaunt, or some other great man; and I hope, if this matter is properly examined, it will not be found, like the quiet and solemn procession of the white bull, to have any reference at all to our magnificent abbey:—but whether it does or not, the custom should be honoured in the breach, not in the observance.

RAPTIM.

BOXERS, AND THEIR BAIL.

It is well known, that Warrants being issued in the course of last month by the Earl of Radnor, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Berks, for apprehending Belcher, Joe Ward, Harry Lee, and Bourke, for breach of the Peace, by "unlawfully assembling, and publicly fighting, at Hurley, in the County of Berkshire;" all of them, the latter excepted, have obtained bail; but Bourke, like greater men, "being deserted at his utmost need," was obliged to submit to durance vile, in the common gaol at Reading.—Belcher, Ward, and Lee, however, appearing with their bail at the Office, in Bow-street, on Friday, Jan. 29, before Mr. Bond, the following are the particulars of the examination which took place on the occasion:—

MR. Bond.—"I think you are a principal in this outrage of the peace—Your surname is Belcher—Pray, Sir, what is your Christian name?"

A. "James."

Q. "Where was you born?"

A. "Bristol."

Q. "What's your trade?—How do you get your living?"

A. "I am a Butcher."

Q. "Where do you live?"

A. "No. 9, Hungerford Market."

Q. "Are you ready with your bail, to answer this serious charge of the county of Berks?"

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A. "I am."

Q. "Where are they?"

A. "Here"—(*Pointing to Mess. Brown and Evans.*)

Mr. Brown.—"I am ready to give bail for Mr. Belcher's appearance, to answer the indictment against him for a breach of the peace in the county of Berks."

Mr. Bond.—"I find you are, Sir. Pray what is your name? And where do you live?"

Mr. Brown.—"My name is Thomas Brown. I live in Whitcombe-street, St. Martin's in the Fields; where I have rented a house five-and-twenty years."

Mr. Bond.—"How do you live, Sir? I must be excused, Mr. Brown, in putting particular questions to you, and the other gentleman who now purposes to offer himself as bail in this affair, as the prosecution being at the instance of the Lord Lieutenant of a county, every satisfaction must be given to the Solicitor, who now acts for my Lord Radnor—I therefore repeat, by what means do you live?"

Mr. Brown.—"I live by my fortune—I am a Gentleman."

Mr. Bond.—"You follow no profession or trade, Mr. Brown?"

Mr. Brown.—"I do not."

Mr. Bond.—"Are you worth a hundred pounds after all your debts are paid?"

A. "I am."

Mr. Bond.—"If Mr. Vines, the gentleman who acts here as Solicitor for Lord Radnor, has no objection, I think the bail is sufficient."

Mr. Vines.—"The county will be perfectly satisfied with any bail approved by Mr. Bond."

[*Mr. Brown was then bound in surety to the amount of one hundred pounds for Belcher's appearance, and the latter, as a principal, in two hundred pounds.*]

Mr. Bond.—(*Addressing himself*

M m

to

to the next bail.)—"Your name is Evans, I am informed. As all you fighting gentlemen are strangers to me, favour me, Sir, with your Christian name?"

A. "Philip."

Q. "Pray, Philip Evans, what are your pursuits in life?—I mean, of what trade or profession are you?"

A. "I am an Oyster Merchant, and live in Hungerford Market."

Q. "What house do you rent? And how long, Mr. Evans, have you lived where you now say you reside?"

A. "I rent two houses, the one my dwelling-house, the other my warehouse—I have lived there since I was a child—Indeed I was born there—Have myself rented my premises for upwards of five-and-twenty years—And am, on my oath, worth upwards of two hundred pounds, after all my debts are paid."

Mr. Bond.—"I think, Mr. Reed (*Magistrate for the Chelsea Division*) the defendant has good bail; but the charge being from a very respectable county, I shall not receive even this bail, unless admitted by you and Mr. Vines."

Mr. Reed.—"From what Mr. Evans has mentioned, and with your concurrence, I am contented."

Mr. Vines.—"I have not the smallest objection on this occasion to Mr. Evans. From his representation, the end of justice, and civil order in society, may be answered."

[*Mr. Evans was then bound over in one hundred pounds, as the second surety for Mr. Belcher.*]

Mr. Bond.—"We now come to Mr. Ward, who acted as second in this contest. It is very remarkable, that I have not the honour of knowing any of the fighting gentlemen now before me. They have

never yet come within my boundaries. — (*Addressing himself to Ward*)—"Your name is Joe Ward?—Pray what trade do you follow? or how do you live?"

A. "I am a Blacksmith, and live in the neighbourhood of Sloane-street."

Q. "Have you got bail?—'Tis strange that such a distinguished personage lives in my neighbourhood, without my knowledge of the fact!"

A. "I have got bail; and, with submission to your Worship, there are many strange things in your neighbourhood, that neither you, nor any of the Magistrates, are acquainted with."

Q. "Pray what age are you, Mr. Ward?—This question, if not interesting to the Bench, is at least to the fighting world."

A. "Fifty-six, Sir."

Q. "Have you always followed this boxing vocation? At your time of life, your attention ought to be directed to other objects."

A. "I sometimes take a spar, Sir—I sometimes attend meetings—but I'm a plain downright blacksmith."

Q. "Come, Sir, I'm not to carry on an unnecessary conversation with you—Have you bail?"

A. "I have, Messrs. Brown and Evans."

Mr. Vines.—"As these two men appear in a double capacity, first, bail for the one, and next, bail for the other, it is necessary that their property should be fully ascertained."

Mr. Bond.—"Gentlemen, you've heard the observation of the Solicitor for the prosecution.—What say you, Mr. Brown—In what does your property consist?"

A. "I have now eight hundred pounds in my banker's, Messrs. Biddulphs and Cox's, Charing Cross.—The rest of my property

is of various kinds, such as houses, &c."

Q. "Do you, Mr. Brown, possess any other houses than those which you now describe?"

A. "Two more—I mean I rent them—They are my furnishing."

Q. "Where?"

A. "In Whitcombe-street."

Q. "I believe I guess what sort of houses you mean."—(Mr. Bond here addressed himself to Mr. Brown, in a very significant manner, and, as all the houses in this distinguished street are of an unexceptionable character, we do not even presume to conjecture to what the worthy Magistrate alluded).

Mr. Vines—(Solicitor for Berkshire).—"As the purposes of justice will be fully answered by this bail, he appearing to be a man of property, I wish to know Mr. Evans's statement. Permit me, therefore, Mr. Bond, to ask, in what Mr. Evans's property consists?"

Mr. Evans.—"I have, after all my debts are paid, two thousand five hundred pounds awarded me by the Court of Chancery."

Mr. Vines.—"Since I have entered this office, I have been glancing at one of Mr. Bond's law-books, and accidentally discovered, that an award in Chancery is not property realised. I therefore must object to this bail, unless better substantiated."

Mr. Evans.—"I have, besides, please your Worship, some craft on the river."

Mr. Bond.—"Barges, Mr. Evans?"

A. "No, please your Worship; three boats, in which I convey my oysters and fish from Billingsgate to my residence."

Mr. Vines.—"I think this property, as a double security for the sum now required, in some degree inadequate."

Mr. Bond.—"I have too great respect for the county of Berks, and also for Lord Radnor, to recommend any improper bail. From the description, however, given by Sayer—(the officer who took Belcher and Ward into custody)—I am of opinion that this bail is fully adequate to the end of justice."

Mr. Vines.—"I wish the sum, in this instance, doubled."

Mr. Bond.—"I cannot, in the case of a simple misdemeanour, think of excessive bail. Mr. Reed, with all my respect for the county of Berks, and no man can have greater, I cannot, if you are satisfied, deviate so far from the principles of candour and justice, as to reject this bail, it appearing fully adequate to all the purposes intended. It may be recollected that both Mr. Brown and Mr. Evans have candidly and unequivocally answered all the questions put to them; and I see no reason for concluding that the bail is not sufficient, the parties proving their property, and residing as they describe."

Mr. Reed (of Chelsea).—"I beg leave, Mr. Bond, to concur in your opinion."

"Mr. Vines—And I, Gentlemen."

[Messrs. Brown and Evans were then bound over in the same sum for the appearance of Joe Ward.]

Mr. Bond uttered loudly—"Is there any bail for Bourke, the opposite principal now in Berkshire gaol?"—(No answer).—"It is but fair, on my part, Mr. Reed, to state to you, as a Magistrate, my opinion, that Bourke has, from first to last in this shameful business, been very ill-used. According to my information, he was cajoled out of prison the night preceding the fight, without any training, or without any regard to his condition, which was exceedingly precarious from the confinement which he had

suffered for debt; and, for his liberty, which is dear to every man, consented, in this state, to encounter Mr. Belcher, he who is now before you. But what was the consequence? He was called forth as the champion of a few interested persons, who betted against Bourke, although they pretended to befriend him by purchasing his liberty; and who have now abandoned and left him, without the smallest aid or regard to his fate; while Mr. Belcher, the Victor of the Day, appears now surrounded with friends—no doubt great gainers by his enterprise. It was incumbent on me, in my public capacity, to declare; that such meetings are not only an outrage of the principles of order in society, but a disgrace to the parties connected. I am astonished (said the Magistrate sarcastically) that neither Mr. Belcher nor Mr. Ward, ever ventured to try their skill publicly in Middlesex.—What is the cause, Mr. Ward, that you seem to prefer some other county than that in which you live? I suppose, as an *old stager*, you have your reasons—you know better.” (Here Joe Ward very significantly shrugged up his shoulders.)

The parties then, after the usual formalities, were dismissed.

Harry Lee afterwards made his appearance, and gave bail to stand trial at the same time. His sureties were—Mr. Dyson, of Park-lane, and Mr. Saunders, of Green-street, Grosvenor-square, both sporting gentlemen.

It further appears, that a singular mistake, or error, occurred in the indictment, brought by the Magistrates of Berkshire, against Bourke, whose name is Joseph; but the Magistrate not liking that denomination, styled him, “Edmund Burke!” a man highly re-

nowned in the *pugilistic annals of philosophy and politics*. In any thing that appertained, or had any connection with literature or politics, it is true, the illustrious deceased was not slow in throwing down, nor in taking up the gauntlet, and in that gave his antagonist many a knock-down blow; but a *ring* for pugilism, was a *circle* he never moved in; and the Magistrates, in prosecuting poor Bourke, who has been very ill-used by his pretended friends, conferred upon him an honour to which his ambition could never have aspired.

A PLEASANT ANECDOTE, Relative to Hot-House Plants.

AN ingenious Gardener, a few years since, at Battersea, was in the habit of raising for sale very curious flowers and tender plants, in a hot-house erected by him at some expence, for the purpose, and for which he had no inconsiderable call. The Rector, at last, made a demand of Tithes for the same, and (as the story goes) actually set out, in the presence of the poor panic-struck Gardener, every tenth pot. He told him he should send a cart for them, paying the value of the pots in which they were raised and growing.—In the interim the Gardener had been advised how to act. The cart came, and the Rector with it, to see that the pots were carefully put in. The Gardener, very deliberately took up the first pot, shook out all the earth, and gave the naked plant to the Carter. He then proceeded to do the same by the next, but was stopped, it being evident that every flower and plant, so served, must inevitably perish! It was insisted to have the

the pots and their contents as they were, paying for the pots. "No," (says the Gardener) that cannot be! the law may give you my flowers and plants, but it does not give you my Landlord's Freehold! The mould in which they grow is a portion of his freehold, and I have received no intelligence from him that he has assigned it over to you, nor will I sell you my pots; so, Mr. Rector, you will be pleased to be satisfied with the plants and flowers only." Our readers will anticipate the rest: The Gardener saved his plants; and the Rector (being a man of genius and humour himself) even laughed at the stratagem.

THE IPSWICH FRACAS AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

AT the beginning of Michaelmas term, 1801, the Court of King's Bench was moved for judgment against Stephen Stodhart, Esq. a Lieutenant in the 6th Regiment of Dragoons, and Aid-du-Camp to General Garth, for a very unprovoked assault on John Prentice, Esq. Treasurer of the Subscription Assembly, at Ipswich, in Suffolk. By the rules of the Society, which occupied these rooms, the subscribers paid their money yearly, with an exception in favour of military gentlemen, who were permitted, on account of the uncertainty of their stay, to subscribe for half the season. It appeared, the General had entered the ball-room without having paid his subscription; and that one of the door-keepers went up, and told him it was against the rules to come there before he paid it. The General was offended with the door-keeper, and desired him to go about his business. Mr. Stodhart hearing of the circum-

stance, considered Mr. Prentice as the author of the insult the General had received: he went to him, and though he was told it was solely the fault of the door-keeper, he behaved in the most insulting manner, and pulled Mr. Prentice by the nose. The affair was taken up by the gentlemen of the Assembly, at whose instance the prosecution was instituted. The affidavit of the defendant stated his regret at what had passed, and that he had been at all times ready to make an apology.

Mr. Erskine addressed the Court in mitigation of punishment.

Lord Kenyon said, it was a most atrocious offence; and that, as a military officer, who was bound to keep the peace, he was doubly reprehensible.

He was ordered to the prison of the Court, to be brought up again on the second day of next term.

On the 2d day of Hilary term, 1802, Mr. Stodhart was brought up to receive judgment. He addressed the Court, by saying, "I request of your Lordship to say a few words. Since I was last in this Court, my situation in life has been materially changed by the reduction of the Staff Officers, which took place on the 24th of last month, by which I lost my appointment of Major of Brigade, and with that half my income: I have now only my Lieutenantancy; and having received peremptory orders to join my regiment, if I do not obey them, the consequences to me will be of the utmost importance."

Justice Grose.—"Part of that which you have stated to the Court has been made known to us (by what means I don't know)—that part of your statement which relates to the reduction of your income; and we are prepared to take that into our consideration.

"Stephen

“Stephén Stodhart! you have been indicted for having committed an assault upon John Prentice, Esq.; of which, by suffering judgment to go by default, you admit yourself to be guilty. The case is not an ordinary one; and it is fit for the public, that those facts should be commented upon, which form the grounds of our sentence. It appears, that at the time of the assault, you was a Lieutenant in the Sixth Regiment of Dragoons, at Ipswich, and Aid-du-Camp to General Garth; that being there, the inhabitants of the town of Ipswich, with that courtesy which belongs to them (how far you merited it, the facts of this case will shew) permitted you and the General to partake of their amusements at their public assemblies. For this courtesy, respect to them, and attention to their rules, at least was due from you. It further appears, that at one of those assemblies the General having entered at the side door, (by which means the door-keeper had not had the means of reminding him that the subscription was at an end, and that, according to their rules, the subscription of the next three balls must be discharged), an application was made with all becoming propriety by the prosecutor, who is a gentleman, and one of the principal inhabitants of Ipswich, not to the General, but to a friend of his, which he deemed the most delicate manner of applying to the General. What is answer was, does not appear, neither is it material; but when you spoke to General Garth in the room, and enquired what had passed, he said the door-keeper had dunned him for his admittance money. That this should have given the General offence, I will not admit, because the door-keeper only did his duty, at which no reasonable man could

be offended: but upon which it appears you thought fit, officiously and unnecessarily, to take offence, though it is sworn, and is not denied, that the prosecutor had given no directions to the door-keeper to act as he had done, and had addressed you in terms of civility and mildness. In return for a groundless accusation made by you, instead of making an apology, you followed up your improper conduct by very improper language, and by an assault committed with violence, and attended with outrageous circumstances of indignity, which I shall avoid stating. No man can doubt, that your proceeding was intended to provoke a challenge. Your conduct, it appears, has been consistent with itself in every part: so was the behaviour of the prosecutor; but totally the reverse of yours; it was the behaviour of a gentleman, avoiding to give offence, and not prone to take it. Upon investigating the probable motives that operated upon your mind, I feel myself bound, in justice, to acquit you of any preconceived malice: the sum of your offence, may have been as you stated in your affidavit in mitigation, an excess of irritability on account of the act of the door-keeper, done without the prosecutor's knowledge; which he was about to explain, and which explanation you disdaining to hear, committed this offence against good manners, against the company who had so handsomely admitted you a part of their assembly, and against the law of the land. This was certainly an excess of criminal irritability, which it was your duty to resist; and which, if it is not resisted, will always lead its victims sacrifices to the honourable feelings of others, and bring upon themselves remorse and shame. It is a deplorable weakness,

weakness, which a wise man will never indulge, and the occasional effects of which, as they affect him who inflicts the wound, as well as him who receives it, a benevolent man may well contemplate with horror.

“ Upon the extent and danger of your crime in society, you will do well, upon your return to the place from whence you came, to ponder, and reflect, what your feelings as a man would have been, had any person treated you, whilst politely asking what you had a right to demand, with the like violence and the same indignity wherewith you treated the prosecutor. Think of this, and of his temperate, gentlemanly conduct. To his courage, that passive courage, so much to be admired, and so little practised, which never yields to a sudden disgraceful resentment, but leaves to the temperate justice of the law to enforce its penalties for its violation, it is probable you are indebted that you have to receive sentence for a misdemeanour only. We lament to observe, that complaints of this sort, against gentlemen of your order, prone to take offence, have of late too frequently pressed themselves upon our notice: we have endeavoured to correct them, I fear with little success. It is for me, however, to observe, that if the means which have already been used are insufficient for the purpose, there remain others, more severe, in store for those who will not profit by example, and should turn out to be obstinate offenders. Such men, if they have not already learned, must be taught, by adequate punishment, that it is not only their duty to assist in protecting the country in its peace; but also to abstain from giving any wanton unnecessary offence to individuals. For the offence which

you have committed, this Court, attending to the imprisonment you have already suffered, as well as to all the circumstances of your case, as disclosed by your affidavit, do order and adjudge, that you be imprisoned in the custody of the Marshal of the Marshalsea of this Court, Four Calendar Months; and that, at the expiration of such time, you shall give security for your good behaviour for the space of Three Years, yourself in Five Hundred Pounds, with two sufficient sureties in Two Hundred and Fifty Pounds each; and that you be further imprisoned till such time as such security be found.”

QUI TAM ACTION

Against Foulterers for selling Game.

PINERO V. HUGHES.

This was an action brought to recover several penalties on the Game Laws,

The witness for the prosecution was a person who described himself to have been, formerly, a stay-maker, and, having failed in that business, now follows that of a house-agent, in Queen-Ann-street, East. This person swore, that he had, at four several times, between the 20th and 30th of December, 1801, purchased game at the defendant's shop, in Leadenhall-market, for his own table; he said, he mentioned the circumstance in the presence of the prosecutor, by whom he was brought into Court by subpoena, to prove the fact. He swore, that he bought the game from a young man who was in Court, and whom he believed to be Robert Hughes. A card was also produced, which was had from the shop, and purported, that the business was carried on by Robert Hughes, successor to Mr. Ford.

On the defence it was proved, that Robert Hughes, the person named

named on the card, as successor to Mr. Ford, had been dead nine years; that Robert Hughes, his son, was under age, and had no concern in the business; that the business was carried on by Sarah Hughes, the widow, for the benefit of her children; that the witness for the prosecution was a common informer, and, therefore, his testimony should be received with diffidence.

Richard Smeeton, the shopman of Mrs. Hughes, whom the witness for the prosecution had pointed out as Robert Hughes, the person who had sold him the game, swore, that he knew the witness to be a common informer, and, so far from selling him game, if he came to ask for any, he would have had him flogged round the market. He was confident he had not sold him any, as he never sold to any but those whom he knew. This witness and another proved, that Robert Hughes, the son of Mrs. Hughes, was under age, had no concern in the business, and never served in the shop.

Mrs. Hughes proved the same.
—Plaintiff nonsuited

DUEL.

A Meeting took place on Saturday, January 16, near Dublin, between Mr. Ogle, Member for that City, and a Mr. Coyle, of Linen-hall-street, when each of the gentlemen fired four shots without effect; at which time Judge Chamberlain arrived, and took both into custody; observing, that if he did not err, Mr. Coyle was under recognizance of 4000*l.* to keep the Peace. The cause of this duel was as follows:

Mr. Coyle, having heard that Mr. Ogle, one of the Members for that City, said at a dinner given by

the Lord Mayor, "that a Papist would as soon take a false oath as swallow a poached egg," enquired from Mr. O. whether he had so expressed himself, shewing a paper containing the alledged words; to which Mr. Ogle replied, "that he had; but that he alluded to Papist Rebels only." Mr. C. not satisfied with the explanation, made some strong comments, and concluded with saying, "the charge made by Mr. O. at the Lord Mayor's was as false as it was uncharitable." The meeting, in consequence, immediately took place.

A REMARKABLE DUEL PREVENTED.

A FRAIL sister, in Titchfield-street, and another, who resides near Dover-street, had a dispute, a few evenings ago, at Drury-lane Theatre. The consequence was, they exchanged cards, and were to have fought in Hyde-Park, with pistols, but were prevented, having been pursued by their friends. A haberdasher's shop boy was second to one of the heroines, and a smart attorney to the other.

NOVEL EXHIBITIONS ON ICE.

DURING the late frost, the following pleasing and novel scenes took place:—

A party of young persons, consisting of six couples, danced a variety of country dances on the ice, on Knepp Mill-pond, in the parish of Shipley, in Sussex; and a number of young men played a regular match of cricket, for a large bowl of punch; both which novel exhibitions afforded a deal of harmless hilarity to a great number of spectators.

GENEROSITY

GENEROSITY IN A SAILOR.

A Sailor, named Fleming, was pressed, about two years since, and put on board a tender, the day before he was about to be married. This was done by the treachery of an acquaintance, who had not only borrowed a sum of money of him, but who endeavoured to supplant him in the affections of the girl of his heart. The girl, however, proved faithful in his absence, and her fond *Tar* lately arrived, flush of prize-money. Informed of the iniquitous conduct of his supposed friend, he arrested him for the sum lent, and then sent him the following letter:—

“ So, Mr. *Crimp*, you are in *bilboes*, I find. That was a d—d’ *foull weagther* trick you played me; but you are *under hatches*, and there I’ll keep you, until matrimony has *spliced* me to my dear *Poll*—I’ll then give you leave to *sheer off*; but hark’ye, my boy, when you are free from the *grap- ples*, don’t *steer* in my *wake*, or I may give you a *salute* you won’t like. I wouldn’t wish to send you to *Davy’s locker*, because as how, if I had not been *pressed*, I might not have *fell in* with the *prize- money*. So you ungrateful *swab*, I forgive you, that is, after I am *lain along side* of my sweet *Poll*. No more at present from your’s,

JOE FLEMING.”

P. S. As I understand you love *Poll*, I send you a guinea by bearer to drink her health.

THE CABINET,

A NEW COMIC OPERA.

ON Tuesday evening, the 9th instant, a new Comic Opera, entitled, *The Cabinet*, was performed,
Vol. XIX. No. 113.

for the first time, at Covent-Garden Theatre. The principal characters were thus sustained:—

Curvoso, an old Italian Nobleman	Mr. Emery
Lorenzo, his Son	Mr. Inledon
Orlando (young Prince), in love with Curvoso’s daughter	Mr. Braham
Whimsiculo, his Valet	Mr. Fawcett
Marquis de Grand Chateau, a rich old French Nobleman, Rival to Orlando	Mr. Blanchard
Manikin, Page to the Marquis	Mr. Simmons
Peter, an Englishman, Servant to Curvoso	Mr. Munden
Constantia, Daughter to Curvoso	Mrs. H. Johnston
Floretta, her Maid	Sig. Storace
Grudelia, Rival to Constantia	Mrs. Dibdin
Curiosa, her Maid	Mrs. Mattocks
Leonora, Sister to Orlando, and beloved by Lorenzo	Mrs. Atkins
Disgrace, Step-mother to Orlando	Mrs. Powell
Bianchia, a Fisherman’s Widow	Mrs. Davenport

The Scene is in Italy, and the Fable as follows:—*Curvoso*, a rich but avaricious Italian Count, has promised his daughter to *Orlando*, the independent Prince of the adjoining territory, but, upon the unexpected success of *Orlando*’s enemies, who suddenly despoil him of his lands, *Curvoso* revokes his consent, and accepts the offer of an old French Marquis, whose well-filled coffers are sufficient to render him amiable in the eyes of the old Count, but not so in those of his daughter, who, after respectfully expostulating with her father on his former promises to *Orlando*, rejects the Marquis with disdain. *Whimsiculo*, a confidential servant of *Orlando*’s, is detected in an attempt to convey a letter to *Constantia*, and her father, glad of a pretext to break with *Orlando*, entirely orders all the presents and trinkets

trinkets his daughter had received from the young Prince to be instantly returned. Among them is a splendid Cabinet, containing a beautiful artificial bird, which sings upon the pressure of a secret spring. In this Cabinet *Constantia* conceals herself, to avoid the presence of the Marquis, when her father, angry at not finding her, and that the presents still remained in her apartment, orders them all to be instantly removed, and, seconded by the entreaties of the Marquis, he thus unknowingly sends away his daughter to the very man he wished her to avoid. The palace of *Curioso* is described to be at a very short distance from that of *Orlando*, to which, accompanied by her faithful attendant, *Floretta*, *Constantia* is conveyed. *Orlando*, who mourns the return of his seemingly-rejected presents, is doubly impressed with joy when he beholds the object of his affection, who accompanies them. He determines to solicit *Curioso* once more, in hopes that the escape of *Constantia* will alter her father's determination, and to back his suit with the pleasing intelligence that he has repulsed his enemies, and regained his territories. In the mean time, that the reputation of *Constantia* may not run the risk of censure, she remains secluded in an apartment of the palace, accessible only to her attendant, *Floretta*, who is to make the bird in the Cabinet sing, as a signal of her approach, and *Orlando* is to announce his return by a token nearly similar. This arrangement is overheard by *Curiosa*, the waiting-maid of *Crudelia*, who is enamoured of *Orlando*, and who, finding herself rejected, displays all the vindictive rancour of Italian jealousy. By the above-mentioned information of her servant she is

led to examine the Cabinet, searches for the secret spring which is to animate the bird, and, by giving the signal of *Floretta's* supposed approach, succeeds in getting *Constantia* in her power; whom she commits to the custody of four bravoës, who are ordered to imprison her in an apartment of the palace. (which overlooks a lake) till she can be sent back with disgrace to her father, or effectually concealed from the pursuit of *Orlando*. *Diuralice*, the step-mother of the Prince, assists the cause of *Crudelia*, but at the same time tempers the resentments of the latter so far as to preserve *Constantia* from any farther personal violence than that of confinement. *Orlando* perfectly succeeds with *Curioso* in procuring the dismissal of the Marquis. The old Count also consents to strengthen the alliance, by giving his son *Lorenzo* to *Leonora*, the sister of *Orlando*, to whose palace they joyfully repair; and *Orlando*, leading them to the apartment where he had left *Constantia*, triumphantly gives the signal of his return, but is distracted at finding the apartment empty. Some one is then heard to breathe in the Cabinet, which revives *Orlando*, who, supposing that *Constantia* may have been induced to seek further concealment in it, breaks it open, and is again disappointed at discovering *Floretta*, who, in whimsical terror, informs him that she had taken refuge there to avoid the fury of the ladies who had carried off her mistress. During this, *Constantia*, in endeavouring to escape from the window of her prison, falls into the lake which flows beneath, but is saved, and conveyed to a fisherman's hut on a small island, by *Peter*, an old servant of her father's, who had been unjustly discharged

charged by him, and is thus avenged by preserving the daughter of a man whose own life he had formerly saved, and had followed him from England, his native home. *Constantia* sends *Peter* with a letter to the Abbess of a neighbouring convent, to request shelter till she can make peace with her father, justly considering the misfortunes that have befallen her elopement as a punishment for a breach of duty. The Abbess sends the letter to *Crudelia*, who, finding *Orlando's* passion for *Constantia* unalterable, and partly repenting of her jealousy, generously renounces her own wishes, and informs *Orlando* where to find his mistress. Her father, lover, and relation, repair in their gondolas to the island on the lake. *Constantia*, fearful of *Crudelia's* emissaries, has taken the disguise of a reputed witch, who is supposed to be dumb, and before she discovers herself to her friends, informs them (through *Biancha*, the fisherman's widow, who explains her signs) of several incidents in their own lives, which make them give credit to her supernatural pretensions, and insist on her producing *Constantia* upon pain of death. She then throws off her disguise, expresses her obligations to *Peter* and *Biancha*, and the piece concludes by a general reconciliation. The subservient incidents of the Opera result from the courtship of *Whimsiculo* and *Floretta*, and the jealousy of *Curiosa*, who loves *Whimsiculo*, and aspires her mistress, *Crudelia*, in her prosecution of her rival. The character of *Peter* is also a very prominent feature of the piece, and appears drawn with a view to portray the genuine honesty, bravery, and feeling, of a British seaman.

This Drama is certainly entitled to much commendation; there is a regular plot, tolerably well supported by sprightly dialogue; and if it boasts no striking features of interest, it at least contains nothing that is calculated to offend. Though the scene is laid in Italy, some neat and appropriate compliments to Great Britain are contrived to be introduced, which, as well as many other parts of the dialogue produce considerable effect. There is a variety of very pleasing music, by Reeve, Moorhead, Davy, Corri, and Braham.

Incedon's songs are principally the composition of Mr. Davy, who has displayed great musical genius. A quintette of his composition is most beautiful, and was loudly applauded. Mr. Davy will hereafter rank with composers better known to the public. His songs are charmingly adapted to Incedon's voice, particularly the hunting song, which we have inserted in our Poetical Department, and which was loudly encored.

The scenery is very beautiful. The Opera begins at sun-rise, with a view of *Curioso's* castle; the second act is in the gardens and palace of *Orlando* at midnight; and the last act concludes with a moon-light view of a cottage upon a lake. The piece was well received throughout, and announced for repetition with general applause.

ANSWER TO DR. LETTSON,
ON THE PRESERVATION OF
SMALL BIRDS.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE SPORTING
MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,
I Have read with great pleasure,
Dr. Lettson's observations, in
2 N 2 your

your last Number, page 210, and am convinced from all my own observations, that they are perfectly correct; and that birds collectively taken, do infinitely more service than harm.

Perhaps, however, a useful distinction might be made with respect to the species, which ought principally to be encouraged and protected. In this view, we may divide the feathered tribe into granivorous and carnivorous, or, more properly, insectivorous; those which are wholly or chiefly granivorous, certainly do much mischief, and ought rather to be discouraged; while to the others, every possible protection ought to be extended. The crow (as Dr. Lettson judiciously observes) is both granivorous and carnivorous; but as they are, the carrion crow in particular, rather more of the latter character, they are deserving of kindness and attention; the rook, least of all, since it eats the most corn. The magpye, too, is almost entirely carnivorous, and is one of the most useful creatures that exists. I always think when I hear of one of their nests being destroyed by unlucky boys, that society has lost so many friends. They are indefatigable in their pursuit of insects, and indeed, almost subsist on the larger and most destructive kinds, as slugs, caterpillars, &c. Next to the magpye, the blackbird is, of all the inhabitants of the woods, the most serviceable to man. He not only enlivens us with his charming song, but clears our gardens and our fields of their worst enemies. There ought to be a penalty, on taking the nest of either the blackbird or the thrush, which, as well as the blackbird, subsists during the spring almost wholly on insects. The robin-red-breast stands in the

same predicament: such is his appetite for insects, that he regularly follows the spade of the delver, and that often at a small distance; and probably not less from his utility, than his pleasing familiar habits, is such a favourite with country people. Among the insects on which he preys, are some of the most destructive that exist; the several kinds of earth-grubs, the *larvæ* of insects of the beetle kind, and the *jalus*, or hundred-legs, a most pernicious insect, which, wherever it prevails, produces a tumour on the roots of cabbages, broccoli, &c. and entirely spoils the growth of the plant. Another singular benefactor to man, is the swallow. A single bird of this genus, it is calculated, will destroy nearly five thousand moths and butterflies in a week; and if we consider the countless number of caterpillars these would have produced, can we do otherwise than hail the approach of these active friends, these cheerful and pleasant "bar-bingers of spring?" The nightingale is also entirely an insectivorous bird, and therefore deserves our regard as well for its useful exertions as its delightful song.

On the other hand, the pigeon is almost entirely a granivorous bird, and is one of the most destructive that I know. It is even a mischievous animal, and will destroy the buds of flowers and plants, even where it does not eat them. The partridge is also granivorous and very destructive, as well as the pheasant, which is however less so than the partridge, being in some measure carnivorous. Of the small birds, I have found the common house-sparrow most mischievous. It is ravenous to the pease and other plants, reared for seed in the autumn season. Next

to the sparrow in this destructive class, I reckon the tom-tit; and, perhaps, most of the hard-billed birds subsist on grain and seeds.

Of our domestic poultry, the common fowls are both granivorous and carnivorous; but where they can find grain, they will seldom take the trouble of looking for insects. The turkey and the guinea-fowl are much fonder of insects than common fowls. But there is no animal so useful for destroying insects, as the common duck. I am indeed satisfied, that a farmer would find his account by keeping large flocks of them, and driving them into his corn-fields when the corn is young; and more particularly among the young turnips, which I am convinced are destroyed by the slug, and not by a fly, according to the vulgar notion.

Dr. Lettsom is certainly right, that frost is not such a destroyer of insects, as is commonly supposed. My little garden is greatly infested with slugs; and as I am fond of cultivating curious and beautiful herbaceous plants, I have suffered very severely by them. This, however, I can affirm, that I have found them much more numerous after very severe seasons, than I did last year, which was so remarkably mild. I, however, employed last winter two excellent gardeners of the duck species, and to their indefatigable exertions I might be chiefly indebted for this circumstance. I am, Sir, your's, &c.

VARRU.

Jan. 2, 1802.

N. B. Can any of your Correspondents answer this Query:—Is the nightingale really a bird of passage; or is it only *silent* except in the summer season, and from being rarely seen (from its recluse habits) supposed to depart, when it ceases to sing?

GAMBOLS AT HUNTLY LODGE;
An Observer's Letter.

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING
MAGAZINE.

Huntly, Jan. 12, 1802.

GENTLEMEN,

AS you like Christmas gambols, I am tempted to send you the annals of this gay neighbourhood. Our Marquis of Huntly, who is the adoration of all ranks, assembled a large party by sledges, &c. (at the commencement of the great fall of snow in December), in his famed house of hospitality, Huntly Lodge. There they still are, happy themselves, and diffusing happiness to all around. There the ancient feudal system is revived, of keeping open house, with oxen, bread and beer to the poor; fiddlers and pipers to enliven the hall, and hogsheads of claret and madeira drank from the cask, by all who share the noble Marquis's hospitable board. Upon her Majesty's birth-day, his Lordship called out the Volunteers of Huntly, who fired in honour of the day, and drank her Majesty's health amidst all the pomp of war. In the evening the Marquis gave an elegant ball and supper, where our gracious Queen's health was drank with three times three. The desert was ornamented with flags, upon which were inscribed the toasts to be given:—"God bless our King and his family; may they long reign over this land of liberty, blessed and blessing a free and happy people."—"Her Majesty! May she see many happy returns of this day, the brightest ornament of her sex. Happy the man who calls her wife; happy the child that calls her mother."—In the middle of the table was a Fame, representing the 93d Regiment, with the colours

colours of that corps, and of the 42d, with this inscription:—"The gallant gay Marquis of Huntly, the orphan's help, the widow's stay—The brave 42d and 92d, who have distinguished themselves for honour, fidelity, and courage."—There were many other inscriptions. The bonny Duchess joined in the dance with her son; and only one regret was felt, that the lovely Lady Georgiana could but smile her approbation, having been for some time very unwell.

If you like my letter, I could send you many gay scenes that took place during the festivity of this noble party, among which were horse-races of excellent sport on the race ground, at the Old Castle of Huntly, by the Marquis, Lord Errol, and Sir John Gordon, highly entertaining to the Duchess, Lady Errol, all the gay party of the lodge, and the country around.

SNIPES.

Their first appearance in the neighbourhood of Norwich, ascertained in a letter as follows.

To the EDITOR of the NORWICH
MERCURY.

MR. BACON,

THE season approaching when the Snipe-shooter will be again called into the marsh by the return of his favourite game, permit me to trouble you with a few observations on the period of their return to this neighbourhood: their first appearance with us in any great numbers is early in the month of September, when their stay is merely transitory, stopping for a day or two, or perhaps but for a few hours. They are frequently, at this time of the year, found in large flocks, and in the

language of a Sportsman, lay very light: I have sometimes found great numbers on a marsh one day, where I have sought for them in vain the following one. At the latter end of the month of October, we have the greatest number of them around this city, and then they are found more universally dispersed, and afford the Sportsman better amusement than earlier in the season; but immediately the severity of the winter commences they almost entirely disappear, and visit us no more till the month of March, previous to their final departure. During the frosty weather I have often searched the spring ditches both above and below this city, which remaining open and free from ice, I concluded would have afforded them food and shelter, and have scarcely found any, except during the two or three first days of the frost. Do they journey farther South in search of a more genial climate, or do they retire to the rapid rills in the mountainous parts of this island? I should be obliged to any of your readers who could, from their own experience solve this difficulty. In their return I have always found them accelerated or retarded by the forwardness or lateness of the spring, wherefore I endeavoured to discover by what circumstance that period was to be ascertained; for this purpose I consulted the calendar of nature, by remarking the coincidence of the time of flowering of wild plants, and that of the re-appearance of the Snipes. During the month of February, "while yet the trembling year is unconfirmed," I have usually observed a premature arrival of a few of them take place: as in the year 1800, I found several about the 20th of February, but a frost set in a few days afterwards, and again drove them back—last

—last year between the 10th and 17th, I found a great many Snipes on the marshes, and several Wild-Fowl in the river, during which period the ground was covered with snow.

I looked the same marshes on the 24th, and did not find a snipe. In the month of March they again visit us in large numbers, earlier or later as before observed, according as the spring is early or late. In the spring of 1800, I did not find them return till about the 13th, when they were not very numerous, and accompanied by great number of Lapwings; on the 26th I observed the greatest number, and within a few days most of them began to leave us for other counties, while some few remained to rear their offspring in this county. The spring of last year was very forward, and I observed so early as the 9th of March several Snipes on Mousehold-Heath; and on the 11th there were considerable numbers on the marshes, but they were in flocks and laid very light: by the 27th many had taken their departure, and the Lapwings, Reeves, and Red Shanks, had begun to lay.

In the vegetable kingdom I observed on the 25th of March, 1800, the *Viola odorata* or March Violet in flower, and at that time the Snipes were most numerous. Last year the violet was in flower by the 5th of March, and on the 9th and 11th I found a great many Snipes both on the heath and marshes.

In 1800, the *Ranunculus Ficaria* or Pilewort, began to expand its yellow flowers under warm hedges by the 26th of March, and last year it was so early as the 11th; in both which instances it coincides even to a day with the appearance of the greatest number of Snipes I observed in the spring of those two years. Whether the above

coincidences are worthy to be attended to can only be proved by repeated observation; I wish that some of my brother Sportsmen would make their observations upon this subject, and communicate them through your paper.

I fear my letter has already exceeded the limits of a newspaper communication, I therefore beg leave to subscribe myself your's,
Feb. 6, 1802. A SPORTSMAN.

A NEW CURE FOR THE STAGGERS.

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

IF you think the following circumstance may tend to improve the treatment of a dangerous disease in the horse, and consequently to remove one of the numerous evils to which this valuable animal is liable, you will, I trust, give it a place in your entertaining Magazine.

The disease to which I allude is named, by the farriers, the Staggers. Horses of every description are subject to it; most commonly, however, it attacks those of the draught kind, and frequently proves fatal.

I have just been informed, that a farmer, in the neighbourhood of Canterbury has, in a very short time, had eight valuable horses destroyed by it.

There are two opinions respecting the method of treating this dangerous disease; the advocates for the one supposing that it originates in the stomach, recommend stimulant and antispasmodic medicines; such as, spirits of harts-horn, assa-fœtida, valerian, &c.; while the other party, considering it as a disease of the brain, arising from an accumu-

284 *Extraordinary Escape—A Farmer's Letter to his Wife.*

accumulation of blood in its vessels, depend, in a great measure, upon copious bleeding, assisted by purg- ing medicines.

It appears to me, that either of these causes may produce the dis- ease; but there will be a difference in the symptoms that will enable us to determine from which source it arises; I believe, however, that the latter cause is by far the most fre- quent, and that bleeding and purg- ing are, generally, the most effec- tual remedies.

A few months ago I was con- sulted in a case of Staggers; the disease had existed three days, and had arrived at that stage, in which, I believe, it has hitherto uniformly proved fatal. All the usual remedies had been employed without effect; and it was considered by every one, as a case in which there was not the least chance of recovery; I deter- mined, however, by way of exper- iment, to trepan the skull, and divide the dura mater, or mem- brane which envelopes the brain; the operation was accordingly per- formed, and, in a very short time after it was finished the horse got up, and fed heartily. This flatter- ing appearance continued about two days, when he became heavy, and at length totally insensible. A week after the operation he died.

Though this experiment did not perfectly succeed, yet the tempo- rary relief it afforded, may perhaps justify us in concluding that, had the operation been performed at an earlier period, the result would have been more favourable.

I am, &c. J. WHITE,
Veterinary Surgeon Royal Dragoons.

EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE.

[An Etching by Mr. Howitt.]

THE subject of this Plate is to be found in our Magazine,

No. 96, for the month of Septem- ber, 1800. It is of an occurrence which happened in Provost Stew- art's park, near Edinburgh; the man on the ground was pursued by a well-known ferocious bull; he threw himself flat on his back, when the creature coming up, transfixed him with one stroke of his horn, which passed through the belly, close to the borders of the chest, the tip of the horn coming out through the lower part of the chest; so that both chest and belly were opened, and the horn had such a hold upon the lower ribs, as to turn him over before it slipped its hold. He was saved from a second stroke, which would have been fatal, by his dog running at the bull, and catching it by the heel, when the bull ran round the park very furiously; the dog, which was of the small shepherd kind, still keeping his hold.

The sequel of the account states, that the man, after undergoing sur- gical operation, recovered in about eight days.

A FARMER'S DESCRIPTION OF THE ILLUMINATIONS IN LON- DON,

On signing the Preliminaries of Peace, 1801.

The following Letter, from a plain Farmer to his Wife, will evince that the class is not wholly extinct, though very nearly; but as there are yet a few of those useful Members in Society, we may hope that their number will increase, and again become as prevalent as in the days of yore—a consummation devoutly to be wished.

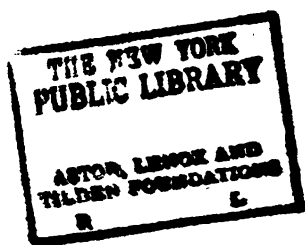
Three Muses, Whitechapel.

My dear Kitty,

DON'T be frightened now, for I am safe and well, and write to make you easy, and to drive away the megrims, which so terri- bly afflict and torment you on every



Extraordinary Escape.
The above scene by J. Whitt, Warwick Square.



every little account. Ay, ay, my dear Kitty, I'm safe and sound, only things have gone on a little crossish ever since I left home, as you shall hear, for I am writing to make you easy. You must know then, my dear, that before I got to Master Byfields, I was stopt in my way, by a waggon loaded with straw, lying along the road, and two poor shiftless lads, calling to each other, and scratching their heads, to know what they should do. What shall I do, thought I to myself; 'tis impossible to pass, and I can't make my way over the hedge. I'll do a good turn, said I, now 'tis in my way, and set the poor lads a little to rights. So I jump't off poor old Sorrell's back, hung her to a bough, and said to the lads, "Come boys, doff your jackets, and I'll shew you what must be done;" so to work we went, and in about half an hour set the waggon upon its wheels again. "Now, my lads," said I, "take up half your fallen load, go with that, and come again for the rest; that will be your best and surest way: and when you go out with a waggon again, look to the road, and see whereabout you are going; then cast an eye to the load, to see how it lies. Had you done so this morning, you would have avoided this labour and trouble."

This job flung me back at least four miles. Howsummevor as I had done a neighbourly action, I ne'er minded that, but thought I would gain them again by double diligence. So I rode on pretty smartly. But I was wrong, quite wrong, Dame, as you'll find. The poor beast was full with cold and faint grass; she sweat violently, and soon began to faulter in her pace; she was for lying down under me. Poor beast, said I, you

are not well; I have been too much in a hurry; I have rode you too fast; I have committed an error, as well as the poor lads, that I blamed just now. I got her on as well as I could to the next public-house, where I gave the poor jade half pint of gin, to warm her inside a little, and drive out the cold wind that was there: she grew better; gave her some oats, and rested two hours, when she was brisk and lively again, and I thought a little gentle motion would do her no harm. Therefore, I set forward on my journey, rode leisurely as the poor beast was able, and she brought me safe to this place; but it was near dark first, too late for me to do my business, as I intended. Howsummevor, Dame, it did not signify much, for had I been here two hours sooner, it had been all one, seeing all London was in a hurly-burly, all noise and confusion, and almost out of their wits; no one thought about business, or any thing else, but noise, music, singing, hollowing, drinking, and garnishing their windows and houses with lights, and making strange and pretty figures, with all sorts of colours. Some had puzzled their brains to make rhymes; but this was to no purpose, for not a rhyme could I see; from one street to another, it was all O, O, Otto, and Groatto, which is but so so.

These O's, Dame, made me think of the field and barn-holders-forth, who make such ado and noise with their great and long O's. But wherever much noise is made, it never fails of bringing folks together. But folks in London I thought had been wiser. Howsummevor, I don't find it so, for town and country are much of a muchness. Great and small, old and young, were idling about,

O o

making

making an horrible noise, gaping and wondering at the great O's, and fine colours, like so many country clowns.

All this while you, Dame, mayhaps wonder what I'm writing about, and don't know what I mean. You must know, then, Kitty, that I chanc'd on the very night of rejoicings and lummerations for the peace—we heard of this peace whilst I was at home, but I had no notion that I should see it lighted into the world, as I did last night. 'Tis a fine sight, said I to myself, and now I'm here, I may as well see a bit more of it. So out I sallied, and went gapping about from one street to another, till I was quite lost, and knew no more where I was than a needle in a bottle of hay. I had no notion of being lost in so much light; but I had wander'd out of the main streets, and was got into the crinkum-crankum parts of London, where there are turnings and windings on every side. I popt into two or three large open places, that were deadly fine and pretty, and pleas'd me hugely. But all this while I was a lost man, and knew no more where I was, or which way to steer, than the man in the moon, as the saying is. I have an English tongue in my head, thought I, I can ax where I be; so, said I, "good folks, will you be so kind as to tell I whereabouts I be?" "That I'll do," said one, "and 'twill give I a great deal of pleasure so to do—you are in London, honest man." "And pray," said I again, "whereabouts be the Three Nuns, and Whitechapel?" "Why," said he, "they used to be on the fother side London, and may be there still." With that they set up a laugh and a hollow that made my ears to crack again, and the ground to shake under me. I

thought folks had had more manners and modesty in London; when, behold, a man came up, and caught fast hold of my hand, and said, "I'll shew you to Whitechapel." "Will you be so kind," said I? "That I will," said he; and with that he threw his arms round me, and gave me such a loving hug. "Stop one minute," said he, "while I step up the lane, to tell my wife what I am about, and away he run." So much kindness brought the water into my eyes, when, feeling for my handkerchief, found 'twas gone. This made me to stare again. I search'd for my purse, and, behold! that was gone too. O, ho! thought I, I'll ax no more questions, but follow my nose as straight forwards as I can, and mayhaps I shall get out of this crinkum-crankum place in time; so off I went as fast as my legs could carry me. The biter was bit, howsommever, Dame, for I had taken special care of my money, and put a few halfpence into my purse; therefore, the loss was but a trifle. After about twenty turnings and windings, I came into a street that looked as tho' it led somewhere. Now I shall get on, said I; but on which side shall I turn? Must it be to the right hand, or to the left? I look'd this way, and that way, then threw up my eyes towards the stars. Oh, Peter, said I, never loose your time in star-gazing, for you must look till day-light before you will know east from west. I turn'd my eyes to the path, and took to the right. I saw something before me, like a house, standing in the middle of the street; and what should this be but a Church. Old friend, said I, if you stand right, I stand wrong. Well, I'll be rul'd by you, for I'm a lost man; so I turn'd about, and bow'd

bow'd away. I saw something high in the air. Mayhaps that's another Church, thought I; I'll make towards it as fast as I can; so I stumpt along the stones, for I could not move in the path, it was so full of folks. "Your boots, master," said one, "have got music in them; you would do well to go on the secret expedition, or to creep up the back stairs." "You are too witty to be wise," said I. "And you," said he, "are in want of a little wisdom." "May be so," said I again; "but I never beg of those who really want themselves." What think you, Dame, of Peter now? Was not I up to'un there? I kept on, and after winding about a little bit, came in sight of the railing of the great Church with the whispering gallery, that you have heard me talk about. At this my heart hopt for joy. Now I'm landed, said I, and shall smell out my way back to the Three Nuns and Whitechapel. I lost no more ground, but was there in a trice.

By this time I was soundly hungry. I got me something to eat, a pot of porter, and a pipe, and went to bed, fully convinced of my being little wiser than other folks; for I had taken a wearisome and foolish jaunt. When a bed I could not sleep, tho' soundly thr'd, the noise so sung in my head, and the light so blaz'd in my eyes all the night thro'.

'Tis now high time to say something about business, and coming home; when people will be settled enough for business, I know not. I shall stay no longer than is absolutely necessary. But don't look for me to-morrow; the day after you may. Go to bed, Dame, at nine o'clock, for firing is scarce, and candles are dear; therefore, go to bed, and shake of the megrims, for I'll take all the care I

can of myself; and am, my dearest Kitty, your loving husband till death,
PETER THRIFTY.

NEW METHOD OF GETTING RID OF A POACHER.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, FEB. 11.

THE Attorney-General moved for a writ of Habeas Corpus to be directed to a medical gentleman keeping a house for the reception of lunatics at Newcastle, commanding him to bring up the body of George Robson, in his custody as a lunatic. From the affidavits which he had, he was sorry to say, that the person on whose behalf he moved, was most clearly confined from improper motives, and was no ways insane. He was a member of a volunteer corps, and mustered with his company, after that he went to church, and by the affidavits of people who had known him for twenty years, it was clear that during all that time he had not manifested the least symptom of insanity; yet this man had been committed by two Magistrates, under the provisions of a late Act of Parliament, as an insane person, and dangerous to the public peace to be left at large. Even Dr. Wood himself, in his affidavit in answer to theirs, went not further than to say, that he was "incorrect in his perceptions," which, in his opinion, amounted to insanity.

Mr. Justice Le Blanc observed, that the case had been before him at chambers, and he thought it best to advise that he should be visited by two medical gentlemen, upon whose report the Court would, upon application, know better how to act.

The Attorney-General replied,
2 O 2 that

that he had been so visited; but one of those persons was the family Physician of the gentleman who made the application to the Magistrate to commit the poor fellow as a lunatic, and he had the affidavits of ten or twelve of his neighbours, who conveyed him to prison (thinking themselves bound to do so under the warrant), but they all agreed that, at that very time, there was not a more sane man existing among the whole of them. With regard to the certificate of the medical men, they stated, that while they were with him he was perfectly calm and very collected in his responses to their questions; yet, nevertheless, they undertook to state that, from facts which they knew, he was "incorrect in his perceptions." He then proceeded to state those facts: the first was, that he went to a place and insisted that the Clerk of the Peace lived there, and demanded a Game Licence. He believed, indeed, this part would explain the whole transaction. In that part of the country some persons might fancy this was a very convenient mode of getting rid of a *poacher*. In point of fact, however, the Clerk of the Peace had lived there for thirty years, but was lately removed, which he did not know, and this was the first proof by the learned Doctors of his "incorrect perceptions."—The next was, that he had said he possessed four houses and gardens at Hexham, but they had been credibly informed that it was incorrect, and he had but one. So, because he had been guilty of a little *bouncing* with regard to the extent of his property, he was supposed to be insane. If that was proof of insanity, they had proofs every day of persons, both within and without that Court,

who exhibited the same symptoms.

Mr. Justice Grose said, he thought in this case the writ should be absolute in the first instance, and made returnable before a Judge at chambers.

ACCOUNT OF A PAIR OF HORSE DOCTORS.

MR. Taylor, the principal, who lately died, at Whitworth, in Yorkshire, was commonly known by the name of the "*Whitworth Doctor*," and his fame was so great as to procure him the honour of attending the brother of Lord Thurlow. The history of this man and his brother, his partner, is singularly curious.

By profession they were *Farrriers*, and to the last; if both a two-legged and a four-legged patient were presented at the same time, the Doctor always preferred the four-legged one. Whether singularity of manners, or success in curing, gave them *éclat*, the practice of the two brothers was immense, as may be well imagined from the orders they gave the Druggist; they dealt principally with Embank and Wallis, of York, and a ton of Glauber's salt, with other articles in proportion, was their usual order.

On a Sunday morning the Doctors used to bleed gratis. The patients were seated (often to the number of an hundred) on benches round a room, where troughs were placed to receive the blood. One of the Doctors then went and tied up the arm of each patient, and was immediately followed by the other who opened the vein. Such a scene is easier conceived than described.

From their medical practice the nice formality of scales and weights was

was banished; all was rule of thumb. An example of their practice may elucidate their claim to celebrity: being sent for to a patient, who was in the last stage of a consumption, the learned Doctor prescribed a leg of mutton to be boiled *secundem artem*, into very strong broth, a quart of which was to be taken at proper intervals: what might have been its success is not for us to say, as the patient died before the first dose was got down. As bone-setters they were remarkably skilful, and, perhaps, to their real merit in this, and the cheapness of their medicines, they were indebted for their great local fame.

WOLVES, MR. DRESSING THE MESSENGER, &c.

About the middle of the present month, the following Paragraph appeared in the Public Newspapers, and afterwards the Letter under it.

AS Mr. Dressing, the Messenger, was on his last journey to Marquis Cornwallis, he was alarmed during the night, not far from Boulogne, by the cries of the post-boy, who called out to him to "fire!" His horses stopping suddenly, he fired a pistol out of each window, thinking he had been attacked by highwaymen; but on enquiry, he found that the boy's outcry was occasioned by two wolves, one of which attempted to bite his leg, but was prevented by the jack-boots worn by French postillions: they then each seized one of the horses by the nose, and had (as appeared on examination) torn their lips off.

FOR THE DAILY ADVERTISER.

V.

SIR,

SEEING it stated in your entertaining Paper, that Mr. Dres-

sing, the Messenger, had been attacked by two wolves near Boulogne, and finding upon my arrival in England, that not only the fact was doubted, but that several persons insisted that no wolves were to be found in Picardy, I beg leave, through your channel, to give my testimony to this extraordinary fact.

I must premise that I am perfectly acquainted both with the person and character of that gentleman, and was an eye-witness of the dreadful situation of the postillion, Mr. D. and the young lady who accompanies him in his journeys to and from Amiens, being then at Boulogne waiting for a passage to England.

The lady was taken out of the cabriolet lifeless, with the fright occasioned by the sudden discharge of Mr. D.'s pistols; and the postillion's boots, though made of wood, hooped with iron, as is the fashion in France, was nearly bit through. He says he is sure that one of the animals must be wounded, as the blood could be traced all the way from the road to the wood.

I am, Sir, an old traveller myself, having been in almost every part of Europe; but I never thought that wolves were to be found unless among the Alps, the Pyrenees, the back parts of Poland, and the uncultivated forests of the north; nor did I ever hear of their making their appearance, except when literally starved out of their lurking places by severe weather.

Mr. D. however, assures me, that a still more dreadful accident happened to him at the conclusion of Lord Malmesbury's first mission to Paris, when his Lordship thought proper to dispatch a messenger to the Court of Vienna, to announce the termination of that affair. He applied to the Directory for a passport

port, which was granted, accompanied by an intimation, that the road was dangerous, for that no person had travelled that way during the war. No less than eight of his Majesty's Messengers who were there; shewed great reluctance at undertaking this perilous business; when M. Dressing voluntarily offered his services. This spirited act had like to have cost him dear, for, on the fifth day of his journey, about four in the morning, he was alarmed by the cries of the postillion for help, and being awake from sleep, jumped out of his cabriolet. He found the boy attacked by four huge wolves, which every moment threatened

him with destruction; but he was incapable of rendering him any assistance, having left his double-barrelled pistols in the carriage. He instantly sprung back for his fire-arms, with which he laid the four dreadful monsters dead! Now, Sir, from such respectable authority, it will, I presume, be impossible for any man longer to doubt, that wolves may not only be found in France, as well as in the forests of Poland and White Russia, but that they abound even in the vicinity of Paris. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

Axe and Gate, JOHN MARTIN,
Westminster, Feb. 15.

THE FEAST OF WIT; or, SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

A Fellow lately brought before the Magistrates in Bow-street, for stealing a *Game Cock*, urged in his defence, that his Physician had strictly ordered him to eat nothing but *poultry*; upon which *Townsend* neatly observed, that he was sorry his *fowl feeding* would spur him on to the study of *Botany*.

Another fellow, a sheepstealer, urged, that from a boy, he was particularly partial to the killing of his *own mutton*.

Fashionable kept mistresses, says a correspondent, affect the air and dress of married women. They wear a ring; and, like the *bad seven shillings* in circulation, are not, to be distinguished from the *good ones* by the ring.

A law proctor, calling lately on a miserly character, and finding him extremely ill, advised him to make his will. "Aye," said

Gripus. "if you will make it gratis for me." "With all my heart." "Well, Sir, to whom do you leave your fortune." "Leave!—I don't like the word—I'll not leave shillings pence to any one." "To whom then, give your wealth?" "Give!—worse and worse—I'll not give a doit to mortal." "Then, Sir, the law will find you an heir." "Aye, when it can find my money; but I've taken care to hide it so deep and secure, that nothing but an earthquake can bring it to light."—A fit of coughing now seized him, and the miser made his exit.

Humana Orationa.—A proctor at Merton College, asking a fellow why his old stockings were like *dead men*, the fellow answered because they are *men-ded*!

Anecdote of the former Lord Chatterfold.—An author of merit, but in very indigent circumstances, applied

applied to his lordship for permission to write his life.—“ I had much rather you would defer it till after my death,” (answered Lord C.)—“ I would with all my heart (replied the author), but that I greatly fear I shall die before your lordship.”—“ Well, Sir, (said the witty lord, judging his meaning from his miserable appearance) one compliment deserves another; there are twenty pounds for you to insure your life.”—It is needless to observe, that this gift was no less delicately than humanely presented.

Bon Mot by a School-boy.—A Master of an Academy, lecturing lately on morality, observed, “ that he made the best scholar, and wisest man, who knew the most good and the least evil.”—“ Then, Sir, (exclaimed one of his pupils) I perceive that a great part of wisdom consists in ignorance.”

A boy, just got into his Latin Grammar, made an *équivoque*, during the late Christmas holidays, equal, at least, to many of our modern punsters.—Observing his schoolmaster riding up the avenue, he ran and informed his father.—“ Yes, child, (said the latter) your master is fond of a glass of hock, and is coming to drink a bottle with me.”—“ Then, Sir, (replied the boy) my master is coming *hic*, upon his *hœc*, to drink *hoc*.”

Anecdote of Sir William Jones.—In the year 1782, Sir William made the tour of France; after which, he resided some months in Paris, and was introduced at court. The French Monarch was much pleased with his conversation, and made many enquiries respecting some of the provinces he had travelled through: to all of which he answered him in the particular dialect of each province. After Sir William withdrew, the King turned about to one of his courtiers, saying, “ He is a most extraordinary

man! he understands the language of my people, better than I do myself!” “ Yes, please your Majesty,” replied the courtier, “ he is indeed a more extraordinary man than you are aware of, for he understands almost every language in the world—but his own.”—“ Mon Dieu!” exclaimed the King, “ then of what country is he?” “ He is, please your Majesty, a *Welshman*.”

A Gentleman, who resides a few miles from town, was wedded lately to a dumb Lady. Some married women of his acquaintance, rallying him on the occasion, he replied, “ It has ever been my opinion, Ladies, that one of the greatest sweets of matrimony is a quiet life—whether your husbands enjoy this supreme felicity, I presume not to say.”—Wonderful to relate, this sarcasm made his assailants dumb for the whole evening.

A Plaintiff, who was nonsuited last Term, comforted himself with the reflexion, that his Counsel, nevertheless, had made a very learned speech in his cause.—“ Aye (said an acquaintance) the gentleman displayed much wisdom, at the expence of your folly.”

An Undertaker, who lately buried his wife with considerable parade, was censured by an acquaintance for going to so great an expence.—“ What! (exclaimed the merchant in *sables*) ought I not to set a good example to all my neighbours?”

A mistake.—A butcher of some eminence was lately in company with some ladies at a game of quadrille, where, unfortunately, he did not exhibit himself as a very clever fellow. After having lost two or three pools, one of the ladies, addressing him, asked, “ Pray, Sir, what are *stakes* now?” to which he immediately replied, “ Madam, the best rump I cannot sell lower than ten-pence halfpenny a pound.”

Bon

Bon Mot.—A nobleman lately advising his son to keep inferior people at a *distance*; a tradesman, who overheard the admonition, replied, "I am very sorry, my Lord, you did not give the young gentleman this advice before he got so *deeply in my books*."

A gentleman, known to be as lively in conversation *before* marriage as he was reserved and taciturn *afterwards*, being one day reproached by his wife on the occasion, replied, "My dear, if I must tell you the reason, it is because I think, my love, you have *tongue enough for us both*."

A common-councilman was, a few weeks ago, *hoaxed* into an opinion, that, as a representative of the citizens, he was entitled to ride through the turnpikes free of expence. He next day mounted his nag, to ascertain his *civic privileges*; and asked at the turnpike at the Dog-row, in Mile-end-road, if, as a common-councilman, he had not a right to pass without paying?—"Yes," replied the turnpike-man, archly, "you may pass yourself, but you must pay for *your horse*."

A French gentleman, travelling in his cabriolet from Paris to Calais, was accosted by a man walking along the road, who begged the favour of him to put his great coat, which he found very heavy, into his carriage—"With all my heart," said the gentleman, "but if we should not be travelling to the same place, how will you get your coat?"—Monsieur answered the man, with great *naïveté*, "*Jé serai dedans*," I shall be in it.

A fashionable Countess, asking a young nobleman which he thought the prettiest flower, *roses* or *tulips*? He replied, with great gallantry, "Your ladyships *two lips* before all the *roses* in the world."

An actor of some humour, whose name we shall not now mention, was lately pressed by his tailor for

the payment of a large bill.—The debtor declared himself to be, in the modern phrase, in a state of *impecuniosity*. The tailor, very modestly, asked for a bond, which the other expressed his readiness to grant, provided the matter was kept a secret.—When the bond was brought, it was indignantly torn, and thrown in the tailor's face.—"You rascal," said the indignant comedian, "you promised to keep it secret, and now your paper begins, 'Be it known to all men, by these presents.'"

A Pun.—Every body knows Mr. Jekyll's talent for wit and pleantry. Being at Covent-Garden the other evening, to hear Mrs. Billington in *Love in a Village*, a friend, sitting with him in the box, asked him, on her appearance, whether that was *Rosetta*? to which the wit replied in the negative, by observing, it was *Grand Cairo*! The allusion was evidently aimed at the *en-bon-point* of the lady, and the comparison between the little village of Rosetta, and the size of the Egyptian capital.

Marriage Sermon.—A clergyman being engaged to preach a wedding sermon, took this apposite text, "abundance of *peace* whilst the *moon lasteth*."

A Son of Thespis, being on board a frigate, appeared dreadfully frightened a few minutes previous to an engagement; upon which a sailor, by way of *consolation*, exclaimed—"Cheer up, brother, for you're going to see a most glorious *bloody tragedy*!"

A play-wright, whose piece would bear only, from the nature of the subject, the title of *Once too often*, was deterred lately from presenting it to the manager, by being told, that those critics who are witty on title pages, would certainly cut up his piece the first night, for the sake of observing that—*it was played once too often*.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

A Letter from Petersburg, December 6, contains the following article:—"The Emperor of Russia has, in the most gracious manner, ordered his pack of hounds to be at the service of the English hunt, twice a week, since the 1st of September. It is in itself an act of great kindness and condescension; but is much enhanced by the mode in which it was communicated. An officer was sent to the gentleman, who acts as Master of the Hunt, to inform him, that twenty couple of dogs, and three huntsmen (gratis), were at the disposal of the gentlemen composing the English hunt, during the autumn, in consequence of the English pack having been sold during the embargo."

The Woodmen of Boxley-Hill, in Kent, zealous to imitate their superiors in the chase, on Saturday, Jan. 30, turned out, at the Upper Blue Bell, a marten cat, which had fifteen minutes grace before it was pursued by three couples and a half of beagles. After affording an excellent run of two hours and a half, it was taken in a tree, with great difficulty.

On the preceding day, a bagfox was turned out at Ightham Common, Kent, before Mr. Simpson's harriers, of Fairlawne. He went away towards Seal, and then took over the hills to Kingsdown, and on to Farningham; there he turned to the right, and went away

for Ash, from thence to Grinstead Green; he then again took off to the right for Hartley, and on to Longfield, Mepham, Nursted, Shinglewell, Cobham, Shorn, and Gravesend, and was taken alive at Milton, near Mr. Gilby's, of Denton, after a chase of between fifty and sixty miles; he had twenty minutes law.

A most extraordinary feat of active running was performed by Lieutenant Rowan, of the 29th regiment of foot, quartered at Plymouth-Dock Barracks, on the lines there; the bet was fifty guineas, the match to be performed in forty-two minutes. Lieut. R. dressed in a flannel jacket, set off from Clarence-street, No. 4, at eleven o'clock A. M. a man of war's ten-oared barge was in waiting at Mutton Cove. Lieut. R. crossed the passage, jumped over the barge on the beach, ran up the very steep hill of Maker's Heights to the middle barracks, in presence of several Officers, touched the barrier, ran down the hill, jumped into the boat, crossed the passage again, and returned to No. 4, Clarence-street, in forty minutes, apparently without fatigue. The distance is, exclusive of the passage, two miles and a half to Maker's barracks, and two miles and a half back to Clarence-street.

Conditions of the wager made by a gentleman (not Mr. Shaw as mentioned) to ride against time, have not been correctly given in

the public prints. He has undertaken to go on horseback from London to Barton Water side, in Lincolnshire, a distance of one hundred and seventy-one miles, in twelve (and not fourteen) successive hours. The bet is to be decided some time in the month of March. The gentlemen of the Monson Hunt accommodate him with their studs; and although he rides fifteen stone, yet his wind and nerve are so highly thought of, that the odds run considerably in his favour. He is to start from the Gray's-Inn Coffee-house, and proceed by the Stilton road.

A match is made for the 1st of March next, for five hundred guineas, between Mr. Oswald and Mr. R. Fletcher, to start each a horse to go one hundred miles, and to have jockies, 8st. each. Mr. Oswald's horse is in fine training at Mr. Pierse's, Richmond, Mr. Fletcher's at Mr. Collinson's, Middleham.

On Saturday evening, the 13th instant, at a quarter before eight o'clock, a Welchman, who is an attendant waterman of the stand of coaches in St. Paul's Church-yard, started, for a considerable wager, from the gate opposite to Ludgate-hill, to run eighteen times from thence round the iron railing, in the space of an hour. He performed it five minutes within the time, and was triumphantly led off to the Spotted Dog, where he was to receive *one guinea*, in case of performing the arduous task he had undertaken.

In consequence of a bet made the beginning of last month, for six guineas, a man undertook to run four times round the rails of St. James's Park, in one hour. He set off from the stable-yard gate, round by the Horse Guards, completed the first round in a quarter

of an hour, and the three others seven minutes and a half within the limited time. A number of persons were present.

A very extraordinary hare was lately shot by Lieutenant Horseley, of the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards, in Beeston Fields, in the neighbourhood of Nottingham; she had four teeth in the front of her upper jaw of uncommon length, greatly curved inwards; the ends divided, and sharp-pointed; the two front teeth in the lower jaw were two inches and a quarter long, curved upwards, and one of them so much so, as to make a deep incision between the bone and gristle of her nose, and prevent her mouth from opening to its full width; in consequence of which, it is supposed, her mouth was considerably less than in other hares. Her whiskers were four inches long, which is about two inches longer than usual.

The Eagle lately shot in the neighbourhood of Ferrybridge; has been exhibited at Doncaster. It has only its thigh broke, of which it has nearly recovered, and is perfectly tame. It is supposed by Naturalists to be a bird of only a year old. One of more than ordinary size was observed hovering about, and seemingly pursuing the course of the river Ayr, near Leeds, a few days ago.

A German Professor, Reiseur, has published a Book, in which he contends for the possibility of guiding a *balloon* by the assistance of *eagles*! Having convinced himself of this first proposition, he proceeds to calculate the number of those birds necessary for a balloon of given dimensions, and to give instructions for preparing, harnessing, and directing them. A few baiting places in the air are
alone

alone wanting to complete this fanciful theorem!

Mr. Wilton, of Wadebridge, Cornwall, lately shot a brace of woodcocks; one of them was of a light-fawn-colour, in the body, the wing striped with fawn, black, and brown, the legs and bill milk-white: the other had white wings and a white feather on its breast.

A correspondent informs us, as a very remarkable circumstance, that on opening a partridge, lately, at a gentleman's house, in Stockton, an egg was found therein, which, on examination, proved to be in the most entire and perfect state.

Letters from France state, that the wolves are so numerous in the forest of Marmots, that they have lately devoured no less than thirty horses, fifteen oxen, and a great number of hogs and goats.

Some little time back, as a gentleman was shooting, within a few miles of Newmarket, in crossing a field of turnips a hare got up, which he fired at, and missed, but at the same time killed a leash of partridges, which he did not see on presenting his piece.

A Singular Gun-shot Wound.—

On Tuesday, Feb. 2, a young man, belonging to Mr. Givens, a farmer, near Sunderland, loaded his gun with a piece of slug-shot, in order to fire at a mark upon the barn-door. Unknown to him, his sister, a young woman about twenty years old, was standing in the opposite door-stand; he fired his piece, when unfortunately the shot went through the door, entered his sister's left side, near the back-bone, below the kidney, and came out above the upper part of the abdomen, close under the lowest rib on the right side, without, according to appearance, having done any material damage, either to the

kidney, the uvaria, the intestines, or to any of the ribs. The young woman, after being thus shot, was able to walk home, go up stairs, and help to undress herself. The surgeon who attends her has great hopes of her recovery.

A gentleman who answered an advertisement for a partner with money (to the amount of 500*l.*) who should take an active part in a *lucrative* concern, was not a little surprised, on arrived at the place appointed, to find a *bird-fancier* in the midst of his *cages* and *singing companions*. Although the master of the feathered songsters chaunted loudly respecting the gains of the enterprise, and enhanced on the wonderful docility of his scholars, yet the *monied man* would not come down with the *yellow-boys* in exchange for *goldfinches* and *water-wagtails*.

Extraordinary Eating.—Three corn porters were drinking together lately, when one of them, for the trifling wager of five shillings, undertook to eat the *worstest stockings* which the other two had on, fried in *train-oil*, and *half a pound of yellow soap*, by way of bread to this delectable ragout. Strange to tell, he won his wager!—The same fellow once before undertook to eat as much tripe as would make himself a jacket; he was accordingly measured by a tailor, and the *material* cut out, when, to the great surprise of every one, he eat up the whole in less than twenty minutes! This is an odd way of *turning a coat*.

The celebrated horse, Grey Diomed, died last year in Russia. He was bred in this country by Sir Charles Bunbury, and afterwards in possession successively of Mr. Fox and the Duke of Bedford. He was purchased, at a very considerable sum, from his Grace, for

the purpose of exporting to Russia, where he won all the great prizes he started for, and became a very favourite stallion.—The exportation of blood horses from this country to Russia is very considerable, and grey is the favourite colour.

On Sunday, the 14th instant, Mr. H. of the City laid a wager of five guineas that he would cross the river Thames in a washing-tub at high water. About eleven o'clock the next morning he made the attempt, attended by four boats, and proceeded with much dexterity with his paddles until he got into the middle; when, losing his balance, the tub upset, and Mr. H. was immersed in the surge, to the no small entertainment of the spectators.

A wild swan, four feet ten inches high, and seven feet four inches the width of its wings, was shot a few days ago by Mr. W. Clarke, near Brigg, in Lincolnshire.

On Wednesday morning, February 17, died, Thomas Bullock, Esq. in the fiftieth year of his age, a gentleman well known upon the turf, where his loss will be long regretted, as also by a numerous acquaintance, by whom he was much esteemed.

Lately died, at Rheims, in Germany, a woman, at the age of one hundred and two, having had nineteen husbands, and bred up twenty-seven children; she was attended to the grave by one hundred and fifty-three sons, grandsons, and great grandsons; many of the former going upon crutches, or led along blind, or borne down with age. She had herself eight brothers and fourteen sisters, all of whom made good use of their time; so that the old woman was aunt to upwards of one thousand people.

Thursday morning the 11th inst. the following melancholy circum-

stance occurred at the Blue Bear public-house, near Maidstone.—Two men, who had been up all night watching rabbits, under the direction of the Earl of Romney's game-keeper, were sitting in the settle, whilst the game-keeper, who came in, went backwards to punch one of the rabbits they had taken; in the interim the landlord of the house, Thomas Munn, who had been for some time in a deranged state of mind, took up the game-keeper's loaded gun from a place where he was accustomed to leave it, and suddenly presenting it at one of them, named — Swift, fired, and lodged its contents in his right breast. The poor man died instantaneously. That evening, and the following, the Coroner's Jury sat on the body of the deceased, and brought in their verdict, *Amoy*. Munn has since been sent to London, and lodged in a place of security.

In one house at Exeter, last week, there was a wedding; a christening, a chutching, and a burial, on the same day.

Longevity in Horses.—Mr. Mann, of Lolworth, Cambridgeshire, had a horse that died a few days ago, thirty-eight years old.—At St. Ives, the famous horse, Shuffler, died on the 8th inst, thirty-seven years old; and at Woodhurst, Huntingdonshire, Mr. J. Bull had a mare that died on the 9th, that was thirty-six years old.—A mule, which carried part of the baggage of King William III. at the battle of the Boyne, died a few days since in the county of Meath.

A *Sporting Parson*, in the West of England, had the misfortune lately, to lose his pointer and his bible. In an advertisement of his loss, posted next day upon the church-door, the bible is described as *dog-eared*, and the pointer, *attered* upon the back.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

HUNTING SONGS

FROM THE NEW COMIC OPERA, CALLED

THE CABINET.

CHORUS OF FALCONERS.

(Moorehead.)

TO Horse, my merry companions all,
To horse, to horse, and away!
The sun-beams on the mountains fall,
The woodcock sings, the Falconer's call,
And hails the dawning day.

SOLO.—1st Falconer.

The generous steed, so plump and fair,
Impatient, snuffs the morning air.

CHORUS. To horse, to horse, and away.

DUET.—1st and 2d Falconer.

Altidy her game the falcon spies,
In vain the prey to escape her, tries,
Already she seems to reach the skies.

CHORUS. To horse, to horse, and away.

SONG. LORENZO. (Davy).

IN Britain, the soil which true liberty
fields,
Where the lads of the chase leave repose
for the fields;
The hunter so happy, bestrides his gay
steed,
While distance and danger but add to his
speed—

Who, dashing along,
Gives Echo the song,

She, blithely, returns it the whole of the
day,
With, hark! the merry horn calls us away.

II.

By exercise braced, every bosom must
warm,
And health, joy, and mirth, each assume
a new charm;

Dian, Barchus, and Venus, by turns take
a place,

And day and night's joys are the fruits of
the chase;

Which, dashing along,
Gave Echo the song, &c.

ON SEEING THE INTERIOR OF WARWICK CASTLE,

Soon after the great Exhibition of Cattle,
in Smithfield, 1801.

YE Manchester! Bedfords! and Tul-
ly's*! no more

Boast of fat-sided oxen, and quadruped-
store,

Ye are beaten, ye soon will allow;
For Warwick's great Earl, at the next
Smithfield-treat,

Will make you give in, by a sudden defeat,
From a breed of the famous *Dun Cow*.

CAPTAIN SNUG.

Fairy Camp, Jan. 1802.

POOR HIGHMAN PALATINE!

A jugler's life might elicit from the head
of genius, various sparks of wit and
humour, moral, and political allusions;
but my brain is not made of such æthe-
rial compost. If there be any merit in
these lines, it must arise from their
promptitude,

"Eis dat qui cito dat."

HIGHMAN! I've long admir'd thy sal-
low face,

Smiling above thy coat with tarnish'd lace;

* One of the first Graziers in England,
renting largely, under the Rev. John Phil-
lips, of Eaton, near Hereford; and bro-
ther to the celebrated haberdasher at Bath;
the one enriching himself by quadrupeds,
the other by bipeds.

Swallowing

Swallowing knives, forks, and spoons, as
they were meat,
Thereby to get *thy daily bread* to eat.
Thy harmless tricks and juggles gain'd thee
praise,
And strong digestion caus'd thee length of
days;
But life no longer could'st thou carry on—
In thine own words:—"Presto," cried
Death, "Be gone."

CAPTAIN SNUG.

Fairy Camp, Jan. 1802.

MR. BLOOMFIELD, Author of that popular Poem, "*The Farmer's Boy*," has just published a Collection of "*Rural Tales, Ballads, and Songs*;" from which we with pleasure extract the following:—

THE FAKENHAM GHOST.

A BALLAD—FOUNDED ON FACT.

THE lawns were d'y in Euston Park,
(Here truth inspires my tale)
The lonely footpath, still and dark,
Led over hill and dale.
Benighted was an ancient dame,
And fearful haste she made
To gain the vale of Fakenham,
And hail its willow shade.
Her footsteps knew no idle stops,
But follow'd faster still;
And echo'd to the darkness cope
That whisper'd on the hill;
Where clam'rous rooks, yet scarcely hush'd
Bespoke a peopled shade;
And many a wing the foliage brush'd
And how'ring circuits made.
The dappled herd of grazing deer
That sought the shades by day,
Now started from her path with fear,
And gave the Stranger way.
Darker it grew; and darker fears
Came o'er her troubled mind;
When now a short quick step she hears
Come patting close behind.
She turn'd; it stopp'd!—nought could she see
Upon the gloomy plain!
But as she strove the Sprite to flee,
She heard the same again.
Now terror seiz'd her quaking frame:
For, where the path was bare,
The trotting Ghost kept on the same!
She mutter'd many a pray'r!
Yet once again, amidst her fright,
She tried what sight could do;
When thro' the cheating glooms of night,
A MONSTER stood in view.
Regardless of what'er she felt,
It follow'd down the plain;
She own'd her sins, and down she knelt,
And said her pray'r again.

Then on she sped, and Hope grew strong,
The white park gate in view;
Which pushing hard, so long it swung
That *Ghost* and all pass'd through.
Loud fell the gate against the post;
Her heart-strings like to crack;
For much she fear'd the grisly Ghost
Would leap upon her back.
Still on, pat, pat, the Goblin went,
As it had done before;
Her strength and resolution spent
She fainted at the door.
Out came her husband much surpris'd;
Out came her daughter dear;
Good-natur'd souls! all unadvis'd
Of what they had to fear.
The candle's gleam pierc'd thro' the night
Some short space o'er the green,
And there the little trotting Sprite
Distinctly might be seen.
An *Ass's* Feal had lost its dam,
Within the spacious park,
And simple as the playful lamb,
Had follow'd in the dark.
No Goblin he; no imp of sin;
No crimes had ever known.
They took the shaggy stranger in,
And rear'd him as their own.
His little hoofs would rattle round
Upon the cottage floor;
The matron learn'd to love the sound
That frighten'd her before.
A favourite the Ghost became,
And 'twas his fate to thrive;
And long he liv'd and spread his fame,
And kept the joke alive.
For many a laugh went thro' the vale,
And some conviction too:—
Each thought some other Goblin tale,
Perhaps was just as true.

THE LITTLE GREEN MAN.

A GERMAN STORY.

YE warriors so bold, and ye ladies so gay,
At the Pump-room, at Ty—n's, at
K—g's, or the Play,
Oh never, oh never, be seen;
For the Little Green Man will surely be
there,
The Little Green Man, who delighteth
to stare
So fierce thro' his goggles of green.
The Little Green Man, in the dead of the
night,
Fell in love with a maiden, all gaily be-
dight
In scarlet, in white, and in blue—
"Come lady, sweet lady, with me come
away,
Fine clothes you shall have, we will play a
fine play,
Come home—I am dying for you!"
"O partner!

" O partner! oh partner! and dost thou
not hear,
How the Little Green Man whispers low
in mine ear.

To follow him homie from the Ball."—
" He is joking, he's joking—I tell you he
is,

'Tis only designed as an innocent quiz,
'Tis nothing—'tis nothing at all."

" I love you—I doat on your face so divine,
I must and will have you—and force makes
you mine,

Here's a letter will tell you the rest."

" O partner! oh partner! and dost thou
not see,

How the Little Green Man, so audaciously
free,

Crams a love-letter into my breast!

" My partner! my partner! oh now hold
me fast!

He pulls me—he hurts me—he'll have me
at last—

Good God! how he tumbles my gown!"
Then her partner arose, and in fury he ran
To the bench where was seated the Little
Green Man,

And knock'd him immediately down.

And with Gw—, and with G—c,
And with ten or twelve more,

On the fiend he courageously fell;
And thrice did they kick him around and
around,

While the Little Green Man gave a horrible
sound,

'Twas a groan, and a grunt, and a yell!

They hustled him on, with heroic delight,
Now backward, now forward, to left or to
right—

While he strove and he struggled in vain!
And his goggles, they say, were crack'd
in the fray,

And his garment was rent in twain.

And the Little Green Man made a halt at
the door,

And the Little Green Man most terribly
swore,

Revenge and destruction to all.

That he'd ravish the maiden, with main
and with might,

And challenge the heroes who kick'd him,
to fight,

With sword, and with spear, and with ball.

Then ye warriors so bold, and ye ladies so
gay,

At the pump-room, at T—n's, at K—g's,
or the Play,

Oh never, oh never be seen!

For the Little Green Man will surely be
there,
The Little Green Man who delighteth to
stare

So fierce, through his goggles of green!
MAT—W GR—Y L—I.

THE FORCE OF HABIT, A TALE.

BY TIMOTHY BRAMBLE.

HABITS are stubborn things:
And by the time a man is turn'd of
forty,
His ruling passion's grown so haughty,
There is no clipping of its wings,
The truth will best be shewn,
By a familiar instance of our own.

DICK STRYPE

Was a dear friend and lover of the pipe:
He us'd to say, *one pipe of Kirkman's best*
Gave life a zest.

To him 'twas meat, and drink, and physic,
To see the friendly vapour
Curl round his midnight taper,
And the black fume
Clothe all the room
In clouds as dark as *science metaphysic*.

So still he smok'd, and drank, and crack'd
his joke;

And, had he *single* tarry'd
He might have smok'd, and still grown
old in smoke:

But Richard *married*.
His wife was one, who carry'd
The *cleanly* virtues almost to a vice,
She was so nice:

And thrice a week, above, below,
The house was scur'd from top to toe,
And all the floors were rubb'd so bright,
You dar'd not walk upright,
For fear of sliding;
But that she took a pride in.

Of all things else REBECCA STRYPE
Could least endure a pipe,
She rail'd upon the filthy herb tobacco,
Protested that the noisome vapour
Had spoil'd the best chintz curtains and
the paper,
And cost her many a pound in stucco:
And then, she quoted our *King James*, who
saith,

" Tobacco is the Devil's breath."

When

When wives will govern, husbands must
obey;
For many a day
Dick mourn'd and miss'd his favourite to-
bacco,
And curs'd REBECCA.

At length the day approach'd his wife must
die:

Imagine now the doleful cry
Of female friends, old aunts, and cousins,
Who to the funeral come by dozens.
The undertaker's men and mutes
Stood at the gate in sable suits,

With doleful looks,

Just like so many melancholy *spoks*.
Now cakes and wine are handed round,
Folks sigh, and drink, and drink, and sigh,

For grief makes people *dry*;

But DICK is *missing*, no where to be found,
Above, below, about,

They search'd the house throughout,

Each hole and secret entry,

Quite from the garret to the pantry,

In ev'ry corner, cupboard, nook, and shelf,

And all concluded he had *hang'd* himself:

At last they found him—reader, guess you
where:

'Twill make you stare—

Perch'd on REBECCA'S *coffin*, at his rest,
SMOKING A PIPE OF KIRKMAN'S BEST.

THE YEAR 1802.

A SONG—BY MR. C. DIRDIN.

Tune—"Robin and Granny," Old Lan-
cashire Ballad.

THE comical jokes of these comical
times,

Shall furnish the theme for my comical
rhymes;

And comical folks, comic features may
view,

In this comical year 1802.

Our beaux stuck in boots to their hips I de-
clare,

Look just like Cock and Breeches at Bar-
tlemey fair;

While our belles, in new bonnets, to set off
their hair,

First spend all their *cols*, then skuttles they
wear.

Once fashion decreed that our beaux should
be found

In blue and buff uniform all the year
round;

Now they think to wear *blis* when they
please is enough,
While, to keep up the charter, our belles
dress in *buff*.

Once our Nobles examples of breeding
supplied,

And as Lords of rich manors kept up
Britain's pride;

But now a man may, things so strangely
will fall,

Make a very good lord with no *manner*
at all!

But, speaking of manners, our foes have oft
thought,

We Britons are much better fed than we're
taught;

But fashion so long has monopoly led,

We've for some time been much better
taught than we're fed.

Your cits laugh at courtiers, and courtiers
at cits,

And the bone of contention is "wealth
versus wits;"

But a large piece of beef, suppose London,
you'll own,

The cits are the marrow, the courtiers the
bone.

May concord all bones of contention soon
break,

And on Plenty's sparrow a feast Britons
make;

May Jack Ketch bone all who would, *not*
let us eat,

For "the nearer the bone why the sweeter
the meat."

EVENING.—A SIMILE.

BY DR. D—AN.

THE Sun has just set, and now Ev'ning
comes on,

Like a widow who mourns when her hus-
band is gone;

But her weeds are put on with so charming
a grace,

And the crescent-like moon so enlightens
her face,

Her cheeks are suffus'd with such delicate
red,

And her twinkling eyes keep such stir in
her head;

She is still like a widow, both kind and
forgiving,

Who can live for the dead, and yet die for
the living.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR,

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS of the TURF, the CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

For MARCH, 1802.

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[Embellished with a beautiful Engraved Frontispiece, of FALCONERS;
an Etching of DEAD GAME; and Vignette Title-Page.

L O N D O N.

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS;

And Sold by J. WHEBLE, Warwick Square, Warwick Lane, near St. Paul's; C.
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tioner in Great Britain and Ireland.

W. Justins, Printer, Warwick-Square.

ADDRESS TO OUR READERS,

ON CONCLUDING THE NINETEENTH VOLUME.

THOUGH the custom and courtesy of the Court of Literature, in its influence upon the authors of periodical publications, have long sanctioned the practice of congratulating their readers on the completion of their volumes, thus exacting, at least, a *shew of gratitude and attention*, how much superior is the situation which carries with it the unabaken confidence and conviction, "*that the encouragement of the public has not only realised, but far exceeded the most sanguine expectations.*" Such expressions, and such sentiments, are well warranted by the late increase of patronage to the SPORTING MAGAZINE, and the consequent point of elevation which it has obtained. Thus we presume, upon the well-grounded hope, that a continuance of those exertions which have gradually led to this pre-eminence, will also insure the success of our future endeavours to improve or enlarge our labours, with the increasing circle of our friends and patrons.

Having studiously strewed the paths of amusement with the most pleasing and consentaneous productions of science, and at least endeavoured to mingle edification with amusement, we are happy to find, that those who have distinguished themselves by their labours in the Veterinary Art, in their observations on Men and Manners, or improvements in the Chase, the Turf, &c. have honoured and countenanced our more confined and humble efforts: and also, that by our attempts to concentrate the various emanations of amusement in one luminous point, our labours are not less acceptable to the *gay* than the *grave*; so that, as far as our limits have permitted us, the Sporting Magazine continues the genuine companion of the *Man of Pleasure, Enterprise, and Spirit.*

We may likewise be permitted to observe, that in an age of dissipation and infidelity, a publication, professing itself in some measure the mirror of the times, or, as engaged to paint the "*manners living as they rise,*" might have been suspected as retaining some of those distorted, luxurious, or fascinating images, which embarrass or disgust the delicate; but over such, though we cannot deny that *they exist*, we have continually thrown a veil; nor ever shall the Sporting Magazine excite a blush at the expence of inexperienced innocence, insinuate a sneer, or *make a jest*, on aught that Law and Religion deem sacred; or upon the common and unavoidable imbecilities of human nature.

With these claims to public favour, and the resources which still offer, we have no doubt of continuing the entertainment and patronage we have hitherto enjoyed.

The idea of the FRONTISPIECE occurred on witnessing the new Comic Opera of 'The Cabinets,' which opens with a Party of Falconers. In the Poetry of last month is the Chorus of Falconers. The same Number contains an account of the above Opera, 'The Cabinet.'

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR MARCH, 1802.

COCKING.

MONDAY, the 8th instant, the long Main of Cocks began fighting at Edinburgh, between the Hon. W. Maule (Sunley, feeder), and Mr. Oswald (Small, feeder), consisting of thirty-one main battles, for ten guineas a battle, and one thousand guineas the main. The fighting was as follows:—

SUNLEY.		SMALL.	
	M.B.		M.B.
Monday	4 1	Monday	1 1
Tuesday	3 1	Tuesday	2 1
Wednesday	3 0	Wednesday	2 3
Thursday	2 3	Thursday	3 0
Friday	1 0	Friday	4 3
Saturday	2 2	Saturday	4 0
	15 7		16 8

After the main, a battle was fought for ten guineas a side, between Colonel Gaude and the Hon. Mr. Maule:—the Colonel's Cock (who had fought in the West Indies) a slasher on one leg, and Mr. Maule's, a pair of silver spurs, which caused much attention by all parties.—The spurs the favourite, but won by the slasher.

The Main of Cocks, fought between Captain Morgan and John Goodere, Esq. against all Lei-

cestershire, was won by the former, four battles a head in the main, and seven byes.

On Tuesday and Wednesday, the 16th and 17th instant, a Main of Cocks was fought at Nampwich, between Sir Robert Leighton, Bart. of Loton, and Sir Thomas Mostyn, Bart. which was won, after a very close contest, by the former.—The amateurs of the sport were much gratified, and as the first day ended entirely in favour of Sir Thomas, much room was given for betting; the last day, however, turned the scale in favour of Sir Robert, and we conclude, that the *knowing ones* were taken in.

HUNTING.

ON Wednesday, Feb. 25, a hare was started by the hounds of John Wood, Esq. of Henfield, Sussex, that ran for several hours, in a circular course, within a mile of that town, and after long eluding the hounds, crossed the play-ground, and almost the doors of Messrs. Phillips's school, when the pupils, seventy in number, having obtained their

2 Q 2

master's

master's permission, joined the pursuit, and after a complete chase, poor puss was actually caught by one of the young gentlemen, to the no small satisfaction of himself and companions.

Lord Derby had a very hard run with his stag-hounds on Friday, the 5th instant; and, on the Monday morning following, at eleven o'clock, the deer was turned out before a very large field, at Had-dington, five miles beyond Croydon. The usual law being given, the hounds were laid on, and went off in very high style across the country, to Bromley Common, Farthing Down, &c. The deer being frequently headed, kept traversing the country in different directions, and was at length taken near Blechingley Church, after a very severe run of two hours and thirty-three minutes.

A stag was turned out on Tuesday, the 9th instant, at Kingwood, Berks, before Mr. Mellish's hounds, which afforded great sport to a large field of sportsmen. He took for Lamborn Cow Down, pointed for Ashdown Park, then turned to Langdown Scrubs and Odson's Farm, again to the right, and crossed the Egleton road to Woolson, from thence to Brimscom, Uffington, Fawloo, and crossed the Downs to Kingston Lisle, passed through Mr. Atkinson's Park, and took the Down for Childrey, then turned to the left for Lower Letsom and the Manor Farm, crossed the Edsell Water, and went to the turnpike at Wantage, then turned, and was taken in Mr. Wilkinson's rick-yard. The chase was upwards of thirty miles, and the hounds were never at fault for two hours and thirty-five minutes.

The buck turned out on Monday, the 15th instant, before the Underhill (Sussex) hounds, as ex-

pected, produced the attendance of a very numerous field of sportsmen. He went off in great style, but had not ran far, before, in his exertions to escape his pursuers, he broke one of his legs, and thereby disappointed the whole field of the hope they entertained, of enjoying a long and gallant chase.

A fox was turned out on Friday, the 19th instant, at Knight's Rail, about two miles from Brighton. The field was but indifferently attended, and Reynard, contrary to the expectation of many, afforded but indifferent sport.

COURSING.

FLIXTON Coursing Meeting commenced on Wednesday, Feb. 24. The principal match of the day was a class of four dogs, to run in two matches, and then the winning dogs to be run together for the Plate. It was a trial of the blood of Snowball against Mr. Swinfen's celebrated breed and blood of the Dents.

FIRST CLASS.

Major Topham's black dog,
Young Snowball, late Ambrosio
Sir Thomas Wallis's white dog,
Phantasmagoria, borrowed
of Col. Thornton

SECOND CLASS.

Sir T. Wallace's brindled
bitch, Alicia, late Dent, bor-
rowed of Col. Thornton
Major Topham's brown and
white bitch, Toy

The two winners then started for the Plate; a hare was put up in a very fortunate situation to display the velocity and strength of the greyhounds. The match was given as under—

Major Topham's Young Snowball
Sir Thomas Wallace's Alicia
Perhaps

Perhaps on no match whatever was more money betted. — The race was about two miles and a half, in which the hare was twice thrown up by *Snowball*, and once by *Alicia*; and yet was so sound-hearted as to run above a mile afterwards before she was killed.

Mr. Parkhurst was trier of the last course; Lord Grey tried the first. Colonel Thornton was President of the Meeting.

About two hundred horsemen appeared on the ground; many of them from different and remote parts of England.

During the above Meeting, Colonel Thornton had a large party of friends at Falconer's Hall, and contributed much to the amusement of the week, by his hospitalities. The Flixton Meeting, in future, is to be limited to three days of public courseing; the last day to close with a Cup for the winning Dogs; and a challenge has been given from it to run All England over the Flixton Wold,

50272

EXTRA COURSEING.

A Challenge, it is said, has been sent by Mr. Durand (the owner of *Bellissima*) to produce a Greyhound to run any of the *Snowballs* (home and home) for One Thousand Guineas. — This may be considered as the largest stake ever offered on a match of Greyhounds.

RINGING.

IN the year 1758, was rung at St. Mary Over's Church, Borough, a Peal, called Tripple-bob, upon twelve bells, in four hours and thirteen minutes, Changes, 5040.

The London Youths in 1758, rung a Peal of Changes, 6336.

The Cumberland Youths, in 1766, rung an Oxford Tripple-bob Peal, 5136.

The College Youths, on the

10th of March, 1784, rung a Peal of Tripple-bob Changes, 7000.

At last came forward the Cumberland Youths, on the 22d of this present March, 1802, and rung a Peal of Changes, amounting to 7096, which was completed in five hours and twenty minutes; being ninety-six Changes more than were ever completed on this *Peal of Bells*, and in much less time, allowing for the additional number of Changes.

On Monday the 15th of March was rung, by the United Society of Ringers, at St. James's, Epsom, Surrey, a true and complete peal of Oxford Tripple-bobs; consisting of 6720 Changes, in four hours and one minute; being the greatest performance in that steeple.

BETTING.

BETTING-ROOM, MARCH 18.

VERY little alteration since our last report. The favourites for the principal betting Sweepstakes, are as follows:—

First class of Oatlands, Penelope; second ditto, Sorceror.

Handicap of 100gs each, across the Flat.

Marianne; Derby, Young Eclipse c.; Oaks, Julia.

On the match between Alleganti and Sophia, nearly even betting.—7 to 4 on Eagle agst Rolla.

In a week or two, Gentlemen will have begun to run private trials; after which, we may expect to see considerable alterations in the odds.

MARCH 22.

Betted 270 to 40 p. p. against Sir C. Bunbury, for the Derby.

Betted 100 to 40 p. p. against the young Eclipse colt, for ditto.

Betted 300 to 50 p. p. against Lignum Vitæ, for the Oatlands.

Betted 100 to 80 on Marianne against

306 Steeple Match—Fox Hunting—Porter's Match.

against Lignum, for ditto, one to win, or no bet.

Offered to bet, the field against any two, for either class of the Oatlands.

Offered to take $6\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 against Julia, for the Oaks.

STEEPLE MATCH.

ON Wednesday the 17th inst. a Steeple Match for one thousand guineas, and five hundred guineas forfeit, was to have been run by two Irish hunters against the same number from All England. The proprietor was on the ground at Acton Common at the hour appointed, with his groom, ready to start. After some time the opposite parties appeared, and wished the race to be postponed to a future day: some conversation took place, and ended by the forfeit being paid amidst thousands of spectators. — The Irish gentlemen offered to match the horses on the ground, for two thousand guineas, against any pair of hunters in England—saying, he should leave them in the Mews, opposite Grosvenor Gate, Park-lane

FOX HUNTING INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

NOTICE.

MR. C. Hanbury's hounds throw off on Monday morning the 20d of March, at Moor-garden Wood, near Hatfield Peverell, in Essex, in order to make a cap for honest Will Crane, late huntsman to Colonel Bullock, and who is now about to enter into the NINETIETH year of his age!—This veteran of the brush will take the field in person, to meet those his patrons, whom for so many years he had exhilarated by the superiority of his hunting skill, and the matchless melody of his manly voice. The hunt will afterwards

dine together at the Angel Inn, at Kelvedon, where those sportsmen who are not enabled to attend the chase of the day, may, by some friend, contribute their mite to honest Will's cap, and thus benevolently place a feather in their own!

[The particulars of the above day's sport was not received when this half sheet of our Miscellany went to press.]

PORTER'S MATCH.

WE are favoured by a correspondent with the following particulars of an extraordinary exertion of strength: A man, named Joseph Murrell, porter to Mr. Tantum, of Spitalfields-market, Orange Merchant, undertook, for a small wager, to go from Mr. Tantum's house to Botolph-lane, which is about one mile and three roods, twenty times in ten hours, and bring back from Botolph-lane twenty chests of oranges; which should each be one hundred weight. On Monday morning the 22d instant, he began at eight o'clock, at Mr. Tantum's door, and had until six o'clock that evening to perform it in; but, astonishing to say, he finished at half past four o'clock, and brought the twenty chests, at one each time, so that he went above forty miles in eight hours and a half, and carried one half of the distance one ton weight at the twenty different times. He did not appear to be fatigued as much as one would expect; and, indeed, is not so athletic a man as many seen, though he is rather stout. He performed this feat without resting, or taking any other refreshment, except a little beef tea. He went very quick with the load, but slow in returning, as he considered his return as a rest. Vast crowds collected to see him, and much sporting took place.

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To the EDITORS of the SPORTING
MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

By giving us the Portraits, Pedigrees,
and Performances, of celebrated Horses,
together with anecdotes of the Turf,
and remarks on remarkable Races, you
will oblige a constant reader,

HORSEMANICUS.

HIGHLANDER.

THIS famous grey horse was
bred by the Earl of Port-
more, was got by his Lordship's
Victorious, a son of the famous
Ruffler, whose dam was the fa-
mous mare, called Dick Burton's
mare. Ruffler was got by a well-
bred son of Old Brimmer, &c. &c.

Highlander, at 4 yrs old, 1746,
won 50l. at Burford, 60 gs. at
Newmarket, and, in October, 50gs
there also.

In 1747, he won the King's
Plate, at Ipswich, for 5 yr olds,
and 50l. at Nottingham.

In 1748, he won the King's
Plates, at York, Guildford, and
Lincoln, and the Give-and-Take
Plate there also; and in the March
following, he won the King's Plate,
at Newmarket, which was the last
time he started, being designed for
a stallion.

OTHELLO.

COMMONLY called Black
and all Black, was bred by Wm.
Crofts, Esq. of Norfolk; he was
got by Crab; Crab was bred by
the Alcock Arabian; the dam of
Crab was got by Basto, out of a
daughter of the sire of Leeds and
Byerly Turk; his grand dam, was
full sister to Mixbury, both got by
the Carwen Barb, out of a daugh-
ter of Spot, son of the Selaby
Turk; his great grand dam, by
the White-legged Lowther Barb,
out of a Vintner mare.

Othello was out of Slammerkin,

which was the dam of Mr. Fen-
wick's Duchess; which was got
by True Blue; her dam by Lord
Oxford's Dun Arabian; out of a
mare of the Duke of Newcastle's,
bought of Lord Darcey, of Sed-
bury.

In 1748, then the property of
the Earl of Portmore, he won
50 gs. for five yr olds, at Lewes;
and 50 gs. at Stockbridge.

In 1749, the King's Plates, for 6
yr olds, at Salisbury, Canterbury,
Lewes, and Newmarket; after
which, he was sold to Sir Ralph
Gore, and sent to Ireland; where;
in April, 1750, he won 100 gs. at
the Curragh; and 50 gs. at Mary-
borough.

In 1751, he won at 10st. the
King's 100gs. and the great match
of 1000gs. against Lord March's
Bajazet, 10st. 7lb. at the Curragh;
four miles. They were rode by
Mr. Marshall, rider to the Earl of
Portmore, and Mr. March, rider to
the Earl of March.

He was afterwards the property
of Mr. Fryer; and 1752, he won
the Sportsman's Sub-purse, of 50gs.
carrying 10st. and the King's Plate;
at the Curragh; after covering se-
veral mares

He likewise beat the Earl of
Antrim's famous Gustavus, got by
Frester (late Martindale's), and
Mr. Keating's famed horse, Trim-
mer (late Mr. Prentice's), got by
Hobgoblin, over the Curragh, for
the King's 100gs. for horses carry-
ing 12st.

He was afterwards brought to
England, and covered at Stow
Hall, Cambridgeshire, at 5gs. and
5s.

BANDY.

THIS famous br. horse, the pro-
perty of Mr. Meridith, was got
by Easley Cade, out of a mare
called Little Partner; she was got
by

by Croft's partner, his grand dam by Greyhound, his great grand dam by Brimmer, &c. &c.

In 1752, then 5 years old, he won a Sub-purse, of 260gs, at Newmarket, beating Lightfoot, Slouch, and Bumper.

In the April following, he won the 5 yr old Plate at Newmarket; the great Sub-purse at York; and the King's Plates at Nottingham, Lincoln, and Newmarket.

The 3d of May following, 1754, he beat Lord Strange's b. h. Sportsman (by Whitefoot), 6 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. each, over B. C. for 500gs.

CARELESS.

THIS horse, remarkable for his size and great strength, was bred by J. Borlase Warren, Esq.; he was got by Regulus, a son of the Godolphin Arabian, out of his famous Silver-tail mare, who was got by Whitenose; her dam was got by Rattle, grand dam by Darley's Arabian, &c. &c. &c.

In 1755, Mr. Warren's ch. h. Careless, won 80gs at Newmarket, and two 50l. Plates at Derby.

In 1756, he won the King's Plates at Burford and Litchfield, and three 50l. Plates, at Newmarket, &c.

In 1757, he won the King's Plates, at Guildford, Winchester, Salisbury, Canterbury, Lewes, Lincoln, and at Newmarket (the 6th of October), beating the Duke of Kingston's br. h. Prince.

In 1758, he won 100gs at Newmarket, 50gs at Nottingham, and 100gs at York.

In 1759, he won 50l. at Stamford, and the Great Sub-purse, with 50l. at York, Aug. 23, beating Mr Fenwick's bay mare Matilda, and Lord Rockingham's b. h. Scrub; and the 20th of August,

1760, he beat the Duke of Devonshire's famous br. h. Atlas, over York, for the Great Sub-purse, with 50l. added. After which he became a stallion, and was esteemed one of the best in the kingdom.

(To be continued.)

ANOTHER FOX CHASE.

ABOUT the middle of the present month, Mr. Calvert's foxhounds unkenelled a fox in the neighbourhood of Hadham, when after a burst of two hours they were close at his brush. Poor Reynard finding his strength nearly exhausted, took shelter in a dell or pit, on Kiln Farm, where he earthed, when the hounds rushing on with great impetuosity, three couple of the headmost dogs were precipitated into a well forty feet deep, two couple of which were killed on the spot, and the others much bruised. The rest of the pack would have shared the same fate, had it not been for the exertions of the huntsman's assistant, who saved them at the risk of his life.

DEAD GAME.

A SPIRITED ETCHING BY
HOWITT.

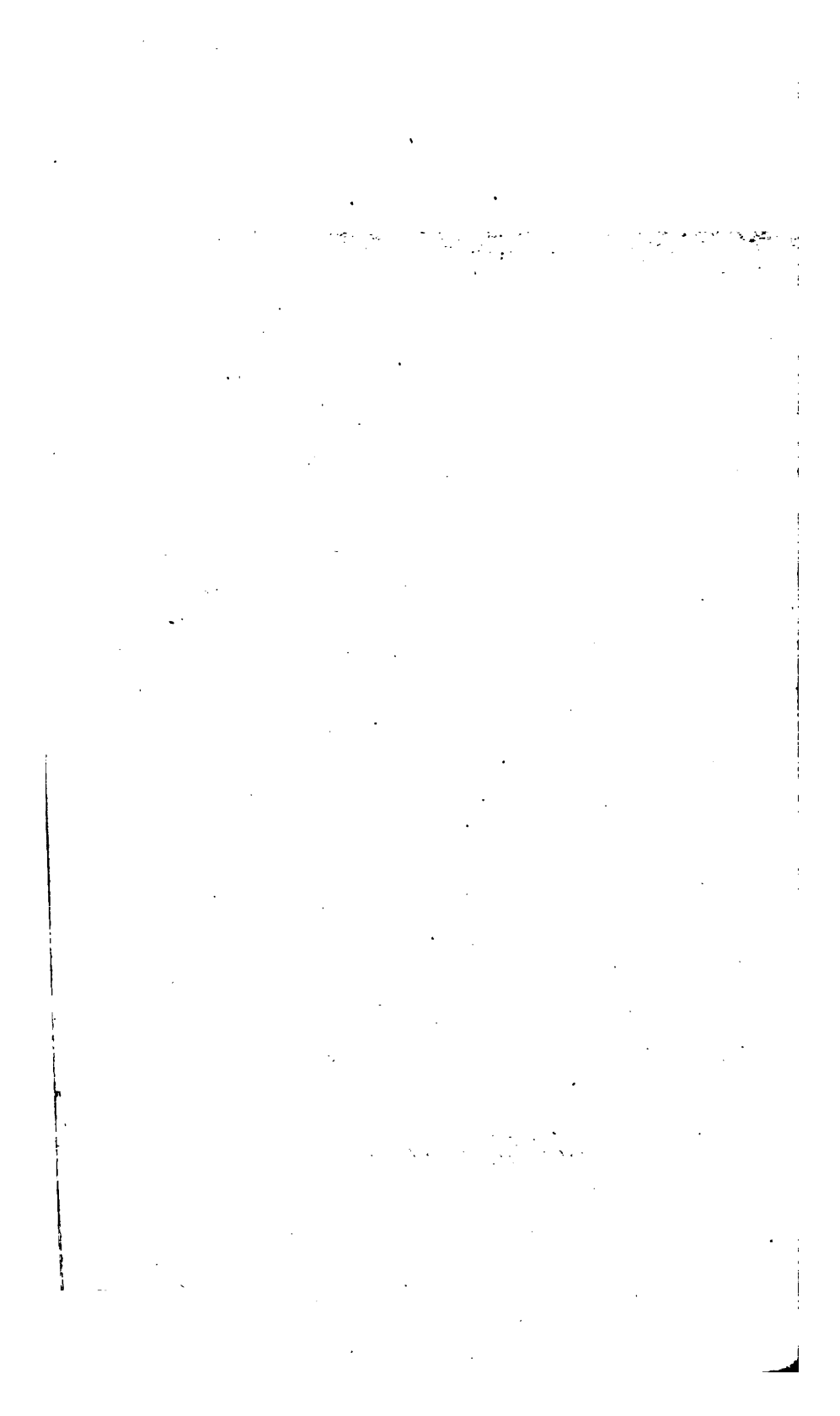
DEAD Game was the favourite study of Mr. Elmer, of Farnham; most of his inimitable performances have, however, been destroyed by fire. Rising artist must, therefore, supply the loss. We propose to give some further Plates of DEAD GAME, and trust they will meet with the approbation of our friends. Although we use the term DEAD GAME, our readers will, nevertheless, be so good as to give us credit for not offering to them, in the composition of this Design and Etching, *Woodcock* and *Duck*, as *GAME*.

SPORTING



Dead Game. Plate 1.

Pub. April 1855 by J. W. & Co. Warwick Square.



SPORTING FOR A WIFE.

PLAY OR PAY.

[Being the Substance of a Trial in the Court of King's Bench, February 24, 1803, before Mr. Justice Le Blanc, and a Special Jury, for a Breach of Promise of Marriage.]

FOSTER v. MELLISH.

THIS was an action to recover damages for a Breach of Promise of Marriage. The pleadings were opened by Mr. Hovel. The declaration stated, that on the 28th of September, 1801, Esther Mellish, the defendant, being then a *femme sole*, promised to marry Joseph Foster, the plaintiff, on the 12th of December, if she should then be alive and well, and he would execute certain settlements; that she was, on the 12th of December, alive and well; that the settlement was prepared by Mr. Swaine, and that the plaintiff was ready to execute these settlements; and that, notwithstanding, she refused to fulfil her said promise, to his great damage. The defendant deemed that she had promised in manner and form, &c. and thereupon issue was joined.

The Attorney-General stated the plaintiff's case. He had the honour to appear for a young gentleman in a most respectable situation of life, and as respectable a character, who now complained of an injury, which most deeply afflicted his mind. The injury he sought to obtain redress for was the loss of the enjoyment by marriage of a young lady, the defendant, whose affections he had every reason to expect he possessed, for unfortunately she had obtained his, and was in consequence fortifying himself with the hopes of experiencing much comfort in the

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marriage station. The plaintiff is now twenty-seven years of age, and had been regularly educated in the science of physic. Having attended the lectures of the most eminent Professors for some years, he had made sufficient proficiency to enable him to practise as a surgeon; and in the year 1799, his friends advised him to settle somewhere in the neighbourhood of the metropolis. At that time Mr. Sands, who had carried on a very extensive business as a surgeon and apothecary at Highbury, was about to retire, and Mr. Foster entered into a treaty to succeed him. Conditions were agreed upon; the business was transferred to him; he bought Mr. Sands' house, and was received with the greatest favour by all the neighbourhood. Soon after, at an Assembly, he met the present defendant, Miss Esther Mellish, a young lady of exquisite beauty, and the most brilliant accomplishments; a young lady whose natural endowments had received all the culture and polish of the most finished education; whose person and whose mind were all that the fondest lover could desire. They were at first mutually struck with the appearance of each other, and an intimacy was formed between them. But for some time fate was unpropitious to their loves, and it was not till the beginning of 1801, that the treaty was entered into, which was the subject of the present action. By his constant assiduities he then succeeded in rendering himself acceptable in her eyes, and she, on her part, shewed the greatest anxiety to fix his affections. They saw each other frequently, and when they found it impossible to meet, they corresponded by letter. At last she plighted her vows to him with the

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greatest

greatest solemnity, and betrothed herself as his future wife. Miss Mellish was the daughter of a man of very large fortune, who had left her about Ten Thousand Pounds. But the Jury must not suppose that the plaintiff had been actuated by interested views. In the premium paid to Mr. Sands, in the purchase-money of his house, and in the sums of money he had since expended in decorating it for the defendant's use, he had laid out above Five Hundred Pounds. He had not been driving a coarse and selfish bargain. His person was elegant, his character irreproachable, his income considerable, and he was in every respect an adequate match for the young lady. But though these were considerations to have great weight with a parent, she had overlooked them. She was animated by love, not by prudence. Her letters warmly, though delicately, painted her passion. The learned Counsel disavowed all wish to give her unnecessary pain by reading these letters in open Court, or to insinuate that any of their contents threw the least cloud upon her character. Unless for inconstancy, he believed her conduct to be unimpeachable, but duty required him to leave no honourable means untried to procure justice for that man, in whose happiness she had committed such havock, whom she had made the puppet of her caprice and the butt of her petulance; whom, expecting the immediate completion of his wishes, her wayward conduct had pierced with grief, and sunk in despondency. The effects of wounded pride and of injured love were but too well known; and it would be proved by the witnesses, that this young man had been unable to sustain the blow which was in-

flicted upon him; that his mind was disturbed, and that his health was materially impaired. Her brothers (one of whom lived in Gray's-Inn, and the other was a tanner in the Borough of Southwark) had been at first averse to the match; but their consent had been obtained, the marriage-clothes had been bought, and the day appointed for the ceremony.

Mr. Attorney now proceeded to read the letters. He began with one dated the 26th of May, 1801. In this Miss Mellish apologises to Mr. Foster, for refusing to meet him at some place where he wished for an assignation. She says—

"I am perhaps too scrupulous: but you will allow that I err on the safe side. There is a word called *propriety* to which women cannot be over attentive; and I am convinced that many innocent characters, for want of a little prudence, are tainted by the foul breath of scandal. However, if you will mention any road near town, not too public, I will meet you there in a hackney coach. I will pretend that I am going to visit a friend, and will bring Wheeler (her maid) along with me. I do not approve of this plan, but I can think of no other."

In the next, dated May 30, she says—

"I have received a letter for you, dictated by my brothers; but I will not send it, and I told them so. I hope when they see that all my happiness depends upon you, they will not object to our union. Pray do not blame me for not seeing you to-night; you know my character is at stake. May heaven promote our wishes while they are good and honourable."

In the third she observes—

"My brother Sam has promised to inquire into your character and circumstances, and I trust he will at length withdraw his opposition. All that I fear is, that you are led away by an idea that my fortune is large. Indeed it is not. I wish it were; I should more willingly bestow it upon you. I hope you will bear with patience the temper of my brothers. I may never see you again; but you shall always retain the esteem and friendship of the unfortunate—Esther Mellish."

Many letters, Mr. Attorney said, passed between them in the same stile, when suddenly all intercourse was suspended between them. What a strange caprice! She was immediately after anxious to lure him back, and pretended that this was merely a pretext for dismissing him. This interruption was occasioned by a letter, dated August 7, in the following terms:—

"Sir—The statement of your affairs, given into Mr. Vaux, turning out to be false, I am induced to listen to the advice of my friends, on a point on which I think myself incompetent to decide; and, conformably to their wishes, I desire that the connexion between us may drop entirely. With every good wish for your welfare, I remain your obedient servant—E. M."

She had received an anonymous letter, which gave her great uneasiness, and she had cut with him, from supposing that he was the author of it. On the 18th of August, she wrote her confidential friend, Miss Swaine, saying—

"I send you the anonymous letter. I do not think it right to do so myself, but I think you might shew it to him, as if from

"me, and let him know that this was the only cause of my displeasure. I likewise send you, inclosed, a letter for him. If your father and mother approve of it, I beg you will wafer it and deliver it to him. If I can bring him round again I am determined to marry him in spite of my friends. I trust to your father for the settlements. But I am afraid I shall have no occasion for his assistance, as you say, '*I kicked the bucket too violently.*' How could I be such a fool!"

Upon this, Mr. Foster felt and expressed considerable resentment. In a letter to him, dated August 22, she says—

"Though you are unfeeling and unjust, still I answer you. I confess that my conjectures, with regard to the anonymous writer, were wrong; but still I do not deserve your reproaches, and I thus feel less severely the stings which they are meant to convey. To say I am sorry for the uneasiness I have occasioned you, is all that remains for me to do, unless you would wish your letters to be returned."

Afterwards, by Miss Swaine's good offices, a perfect reconciliation was effected, and the tenderness of both parties was revived. Still, however, Miss Mellish interposed unnecessary delays, and living at a considerable distance from Highgate, engrossed more of Mr. Foster's time than a professional man could possibly spare. Vexed and impatient, he wrote to her, saying, that unable to bear her disdain any longer, he had resolved to fly to a foreign country, where her image might be banished from his bosom. On

the 28th of September, he received the following answer—

"It is useless to lament, as it is impossible to recal, any part of my injurious conduct. To distress you was very far from my thoughts. I was kept back by the torturing certainty, that in becoming your's I shall lose all my dear relations as completely as if they were separated from me by the hand of death. You say your happiness is still in my power. The sincerity of this declaration will soon be put to the test. I beg leave to inform you, that if you do not agree to the settlements as proposed by Mr. Swaine, I now write you for the last time. But if you shall execute them agreeably to his directions, it is my positive and fixed resolution on Saturday, December 12, to forsake my relations for the protection which you offer me. If you are not actuated by honourable motives, may the Almighty take me to himself before I follow you to the altar. If you love me as you say, I pray Heaven to prolong our lives, and to guide us in the path on which we are about to enter."

On the same day she wrote her friend, Mr. Swaine, of the manner in which she wished her fortune to be settled. The next letter read was to her friend Miss Mary Swaine, whom she addresses under her nick-name.

"My dear Poll-frizzle, (says she) I have had a delightful game at romps with Captain William Lowther. If I am to marry a certain person, I must come to town immediately to buy the marriage things. Mrs. Lowther has asked me to go with her for a month to Brighton, but I have scarcely time,

"though it is yet a month to the time of my marriage. You know I was determined not to have a bed-fellow till the warm-weather was gone, and you will allow I was in the right."

Mr. Attorney observed, that this letter seemed to provoke a smile in the Court, but he saw nothing in the least culpable in it, it was merely the effusions of the hilarity of a heart which he was ready to acknowledge was not tainted by any improper ideas.

In another, dated October 3, she says—

"Foster agrees to every thing I ask, and would consent to the settlements being still less in his favour if I were to desire it."

In one to himself, dated November 10—

"Yesterday your servant brought me your miniature. I wish that Miss Mary Swaine may be allowed to go with us to Bath; I have sent you a ring the size of my finger."

The next was likewise to him, and here she says—

"Last night we sat up romping till one. My bed-room door was broke, and I was obliged to change my quarters for the night. Are you not afraid to take such a mad-cap into your house? I must tell you how it was. I had snatched a piece of paper the two Miss ——'s were reading, and put it into my pocket; they insisted upon recovering it, and in the struggle, to my unspeakable confusion, down dropped your picture on the floor."

From this letter the plaintiff received unspeakable satisfaction, happy in the thought that he was so soon to be united to the woman he adored.—What then could occasion the terrible letter which he

he was about to read, and which had given birth to the agony which now disturbed his mind, he was at a loss to conjecture, unless it was the caprice which seemed to be the ruling foible in the lady's composition.

The letter, dated Friday, November 27, is as follows—

"Sir—The treatment I have lately experienced, has brought back all my former objections with redoubled force. I am more than ever averse to your offers, and it is my unequivocal determination, unbiassed by any one, to decline the connection. Your humble servant—E. M."

She does not, she dared not alledge what the bad treatment had been. She knew that his treatment had ever been kind, his affections warm, and his intentions honourable. It would appear that this letter had not been conveyed in the ordinary way; that it was intended as a legal notice, and that the lady did not delay many hours to retain Counsel. Her fickleness was not without examples, but in few had the revolution been so suddenly effected. She had been writing that she doated on the miniature; that she looked upon it with insatiable desire; that she gazed upon it till she was incapable of distinguishing different objects, and in four days she was in a lawyer's consultation room. The manner in which she addressed her friend shewed her *sang froid*—

"Dear Mary, (says she) having declined Mr. Foster's proposals, I have to beg that you will not proceed any further in the preparations. I am sorry to hear that your mother is ailing, but hope soon to hear good accounts of her."

The plaintiff thought himself secure of her person and affecti-

ons, and with eagerness expected the hour which was to render his happiness complete. His character had hitherto been blameless, he had the good-will of his neighbours; but her conduct had held him out to his friends as a person whose character was equivocal, and the world must believe that some secret cause actuated the lady's behaviour. He therefore sought, at the hands of the jury, a compensation for the injury. It was for them to estimate his wrongs; whatever damages they gave, though ever so large, were inadequate to administer to the wounded feelings of the plaintiff, and pour that balm into his mind which he so much stood in need of: his tranquillity was lost for ever, and their verdict would tend only to set him right in the estimation of the world.

The first witness called was, Miss Mary Anne Swaine. She stated, that she became acquainted with the defendant about eight years since, being educated in the same school; an interruption had taken place in the acquaintance for some time; and it recommenced about two years since at Brighton, and the defendant visited at her father's house, at Highgate, where the plaintiff also visited; she did not know of the attachment between them till after the defendant had left their house, when she informed the witness of it, but said she did not suppose her brother would consent to the plaintiff's suit. Miss Swaine then proved the hand-writing of the letters written by the defendant to the plaintiff.

They were put in and read, the details of which will be found in Mr. Attorney's speech.

Miss Swaine was called again, and stated, that she went a shopping with the defendant in the month of November to purchase wedding

wedding clothes; was present the last time they saw each other at her father's house; nothing particular passed, but she thought the defendant did not appear so kind.

On her cross-examination, by Mr. Garrow, the defendant's Counsel, she said that she had been entrusted with all the defendant's secrets, and wished to promote her interest and happiness. The plaintiff attended the family in his professional capacity. She knew the defendant was at first averse to his proposals, and that the plaintiff had given his word of honour to the defendant's brother not to proceed in his suit. She acknowledged that she corresponded with the defendant on the subject of the plaintiff's addresses, and that she persuaded her to listen to him, by pleading his suit, with the utmost earnestness. In her letter she called him Mr. Retsof, which she said was his name written backwards, and told her she had been *kicking the bucket too violently*, and advising her not to gallop so fast, that she must go a cantering pace, and must take compassion on *poor Retsof*, and write him a letter; that she took all this interest with a view to oblige Mr. Foster, and carried on a clandestine secret correspondence, and afforded the opportunity for them to meet at her father's house, well knowing the defendant's brothers were averse to the intercourse, and that they had placed her under the care of Mrs. Gowland. She further stated, that she had often read passages in the defendant's letters to her, and which had been communicated in confidence to the plaintiff. She denied any knowledge of an anonymous letter written to the defendant, and on the receipt of which the match was broke off. She said, that she gave her father the letters which

had been produced in evidence, at his particular desire. She knew that the plaintiff and the defendant met frequently at a Mr. Wetherall's, a linen-draper in Bond-street, without the knowledge of Mrs. Gowland. Acknowledged she wrote a letter to the defendant, beginning—"Courage, Mellish! Courage! Mamma's motto is, Courage; she says nothing is to be done without courage, all that is wanting is courage, &c." Some objection was taken by Mr. Attorney as to this being admissible evidence.

Mr. Garrow insisted that it was, as it went to shew that the lady was beset by the friends of the suitor, and of course considerable effect was thereby made in his favour.

Miss Swaine then acknowledged that she wrote the draft of a letter for the defendant to write to the plaintiff, and which was the means of the acquaintance being renewed between them.

Mr. Price, an attorney, proved that the plaintiff gave One Thousand Six Hundred Pounds, about two years since, for the purchase of the business of Mr. Sands, and One Thousand Eight Hundred Pounds for the house and premises; that he practised as a surgeon, apothecary, and man-midwife at Highgate, and is held in the highest estimation, is received in every family of respectability, and has an increasing business; that he is of a good temper, rather a personable man than otherwise, about twenty-seven years of age, and in every respect, in his opinion, a fit match for the defendant. He had made considerable improvements in his house, having expended between Three and Four Hundred Pounds in its decorations, but the witness could not say whether it was done for the accommodation of the defendant

pendant or not. The plaintiff conducts himself as a prudent discreet man. Has, since this match was broke off, been very poorly.

Mr. Garrow.—“You state that he is very poorly; I believe that he is so poorly that he owes you One Thousand Seven Hundred Pounds.”

A.—“He does.”

On his further cross-examination he acknowledged he wrote a letter to the defendant respecting the plaintiff, and said, that he thought him a very good match for her, but admitted that others might be better judges on that subject.

Samuel Thornton, Esq. M. P. stated, that he knew the plaintiff as being a person born of honest and respectable parents in Yorkshire, and that his father was one of his tenants. On this gentleman's cross-examination he said, that he had lent the plaintiff One Hundred Pounds, and that he called to pay the interest.

Mr. Thomas Rhodes Swaine is acquainted with the plaintiff and defendant; the latter was on a visit at his house at Highgate; knew of the attachment, and that an union was to take place; had some conversation with her on the subject of the settlements previous to the 28th of September; it was her wish to have her property so secured that she should not be the sufferer. It was agreed that one-half should be so secured as that she might leave it to whom she liked, and the other half was to be appropriated for the purpose of raising a sum to discharge the plaintiff's debts of One Thousand Seven Hundred Pounds, to Price, and a further debt of One Thousand Seven Hundred and Twenty Five Pounds to Mr. Pullen, a gentleman at Highgate; in lieu of this, the plaintiff's house was to be set-

tled on her. Her property consisted of stock in the Bank of England in the three per cents, amounting at that time to the sum of Thirteen Thousand Nine Hundred Pounds. On the 14th of November, the witness received a power of attorney to sell out Three Hundred Pounds of that stock on her account, for the purpose of purchasing the wedding clothes. The proposals for disposing of the defendant's property were agreed to by both parties, and Mr. Samuel and Mr. Thomas Mellish, and Mr. Kilvington, their brother-in-law, were made acquainted with the settlements. He afterwards saw the defendant at his house; this was on the 24th of November, and gave her part of the money; at that time she appeared as affectionate as ever.

Mr. Sands, the gentleman whom the plaintiff succeeded in his business at Highgate; proved the consideration given by the plaintiff. He said the nett profits were Eight Hundred Pounds on the average per year, for the last seven years. The purchase-money was to be paid by three instalments, the last of which became due in January last, but was not paid; some friends of the plaintiff had accepted a bill for the amount, being Five Hundred Pounds, and it would be due in March next.

This was the case on the part of the plaintiff.

Mr. Erskine, on the part of the defendant, in a most impressive speech, addressed the Jury: He began by saying, that it could not be doubted for a moment, that the unfortunate lady for whom he was Counsel, had made the promise to marry the plaintiff. The question was not whether, in the honest judgment of the Jury, the promise existed or not, but whether such promise was not more honoured

honoured in the breach, than the observance. The plaintiff, it appeared, is a member of the medical profession; he would not, in his address, say any thing which might appear ludicrous, because he was an Apothecary at Highgate; he respected every liberal profession, and none more than the medical, because gentlemen of that profession were engaged in a most divine pursuit, that of administering to the infirmities of the human frame. He was not anxious to enquire into the plaintiff's particular fortune; that, in his opinion, had no weight: the merit of the man was all that ought to be considered. "I am," said Mr. Erskine, "a father myself; I have daughters grown up and marriageable; if one of my children should attach herself to a man in an honourable profession, and consult me on the subject, I would enquire into the character of the man, and if I found him a good character, though he had not a shilling in his pocket, I would give my consent to the union, as nothing would give me so much happiness, as to see my child married to a deserving man; but if, on the contrary, I found him to be a man void of principle, though possessed of riches in abundance, and I conceived my child would be made miserable, I should then think it more prudent to dissuade her from connecting herself with such a man, and that it would be better for her to forget him. This conduct, as a moral man, and a parent anxious for the welfare of my child, I should hold as my bounden duty to observe." The law of England was peculiarly delicate upon the subject of marriage. All other contracts sunk into insignificance, compared with this; and the law therefore viewed it in a very different light. In

transactions concerning property, parties arrived at the years of discretion, were always bound by their acts; but not only were marriage contracts not only not uniformly binding, but to enter into them without the consent of parents, was often highly penal. Though there was a period fixed in this and every other country for maturity, yet it could not be said, that the very moment children touched upon the age of twenty-one, they would be entirely at their own disposal. There was a magical operation in the occurrence of coming of age, which rendered it right to discard friends, to spurn the advice of the nearest relations, and to go to consult with an Highgate Attorney. The Jury were to consider, whether the plaintiff had not entrapped a young creature into a void promise by unmanly arts. They would see, if he had had no regard to these miserable three per cents.; if he had always burned with the constant flame of a lover; if, from the moment the dart was fixed in his heart, he had thought of no other object, and turned his whole soul to the honourable fulfilment of his views—when all these things appeared, in money he must be paid for his sufferings; since this was the consolation his delicate mind required; since, failing to acquire her fortune at the altar by marriage, he longed for a slice of it in Westminster Hall. But how would they treat him, if it appeared that, having no affection for her, he had sported with her feelings; that he had tempted her into dangerous courses, not to seduce her, for that was not his purpose, but, preparatory to a most diabolical scheme, to alarm her for her reputation; that he actually carried his scheme into effect; that he basely frightened

frightened her with the threat of leaving the country; and that, in the moment of agitation, he had surprised her into this promise. Mr. Erskine then began a reasoned detail of the different transactions. His first object was to shew, that the plaintiff, after having solemnly promised to the defendant's relations to discontinue his addresses, had courted her clandestinely. He here chiefly relied upon the answer of the plaintiff to a letter from Mr. Samuel Mellish, wrote in the autumn of 1800, requiring him to give up all thoughts of his sister. Mr. Foster says, that he would pay the requisition *all due regard*. Had he boldly avowed his intentions, and said, that as the lady had now reached the age of twenty-one, and was mistress of her actions, he was determined to do every thing that he could, as a man of honour, to gain her hand, still allowing her the benefit of the advice of her friends, the learned gentleman allowed his conduct would have been laudable. But for the plaintiff, after having laid the lady's relations asleep, and deprived her of her natural guardians, still to prosecute his addresses by stealth, was a degree of meanness which language could scarcely express. However, Mr. Foster imagining there was nothing to be done here at present, again abusing the sacred name of love, thought it right to be looking out for another good thing. During this *interregnum* of his passion for Miss Mellish, he went and paid his addresses to a Miss Pullen, of whose father he borrowed One Thousand Seven Hundred Pounds. He had been received in the family for some time as the declared suitor of the young lady, and the day for the nuptials was about to be fixed, when Mr. Pullen told him all the

fortune he could give his daughter would be, to chalk off the debt which her future husband owed him. Whether the doctor had taken any of his *cooling medicines*, he knew not; he instantly grew cold, and in a few days a rupture ensued. Being again at liberty, he thought he would try his hand once more at Miss Mellish, who was then on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Kilvington. He told her, that though he had been paying his addresses to another lady, still his affections had been irrevocably fixed upon her. For this indelicacy, she had the good sense to rebuke him. She asked him, what security she had for his sincerity, when he avowed he had lately been hypocritically and disingenuously making the same professions to another?—Mr. Erskine read a letter from him, dated 3d April, 1801, in which he says—

“ In open defiance of you and
“ your relations, I am determined
“ to renew my addresses. I hope
“ your sentiments are not altered;
“ mine are unalterable. I feel
“ for you the most sincere and
“ ardent affection. The first mo-
“ ment I saw you, you made an
“ impression upon my heart, and,
“ while my heart beats, never will
“ that impression be obliterated.
“ However appearances may have
“ been against me, I have ever
“ been truly your's.”

What credit was to be given to the candour of this man? What respect was to be shewn to wounded sensibility? Mr. Erskine now came to what he considered one of the strongest parts of his case; that the plaintiff had seduced Miss Mellish into improper situations. He dwelt upon it long, and read an immense number of the plaintiff's love-letters, in support of his reasonings. In these he recom-

mends "secrecy," again and again; he calls Mrs. Gowland "the old Argus;" he desires Miss Mellish to inclose his letters to Mr. Wetherell, of New Bond-street, a friend of his; he anxiously warns her against premature discovery; he prays that Mrs. Gowland were dumb as well as deaf, adding, that her silence would be of the most essential benefit to society. He presses her to agree to an assignation, urging, that absence was to him "purgatory;" (Mr. E. said, this smelt of the shop); he proposes Mr. Wetherell's, in Bond-street, where she would be politely shewn up stairs by Miss W. and see no one else, the corner of Portman-street, Oxford-road, Kensington-Gardens, &c.; he protests every attempt to meet her to be, in his eyes, an act of virtue, which must be highly pleasing in the sight of Heaven. Being surrounded by those who were keenly in his interest, and being without the advice of a single relative or real friend, she had sometimes met him imprudently, and though from interested motives he refrained from all plans upon her virtue, as soon as he thought she was caught in his toils, he proceeded to make the most ungenerous use of her ill-placed partiality. On the 3d of August, she received this anonymous letter, which she read with indignation and horror—

"Dear Madam, from motives of friendship I am induced to inform you, that attempts are making to destroy your character. As your sincere friend, I would advise you to put an end to them as soon as possible. You have gone too far, to retreat with honour. It is publicly known, that you have had meetings, during the night, at Mrs. Gowland's, in Bond-street,

"and in Lincoln's-inn. This is the talk of the whole west end of the town. If it is in your power, instantly silence it, by marrying Mr. F. Putting off longer will only enable your brother to counteract your schemes, and to deprive you of all opportunity to retrieve your reputation. Hasten and have courage: thus concludes a friend, who for the present conceals her name."

Mr. Justice Le Blanc wished to know, if Mr. Erskine could make this letter evidence.

Mr. Erskine replied, that he could, as he would prove that the plaintiff both wrote and sent it. He had disguised his hand, to look in some measure like a woman's; but not so that it might not be easily detected. The artifice was as clumsy, as it was unprincipled. Witnesses of undoubted veracity would swear to their belief, and if a doubt should be made, the law would allow a comparison. The lady herself, it was already in evidence, instantly perceived the fraud, and with becoming spirit, resented it. He writes, to be sure—

"The anonymous letter, I utterly deny and disclaim. If the author is a friend of mine, still I abhor and detest him."

But would not he who was capable of this trick, be capable of denying it? And who should know what meetings had taken place, except the only man who had been privy to them? If Miss Mellish had persisted in her resolution of dismissing him now, the world would have applauded, and the law would have protected her. She had indeed renewed her promises, but the original fraud would still have its full effect in rendering them void, and he had afterwards added

added what of itself would be sufficient.

Mr. Erskine, last of all, dwelt upon the plaintiff's stratagem to terrify the lady, by persuading her that he was about to leave the kingdom. By one of his letters he fully proved, that the plaintiff held out this threat; he maintained that this was the only cause of the defendant's reluctant compliance, and that as the plaintiff was evidently insincere, the promise he had thus extorted was null. He denied that Mr. Foster was an adequate match for Miss Mellish. Every shilling he had paid to Mr. Sands he had borrowed from his friends, and except by this lady's fortune, he had no hopes of being able to repay them. Because he lived in Mr. Sands' house; did it follow that he had Mr. Sands' business? If the Attorney-General were to leave his chambers, as he soon might, on being raised to a higher dignity in the law, would the bag of his successor be thus loaded with briefs? How would he look to a young man coming to ask his daughter in marriage, who should say, Sir, I have got Sir Edward Law's chambers, and consequently his practice?—Mr. Erskine insisted, that the letter was the most indisputable evidence, for he could prove, that the plaintiff was the writer and sender of it. But this case stood upon very different grounds; if it should appear, that the plaintiff had practised no fraud on her passions, or imposition on her understanding, to induce her to listen to his addresses, then he was entitled to a verdict; but if he should be proved to have acted without any regard to moral sentiments, and in a specious and designing manner taken advantage of her unsuspecting temper, to draw from her a promise, which he knew her relations

and natural protectors would not countenance, then they would immediately condemn such conduct, and hold the man who should practise such a fraud to be unworthy of any credit for his professions. When he found his artifices were known, and that it was in vain for him to expect the lady's hand, he changed his position, and throwing off the mask, openly avowed that the goddess of his affections was Fortune, and has chosen to be paid in money. If it was true, as had been stated by his learned friend, that his mind was diseased, he would find but little consolation in coming to Westminster-Hall; money cannot minister to a mind diseased. He had no affection for her, his whole thoughts being on her fortune; for this purpose, as the letters would shew, which he meant to produce in evidence, he worked upon her feelings, and led her through dark and dangerous courses, by persuading her to meet him without the knowledge of her friends; and when she shrunk back from his advice, he afterwards alarmed her by threatening to leave the country, and induced her to give the promise, which was the subject of the present action. She told him, in the first instance, that she could not listen to his addresses without the sanction of her brothers, and that he must make proposals to them. He then writes a letter, full of the warmest professions, and which letter turned her mind from the path of prudence. Mr. Erskine read extracts from several of the letters, among which was one wherein he says—

"Every act to procure your society, I consider as an act of virtue!"

It is impossible to do justice to the admirable speech of Mr. Erskine, who, after a variety of

excellent observations, and appealing, in the most forcible manner, to the feelings of the Jury, concluded with expressing his opinion, that they would, under the feelings of honest men, and recollecting the situation of the defendant, and the ties of consanguinity which called upon the interference of her relations, to afford her protection against the assiduous wiles of a designing man, whose sole object was the possession of her fortune, find a verdict for his client.

Mr. Pullen was the first witness called for the defendant. He stated, that the plaintiff was introduced to his family by a Miss Owen, in the month of September, 1800. He professed himself attached to his daughter, and told the witness that she was the only woman he had ever seen whom he could like, and that he could be happy with her, and her only, if his addresses were permitted. Not knowing, at that time, he had been addressing another lady, the witness approved his suit, and asked him if he was sincere, and said, he hoped it was not money, but affection, that led him to ask his daughter's hand. The plaintiff said it was not, and that he would settle his house upon Miss Pullen. Before this the Plaintiff had borrowed Twelve Hundred Pounds of the witness, and requested the loan of Five Hundred and Twenty-five Pounds more, which was lent him. The witness made some remarks to him on his extravagant mode of living, which offended him, and, in a short time, the witness desired him not to visit any more at his house.

Mr. Samuel Mellish, brother to the lady, was then called. He stated that, on the 11th of August, 1800, he wrote a letter to the plaintiff, requesting he would desist from addressing his sister, as

it was not agreeable to either of them. He received a letter, in reply, on the 10th of August. His sister was, at this time, under the protection of Mrs. Gowland; she went to reside with that lady in the month of September, 1799. When he first heard of the correspondence he informed his brother, and they agreed to take her from her protection, and put her under the care of her sister, Mrs. Kilvington. When it was discovered, he wrote to the plaintiff, requesting to see him; he accordingly came, and the witness told him, that his sister requested him to make enquiries respecting his circumstances and intentions, and therefore he hoped he would give him a candid answer, so that he might give her his opinion of the engagement. To this the plaintiff replied, that he had nothing to say, but came there to answer any questions he chose to propose. The witness then told him, that having been refused twice the permission to address his sister, and having turned round, and addressed another lady, he wished to know how he could think of turning round to address his sister again? The plaintiff replied, that he had no right to be questioned on that head, nor was he accountable to him for his conduct; he might, if he chose, address twenty ladies, and afterwards turn round and address his sister. The witness told him that he would have acted more fair and honourable if he had come forward, and avowed his intention to her brothers. He replied, that his sister was of age, and had a right to act as she pleased, without consulting any one, and that he wanted no favour from him. The witness said, that he knew very little of him, and all that he did he obliged him to know from his conduct.

He

He then requested a statement of his affairs. The plaintiff replied, that his fortune was from Three to Five Thousand Pounds, which was all sunk in his business at Highgate, and that the profits of it were from Nine to Eleven Hundred Pounds per annum. He then asked the witness if he had any more questions to put to him? He replied, that he should inform his sister of the conversation: to this the plaintiff replied, that he might report what he pleased; that she had made up her mind, and he had made up his. He then took his leave; and the witness informed his sister of what had passed, and did not see him again. The anonymous letter was then handed to Mr. Mellish, who was desired to examine it, and give his opinion of the author. After looking at it very minutely, he gave it as his opinion, that the letter, though it was written in a disguised hand, was the writing of the plaintiff.

On this evidence, Mr. Attorney-General said he should call several witnesses to prove, that, in their opinion, the writing was not that of the plaintiff. For this purpose, Messrs. Price, Swaine, Sands, Hodges, and Mitchell, were called. Mr. Price positively stated, that it was his firm belief, that not a character in the letter was like the plaintiff's hand. In opposition to this evidence, Mr. Garrow called Mr. Caldbeck, who holds the situation of Inspector of Franks at the Post-office. This gentleman's particular department at the office is to examine into the franks, to discover whether any forgeries are attempted. It appeared, that he is in the habit of examining some thousands daily, and therefore is a competent judge of writing, and the formation of characters. After looking minutely at this letter, he

was clearly of opinion the letter was written by the same hand, as one dated the same day, and signed by the plaintiff. He pointed out several of the letters contained in each letter, which were exactly similar in shape.

Mr. Erskine made some observations on the attempt which had been made by the plaintiff, to throw the odium of the anonymous letter off his shoulders. He said it had been proved to be his writing by the testimony of Mr. Mellish, which was principally confirmed by the evidence of Mr. Caldbeck, of whose judgment no one could doubt, and who came forward a disinterested witness; and therefore gave his testimony not like the gentlemen whom the plaintiff had called.

Mr. Attorney-General was heard in reply.

Mr. Justice Le Blanc proceeded, shortly, to sum up the evidence. His Lordship observed, that there were two points for the consideration of the Jury. The first was, whether the promise was made? of that he thought little doubt could be entertained.—It was for them to determine, whether the anonymous letter, which had been produced in evidence, was or was not the writing of the plaintiff. On this point two witnesses had been called, who positively stated, that, in their opinion, the letter was written by the plaintiff: in contradiction to this, five persons had as directly sworn that it was not his writing. It was for the Jury to say, under this contrariety of evidence, whether they were satisfied he wrote it or not—if they were of the former opinion, their verdict must be for the defendant, because that act would destroy the promise; if they were of the latter opinion, then the plaintiff was entitled to a verdict,

verdict, and they would determine on the amount of damages.

The Jury retired for a short time, and found a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages, *Two Hundred Pounds*.

The Court was most uncommonly crowded with ladies, who were anxious to hear the trial, it being rather singular for a gentleman to bring his action against a lady for a breach of promise of marriage.

The trial occupied the whole of the day.

It was observed, by a gentleman present, that Miss Mellish had found a *false swain*.

Miss Mellish is a young lady of the most elegant accomplishments, both of mind and person, and is much respected in private life, where she enjoys the friendship of a large circle of acquaintance.

PEDIGREES, &c. OF FAMOUS HORSES.

(Continued from page 242.)

2. BABRAHAM,

WAS a fine horse of great strength, full sixteen hands high; he was got by the Godolphin Arabian, out of his Lordship's Hartley mare; she was got by Mr. Hartley's blind horse, son of the Holderness Turk, out of Mr. Ovington's Flying Whig, which was got by Mr. Williams's Arabian.

Babraham won a Fifty Pound Prize at Reading, in 1747, in the midst of the covering season.

He won Sixty Pounds at Guildford, and Fifty Pounds at Ascot Heath.

In 1748, he won the Lady's Plate of Eighty Guineas at Oxford, beating Bustard and Old England.

In 1749, he won Fifty Pounds at Lambourn, and seven days after he won Fifty Pounds, at Burford, beating seven others.

There are but few instances of horses running in so high form as he did, covering mares at the same season he was a stallion in high esteem, covering at Mickleham, in Surry. He covered fifty mares in one season.

3. BALD CHARLOTTE,

WAS a mare of shape and beauty, speed and goodness.—She was bred by Captain Appleyard, of Yorkshire; her sire was Old Royal, her dam by Castaway, her grand dam by Brimmer.

At five years old, 1726, she beat twenty-three mares, for the King's One Hundred Guineas, at Black Hambleton.

The same year she beat seven, for the Contribution October Stakes, at Newmarket; and at 8st. 12lb. she beat the Duke of Bolton's Camilla, 8st. 7lb. for Three Hundred Guineas.

The same place, on the 15th of April, 1727, she won the King's One Hundred Guineas, for 5 yr old mares, 10st. each.

On the 18th of April, carrying 18st. she beat Mr. Ashby's Swinger, 17st. 7lb. four miles for Three Hundred Guineas; and won the King's One Hundred Guineas, at Winchester, for 6 yr olds, weight 12st.

On the 20th of April, 1729, she beat, at 9st. Sir Robert Fagg's Fanny, 8st. 7lb. four miles, for Three Hundred Guineas.

She then became a brood mare in the stud of His Grace the Duke of Somerset, at twenty years of age, and was the great grand dam of Coxcomb and Dorimant.

4. FLYING

4. FLYING CHILDERS,

FROM his very superior speed, is believed to have been the fastest horse ever trained excepting Eclipse; and some are of opinion, he would have rivalled that celebrated racer, had they been of the same day.

This surprising horse was bred by Leonard Childers, Esq. of Yorkshire, by whom, when young, he was sold to his Grace the Duke of Devonshire. He was got by the Darley Arabian; his dam was called Betty Leeds, she being daughter to a sister of Leeds. Childers never run at any place but Newmarket; he there, in April, 1721, beat the Duke of Bolton's Speedwell, 8st. 6lb. four miles for Five Hundred Guineas.

In the succeeding October, he received Five Hundred Guineas forfeit from Speedwell.

In October 1722, he beat the Earl of Drogheda's Chanter, 10st. six miles, for One Thousand Guineas.

In April 1723, he received of the Duke of Bridgewater's Lonsdale Mare, and Lord Milsington's Stripling, Fifty Guineas each.

In the following November, he received One Hundred Guineas forfeit from the Earl of Godolphin's Bobsey; after which, he was taken out of training, and was a stallion in his Grace's stud, till he died. He was sire of Blante Blacklegs, Snip, Second, Plaistow, Ebony, Hip, Puff, &c. &c.—The Darley Arabian likewise was sire of Dædalus, Almangor, &c. Childers run a trial match against Almangor and Brown Betty, over the Round Course, at Newmarket, in six minutes and forty-eight seconds. He kept them company for two miles, before he left them. They were timed by their Graces the Dukes of Devonshire and Rut-

land, though this was not the shortest time he could run it in, yet it was one minute less than any other horse of his time. could perform it in. Childers carried 9st. 2lb. Almangor and Brown Betty, 8st. 2lb. each.

BONNY BLACK,

[Of which we gave the Pedigree in one of our former Numbers.]

WAS a very capital mare; she won twice the Hambleton Guineas, beating, for the first, thirty-one mares, and for the second, eighteen ditto: when rising four years old, she beat a horse of Mr. Frampton's rising seven, at even weights, 10st. each. At six years old, she gave 3lb. and beat Lord Harvey's Merryman, who was aged. She also beat the famous Hackwood, at 8st each. After which, the Duke of Rutland challenged to run her against any horse in the kingdom, four times round the Round Course, for One Thousand Guineas, which challenge was not accepted. She then became a brood' mare in his Grace's stud.

6. SLOE.

THIS famous horse was bred by Thomas Panton, Esq. was thought to be as fine a horse as any in England. He was got by Crab, his dam by the Duke of Devonshire's Childers, his grand dam by the Sutton Turk, was called Old Mermaid. (She won the Wallasey's Stakes, beating six horses). His great grand dam by Basto, his great great grand dam by Makeless, out of a full sister to the famous Honeycombe Punch, got by the Tafflet Barb.

Sloe won a Fifty Guinea Prize, against twelve horses, at Northampton, in September 1745.

In April following, at Newmarket,

market, he won a Sweepstakes of Three Hundred Guineas; and three days after, he won the One Hundred Guineas for horses rising six years old.

The summer following, he won the King's Plates, at Salisbury, Winchester, Canterbury, Lewes, and Newmarket. He never was beat. He was a black horse, full fourteen hands three inches and a half high. He was afterwards a stallion, at North Melford, Yorkshire, and covered at Three Guineas and a Crown.

7. RED CAP.

THIS fine chesnut horse was bred by his Grace the Duke of Devonshire; was got by Lath, son of the Godolphin Arabian, his dam by Childers; she was full sister to Fleec'em and Steady, and the dam of Feather; his grand dam by Grey Grantham, son of the Brownlow Turk; she was the famous Cabbage-arse mare, sometimes called Miss Belvoir, his great grand dam by the Duke of Rutland's Pigot Turk, out of a daughter of the sire of Leeds. Red Cap won several prizes, amongst which was the King's Plate at Winchester, Fifty Pounds at Northampton, beating six others, and Fifty Pounds at Ludlow, beating six others.

In April, 1751, he won Fifty Pounds at Newmarket, beating Beau, Arthur of Bradley, and Roderick Random, and beat Beau a match; after which he got lamed, and covered at Stanstead, in Sussex.

8. YOUNG STARLING.

THIS famous grey horse was bred by John Crofts, Esq. was got by Old Starling, his dam by Old Partner, out of the grand dam of Lampton's Miss Doe, which was got by Croft's Bay Barb; her dam

by Makeless, her grand-dam by Brimmer, her great grand dam by a son of Old Dodsworth, out of a Burton Barb mare. Young Starling, when in the possession of Mr. Martindale, won seven plates, of Fifty Pounds each, two of Fifty Guineas, and one of One Hundred and Eighteen Pounds, (he received twenty guineas not to start); won seven King's Plates, at Guildford, Lewes, Salisbury, Winchester, Canterbury, and Newmarket, October and April Meetings; and 1746, carrying 9 st. he beat Babraham, four miles over Newmarket, for Two Hundred Guineas.

The LIFE, ADVENTURES, and OPINIONS, of COL. GEORGE HANGER.

(Continued from page 247.)

THE Americans, at that time, acted on the truest principles of liberty and honesty. Little did they suspect that, so young as they now are as an independent nation, (for their independency has existed only about twenty odd years,) venality and corruption should have established its ascendancy with such rapid and gigantic strides, of which we have at this day such convincing proofs: for, although the States of America are not thirty years old, infants, they may be called, as a power, yet veterans are they in corruption and state-intrigue. I claim no greater merit for my opinions, relative to America, than is due to Mother Shipton, who prophesied that London would go to Hampstead; and we all know that it is already arrived within a few hundred yards of it.

I will risk a farther opinion relative to America: should I live to a good old age, I am confident that I shall hear of the Northern and Southern powers in America waging

waging war with each other; when one party will solicit assistance from France; the other, from Great Britain. It will then depend on the judgment of those men who, at that period, may be at the head of the French and British Councils, whether or not they will interfere in American disputes. In my humble opinion, it would be better for both countries to let them settle the matter amongst themselves.—I will be so bold as to offer another opinion. We should give up Canada and Nova Scotia to the Americans, provided we could make this sacrifice the foundation of an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the United States: then we never should be obliged to send the prime of the British army to die like rotten sheep in the West-India islands. In America, we could recruit forces for the West Indies with men inured to a hot climate, who would not suffer by death and sickness in any degree equal to the new levies sent from England; with the additional advantage of keeping our army entire and in full vigour at home. I anxiously hope and trust I shall live to see the day when an alliance, offensive and defensive, will be formed between the two countries; as Great Britain and America may defy the united powers of all Europe. Surely such an alliance between the two countries would be more advantageous and natural for both, than one with France.

One further observation, I recollect, I made at General Dickenson's table:—"In process of time, when your Western territories are perfectly settled from the Ohio to the Mississippi, which in time cannot fail to be perfected; and when your Western and Southern Colonies become in population as numerous as the sands of the sea—

then will the riches of Potosi attract the attention of the Americans to the conquest of Mexico and Peru. This is an object which, from the magnitude of its wealth, is certain in time to take place; but, as that cannot happen for at least fifty or an hundred years, I think, gentlemen, we should not postpone taking a part of the wealth of that country immediately; therefore I freely offer my services to the Congress on such an expedition; and, on my honour, I will serve them as faithfully as I have my king and country! for I am a soldier of fortune." So, taking the bottle, I filled a glass, and drank to an expedition against the *golden Spaniard*. My toast was productive of much laughter, mirth, and good-humour, together with many observations on the situation and wealth of the Spanish Colonies so contiguous to them; and I am inclined to believe, that, at that time, even the company did not think that the possession of the wealth of Mexico was quite so difficult, or required so many years application and study as to arrive at the knowledge of the philosopher's stone.

Before I quit Philadelphia, I cannot refrain from mentioning the toasts which were always given after dinner at the tables of the most distinguished characters. I was invited by the President of the Congress to dinner, when he gave the following in rotation:—The Congress—Our great and good ally the King of France—The King of England—General Washington—Sir Guy Carleton. These were the standing toasts; after which, many convivial and polite ones were given. At the time that these gentlemen were toasting the King of France as their great and good

good ally, poor Lewis never dreamed that they were drinking a separation to his head from his body; but it is well known now, that the revolution which he favoured in America brought on his destruction and the revolution in France.

After my return from Philadelphia to New York, Sir Guy Carleton gave me leave to go to Nova Scotia, in order to petition the Governor of that province to allot lands for those soldiers of our regiment, the British Legion, who chose to remain and settle in America. I landed at Halifax, and from thence sailed to Port Roseway and the River Jordan; as well as to many other places. This country may be described in a few words. In this province there is seven month's intense hard winter; during the other five, the inhabitants live, without any intermission, in a thick fog. One happiness the poor settlers enjoy, and I know of no other. In one day they can catch enough cod-fish to salt, without going above four or five miles from the shore, to supply two or three families for a twelvemonth; with a small patch of potatoes, therefore, they can never starve.

I saw nothing here worthy of observation, excepting a perpetual continuation of rocks and stoney mountains, and an iron-bound coast, frightful and dangerous to the mariner. I was very near being cast away on making Port-Roseway harbour: if the fog had not cleared up a little, in half an hour more we should have been driven by the current on the breakers; for then we were lying-to, having had a faint view of the land through the fog early that morning. From Halifax I returned to New York, on board a

frigate commanded by my old friend Captain Hawkins, now Admiral Witshead, where I remained until Sir Guy Carleton, with the troops, evacuated that country. With that fleet I took my passage for England, and arrived in the Downs after near seven years' absence.

Some months before I quitted America, when my worthy and true friend, Colonel M'Mahon, took his departure for England, at his kind request I gave him a power of attorney, jointly with my friend Tarleton, to endeavour at an arrangement of my affairs prior to my arrival; as it was agreed that, on my arrival in Europe, I should go to Calais, and there remain until I knew how the land lay in England. M'Mahon, that I should not be in want, generously gave me a credit on his banker in London for five hundred pounds. To this friend I certainly owe all the happiness and misfortunes I have undergone; for, had it not been for his exertions, I never should have come to England, but gone to Germany, where I am certain the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel would have requited my services in a far more satisfactory manner than this country has done. Would to God I had never, to this hour, placed my foot on British ground! I had then my half-pay as Major in the British service, which I could have received abroad; and, besides this, I had about two hundred and forty pounds per annum left me by my kind mother, which sum was then totally unimpaired. With my employment and pay as a Hessian officer in his Serene Highness's service, I could have lived most magnificently, and never have known distress, or have been subjected to a prison, in a land of liberty.

liberty. However, fate had decreed it otherwise.

I am at length arrived at a period in the history of my life, when I am able to testify my gratitude to a very old and intimate friend, Mr. Richard Tattersall, for his unbounded friendship towards me; a liberality and generosity of conduct that stands unrivalled. When he heard that Colonel M'Mahon was deputed by me to endeavour to arrange my shattered and plundered circumstances, so as to enable me to live in my native country, my dear and worthy friend, old Richard, waited on Colonel M'Mahon, and joined his exertions: in fact, he took the whole burthen of my distresses on his own shoulders, and employed his own lawyer to examine and investigate my affairs.

I will not trouble the reader with minute particulars, which could not be very amusing to him; but, after about two months' correspondence with me at Calais, my friend, Col. Tarleton, was so kind as to come over to Calais to visit me, by Tattersall's desire, as he could, in a few hours, make me more fully master of my affairs than by writing fifty letters by the post. Tarleton staid four or five days with me; nor shall I forget the letter he brought me from Mr. Tattersall, to the last hour of my life. It was as follows, and ought to be written in letters of gold:—

"My dear Major—I do insist on it that you will come home directly to England, to my house, where you shall be made happy. You have been robbed and plundered. I will bail you from every body who may arrest you; and, if you cannot pay, I will. I am, dear Major, &c. RICHARD TATTERSALL."

This letter, though very short, the reader must allow to be sweet. It is necessary I should state, that, for some years before I quitted England, I had lived, when in affluence, in the strictest terms of intimacy and friendship with this worthy old man, and had constantly kept up a correspondence with him during the whole of the American war. He proved himself one of those few men in this world, who do not desert an old friend in distress.

(To be continued.)

DEATH OF THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

[In our early Volumes, it will be seen that the Duke of Bedford was of the first consideration as a Sporting Man, not only for keeping one of the best Studs of Running Horses in the kingdom, but likewise entering into the spirit of Racing so far, as occasionally to ride himself.—In our Magazine for November 1792, is given a Copper-Plate of the celebrated Race over the Beacon Course, on the 10th of that month, between the Duke of Bedford, on his famous horse Dragon, and Sir John Lade, on his horse Clifden.—We premise these circumstances, to shew that an account of the much-lamented death of this Nobleman, is immediately applicable to the subject of our Magazine.]

TUESDAY morning, the 2d of March, 1802, at eleven o'clock, died, at his seat, at Woburn Abbey, in Bedfordshire, in the thirty-seventh year of his age, Francis, Duke of Bedford, Marquis of Tavistock, Earl of Bedford, Baron Russell of Chenies, Thornhaugh, and Howland, of Streatham. His Grace was born August 11, 1765, of Elizabeth, daughter of the late William Anne, Earl of Albemarle, and sister of the late Admiral Viscount Keppel. His father, the Marquis of Tavistock, dying in
2 T 2 1767, in

1767, in consequence of a fall from his horse, and leaving three sons, he, as eldest, on the death of his grandfather, in 1771, succeeded to the princely honours and for times of his family. His Grace, till about a fortnight since, had enjoyed an uninterrupted state of health; when, on a sudden, he became so violently affected with a disorder, termed by the faculty, a *strangled hernia*, that it was found expedient to call in the surgical assistance of Sir James Earle, who, after a consultation with others of the profession, performed a skilful operation upon his Grace a few days since, but, unfortunately, without the hoped-for success; other professional aid was then called in, but in vain; for his Grace languished in great agony, till a mortification took place on Sunday evening, and the second day afterwards he expired, after having made some important arrangements, with the greatest fortitude and presence of mind. His Grace dying unmarried, and without issue, is succeeded, in titles and estates, by his next brother, Lord John Russell, a Representative in the present Parliament for the Borough of Tavistock, who was born July 6, 1766, and in 1786 married Georgiana Elizabeth Byng, second daughter of Lord Viscount Torrington, formerly British Ambassador to the Court of Brussels; she died last year, leaving issue several sons and daughters.

The death of the Duke of Bedford was appropriate to the whole tenor of his estimable life.—When Dr. Hallifax and Sir James Earle informed him of the necessity of a speedy operation, he said, “Very well; but I must previously have two hours, for some necessary

arrangements of my papers, &c.!”

Retiring for this purpose into his study, he wrote nearly the whole of that time, and afterwards sealed up two large packets, and addressed them to his brothers, Lord John, and Lord William Russell. His Grace then came back to the gentlemen of the faculty, and said, “Now, Sirs, I am at your service; but probably it may be proper that I should be bound, to which I shall also cheerfully submit.”—Sir James Earle said, he relied upon the fortitude of his Grace’s mind, and therefore thought it not necessary. The operation was then proceeded upon, on a couch, and took a much longer time, and consequently inflicted more acute sensations to the patient, than were at first looked for; however, they were borne without a struggle, only two deep groans being uttered by his Grace during the whole course of this painful process. At the close of it, the Duke desired to be left by all present, except Dr. Hallifax; and fell into an apparent dose for nearly an hour; when, erecting up his head suddenly, he said, “Doctor, I have something of importance to communicate to John, (meaning his brother Lord John) send for him instantly!” His Lordship immediately attending, his Grace gave him the information he wished; but added, that his Solicitor, Mr. Gotobed, had better reduce it to writing, for fear of any mistake; which was begun accordingly, but before it could be completed, his Grace reclined his head across the arm of Lord John, and calmly expired.

Of the various other particulars relative to this Nobleman’s death, we give the following—

The Will of his Grace, by which he

he bequeaths, his Estates to his elder brother, Lord John Russell; was on Friday, 5th of March, deposited in Doctors Commons.

(COPY)

"I, FRANCIS, Duke of BEDFORD, do give all my personal Estate to my brother, Lord JOHN RUSSELL. Witness my hand, this 27th day of February, 1802.

(L.S.) "BEDFORD."

"Signed, sealed, and delivered, in presence of us,

"WILLIAM KERR,

"PRESTON,

"THOMAS PARKER."

[Administration, with the Will annexed, granted to Lord JOHN RUSSELL, the natural and lawful brother, one of the next of kin, and the universal Legatee, named in the said Will, dated 5th March, 1802.]

The motive of the Duke of Bedford for leaving the whole of his estates to his elder brother, was a desire that his various plans of extending, and improving them, should be carried into effect, as the best means of enabling his successor to render that aid to his younger brother, Lord William, which it had always been his own principle to afford to them both. His Grace left two letters, directed for Lord John and Lord William; in the former, he enjoined his successor to make every due provision for his younger brother; and in the latter, he expressed the warmest affection for Lord William, trusting that the same cordial friendship would exist between him and his elder brother which his Grace had ever borne towards them both.—Among the list of friends mentioned in the letter to Lord John, are the names, we understand, of the Prince of Wales, Lord Thurlow, Messrs. Fox, Sheridan, Grey, and others. This letter may be considered as a Codicil to the Will, and by which, we understand, Five Thousand Pounds, is left to Mr. Fox,—His Grace has left several other legacies, amounting, altogether, to Thirty-

seven Thousand Pounds, but the names are not yet known. The Estate at Streatham, valued at Five Thousand Pounds a year, is to be given to his younger brother, Lord W. Russell.

Another account says, the Will is witnessed by Lord Preston, Doctor Kerr, of Northampton, and Mr. Parker, the Surgeon. It is written in the Duke's own hand, on a common half-sheet of paper, resembling the cover of a letter. The writing is not so steady as usual. His Grace appears first to have signed the will without witnesses; as his first signature is scratched out with a pen, and the name again signed below. By the date, it appears, his Grace believed himself in danger on the Saturday. Besides this Will, he has left a very long paper, sealed up, of instructions to his successor, which was ordered not to be opened till the Will was proved.—This circumstance hastened the proof of the Will; his friends were anxious to know what the paper contained. A Surrogate from Doctors' Commons went to Woburn, to swear his Grace respecting this paper. The Duke is supposed to have made in it various legacies and dispositions of his property, as he had not time to do so in a detailed Will, which requires certain legal forms. His brother John is, of course, sole heir to all his effects, real and personal, and on his honour alone depends the fulfilment of his Grace's wishes. The Duke well knew the honour of his brother, and that he could safely confide to him this important trust. No executor being named in the Will, John was obliged to send up with it, to Doctors' Commons, a bond for due administration. His sureties, in One Hundred Thousand Pounds each, are

are Lords Preston and Villiers. We have already noticed that the late Duke's first signature to his Will is erased. The name is the same with regard to the signature of the present Duke, to the instrument above-mentioned "John Russell."—This signature is also erased, and above it is signed "Bedford." John thought too much of the loss of his brother to recollect his new title.—The late Duke's disorder was first brought on by a blow from a cricket-ball, whilst a boy in Westminster School.

The complaint which occasioned the death of his Grace, was a rupture. This malady is unusually frequent in England, inasmuch, that almost every eighth man is afflicted with it, and consists in the protrusion of part of the intestines through the ring of the belly into the groin, whence they descend still lower. Sudden exertion, such as severe coughing, lifting great weights, &c. are very apt to occasion a sudden protrusion of a greater quantity of the intestine than does in the common state of the disease fall down. This additional bulk, if too great to be retained, becomes filled with wind and feces; and the ring of the belly contracts round it, and it becomes, in the medical phrase, *strangulated*. Various, but too ineffectual, are the means used to replace it; and if they do not quickly succeed, recourse must be had to the knife, or mortification will soon be the consequence. The operation is one of the nicest in the whole art of Surgery, but, like other capital ones, it is tedious and painful. As much depends upon its being timely performed, it must (independent of the danger arising from exposing a natural close cavity to the external air) be a pre-
 cautious remedy. It is, therefore, frequently unsuccessful; but still, it is the only chance, and succeeds far oftener than it fails. His Grace's body was opened on Wednesday the 3d of March, when the viscera were found in a putrescent state, precisely as the surgeon expected. His remains were interred in the family vault at Cheneys, in Buckinghamshire, which is about twenty-five miles from London, on Thursday the 11th of March.

The Duke of Bedford was in such perfect health the preceding Friday, as to have played at tennis during the early part of it. He had got heated, and having put on a thin jacket to play in, it is supposed he caught cold, which occasioned a violent sneezing and coughing, and the falling of the rupture. He then sent for Mr. Parker, a surgeon and apothecary of Woburn, who, on his arrival, found the state of his Grace to be of such a dangerous nature, that he directed Dr. Kerr, of Northampton, to be sent for, who arrived on Saturday morning early; but he deemed it necessary to send for more assistance to London.

A RUSSIAN WINTER, AND THAW IN APRIL.

TWO interesting periods for Petersburg are those of the frost and the thaw. All the communications are then interrupted for some days between the different islands of the Neva and the new and magnificent town of Peter 4. It is to be observed that it is not the water of the river that freezes, notwithstanding the north cold; the rapidity of the current prevents

prevents it. The isoles come already formed from the Lake of Ladoga, from whence they are driven by the wind; they float on the lake until repulsed by the sea, or, collecting in a mass at the entrance of the river, they stop, and joining one to another, they fix on the Neva a platform of ice, which often requires but few hours to be cemented into a solid mass. The isles of different sizes are several feet thick, and soon are seen sliding on it heavy sledges, and loaded cars. A lady of a more genial climate would shudder at the idea of crossing in a coach and six, so deep and wide a lake on frail blocks of ice; but at Petersburg there are only a few timid women, who are frightened at it. At the approach of the ice all the boat-bridges are laid aside, and only replaced after several weeks; during which period, there is no communication except by a road across the river. On returning from a supper, a ball, or a play, during the night, shut up in a close carriage and wrapped in a warm pelisse, you are apt to forget that you are crossing an abyss for more than a quarter of a league. When the ice is covered with snow, and the road beaten, you would not even perceive that you were on the water, if a trickling sound did not inform you of it, and if you were not surprised to pass between lines of ships that seem placed on the snow, and which form streets on the Neva, that gives it the appearance of a town of a very singular architecture.

The time the Neva is frozen is the most brilliant for Petersburg, and winter is the finest season.

Communications are established every where; the roads are good; provisions of every kind, game, &c. come from the extremities of the Empire to the market. In spring,

the ice of the Neva breaks suddenly, and in an instant you see the barges sailing where the sledges slid. The cannon of the fortress, announces the thaw, and the commander, in a superb sloop, brings to the Empress, who, surrounded by her Court, waits for him on the balcony of her palace, a bottle of water, drawn from the centre of the lake, that then it appears in all its majesty. The Neva is generally frozen in the beginning of November, and remains covered with ice till the latter end of April.

ACCOUNT OF A NOBLE SPORTSMAN.

The late THOMAS LORD FAIRFAX,

THIS nobleman, descended from a very ancient family in Yorkshire, was born in the latter end of the seventeenth century; the precise year is unknown, but it is supposed to have been about 1691*. He was the eldest son of Thomas, fifth Lord Fairfax, of Cameron, in the kingdom of Scotland, by Catherine, only daughter and heiress of Thomas, Lord Culpepper; and inherited from his mother a princely fortune, consisting of several manors and estates in the county of Kent; among which were the venerable mansion in the vicinity of Maidstone, called Leeds Castle, with the lands appurtenant; landed property to a great amount in the Isle of Wight; and that immense tract of land in Virginia, called the *Northern Neck*, comprised within the boundaries of the rivers Potowmac and Rappahannock, containing, by estimation, five millions, seven hundred thousand acres.

* See Dr. Bunsby's Travels, 8d edit. page 135.

The early part of his Lordship's life is unknown. We know, however, that his father died while he was yet young, and that, in consequence of this, he, two brothers, and four sisters, were left under the guardianship of their mother, Lady Fairfax, and the Dowager Lady Culpepper, who was a princess of the House of Hesse-Cassel. These ladies, who seem to have been disagreeable, in many respects, to their ward, took care, however, to give him a good education; and he was sent, at a proper age, to the University of Oxford, where he became highly esteemed for his learning and accomplishments. The circumstance of his being one of the writers in the *Spectator*, a work that did honour to our nation, is a high proof of his early proficiency; and in addition to this we learn, that his judgment was frequently appealed to on literary subjects.

It may easily be imagined that, to a young man, so qualified by nature and education, a military life could not have many charms; we find, however, that he entered into the regiment of horse, called the "Oxford Blues;" but in this, perhaps, as on other occasions, he was over-ruled by his female guardians, who seem to have exerted their authority in a manner that could not fail to be disagreeable to a young man of spirit and discernment. One circumstance in particular made a deep impression on his mind, and even gave bias to his future life. When his brother Henry had attained the age of twenty-one, the ladies, Culpepper and Fairfax, actuated by the spirit of family pride, threatened to deprive him of the proprietary lands in America, if he did not consent to cut off the entail, and sell Denton Hall; and the Yorkshire estates which had been in the

possession of the Fairfaxes for some centuries, in order to redeem the manors that descended to his mother, as heiress of the late Lord Culpepper. With this proposition he reluctantly complied, and the lands in question were sold for less money than the timber alone produced.

On the death of the old ladies, against whom he had conceived a violent disgust, Lord Fairfax left the army, and began to enquire into the situation of his affairs. After the proper enquiries, he discovered that his mother had been greatly imposed upon by her agent in America, who had enriched himself by mal-versation. On this he wrote to his first cousin, Mr. William Fairfax, who resided in New England, and prevailed upon that gentleman to remove to Westmoreland county, in Virginia, and undertake the management of the Northern Neck. On this, his affairs in America instantly assumed a more favourable aspect; for, as the lands were let at the moderate rate of two shillings for every hundred acres, they were speedily occupied, and a large and permanent income was obtained for the proprietor.

His lordship, about the year 1739, having conceived the idea of visiting Virginia, and superintending the cultivation of the immense territory of which he was the proprietor, embarked for the Trans-Atlantic Continent, and, on his arrival there, spent twelve months at the house of his friend and agent, Mr. Fairfax. It may, perhaps, be supposed that, to a young nobleman possessed of a large fortune, and endowed with liberal acquisitions, such a country as this would appear odious, and be considered as a place of exile rather than an abode calculated for happiness.

piness. The contrary, however, is the fact. The soil, the climate, the beauties, of Virginia, captivated his fancy, and he determined to spend the remainder of his days there. But, in order to do this with satisfaction, it was necessary that he should return to England, in order to settle his affairs. He accordingly repaired to this country, and having gained a suit with the crown, instituted by Governor Gooch, relative to part of his proprietary lands, he sailed once more for Virginia, in 1746 or 1747, and remained for some years with his friend and relation, Mr. William Fairfax, having built a beautiful house, called Belvoir*, on the banks of the river Potowmack, in Fairfax county.

Being now removed to a considerable distance from the haunts of men, and consequently out of the reach of society, Lord Fairfax amused his mind, and occupied his leisure, with the management of his farms and plantation, and the enjoyment of his favourite diversion, which appears to have been hunting. Belvoir, however, did not altogether answer his expectations, for the lands did not turn out so productive as he could have wished; and, what was still worse for a sportsman, the foxes had become not only more shy, but less numerous. He accordingly determined to remove to a situation more conformable to his wishes, and with this view pitched upon a fine tract of country on the northern side of the Blue Ridge, or Appalachian Mountains, and situate about half way between them and Winchester. There he built a small but neat house, which, from the

beauty and luxuriance of the herbage, was called Greenway Court.

In this place he continued during the remainder of his life, imitating the English style and manner in his farms, meadows, and manner of living. His stables contained several fine hunters; he kept many servants, both white and black; and he lived in a style of *baronial* hospitality, more conformable indeed to the manners of the last than the present age. After General Braddock's unfortunate defeat, in 1755, his lordship was exposed to considerable danger from the incursions of the Indians in the French interest; and it has been asserted, with great probability, that the *scalp* of this nobleman became an object of their ambition. Instead, however, of removing, Lord Fairfax remained on the spot, prepared for the worst, and thus gave confidence to all the settlers in his neighbourhood; indeed, if he had fled on the first rumour of danger, it has been supposed that all the inhabitants of any note would have followed the example, and thus put a period to the cultivation and improvement of his property. The first object of his heart was to behold a howling wilderness converted into a fruitful territory, and filled with inhabitants.

The unhappy civil war that ensued did not damp his prospects; for his country continued to be improved and peopled; and neither the armies of Great Britain nor America were permitted to ravage his territory. So much indeed was Lord Fairfax beloved and respected by all parties, that he was permitted to proceed quietly in his improvements, and the Northern Neck still continued to be the abode of peace and happiness.

* Belvoir stands a little below Mount Vernon, the residence of General Washington.

334 *Ancient Procession for Burning the Effigy of the Pope.*

At length, after beholding his adopted country independent, and living to a good old age, Lord Fairfax died, at Greenway Court, in January or February, 1782, and was buried at Winchester.

Thus died, in the ninety-second year of his age, Lord Fairfax, of the kingdom of Great Britain, who, with the possession of an immense property, united many virtues and singularities. His dress was plain and simple; his manners modest and unaffected; and his stile of living hospitable and magnificent. Such was his generosity; that the surplus of his income, instead of being hoarded up, was distributed among his poor neighbours; and such his scrupulous regard to justice, that when any lands turned out unproductive, he reimbursed the unfortunate settler for his labour, and granted him a fresh stock without any additional expence.

His principal diversion consisted in the pleasures of the chase, and he was accustomed to invite the *whole field*, after the pleasures of the day, to participate in his hospitality. But he was not a *mere sportsman*. He had been educated in revolutionary principles, and had imbibed high notions of liberty during his youth; he therefore considered himself as bound to devote a considerable portion of his time to the service of his country. He was Lord-Lieutenant and Custos-Rotulorum of Frederick County, in which he resided, and in addition to the duties of that office he was accustomed to preside at the provincial courts held at Winchester, where, during the session, he always kept open table. He also acted as surveyor and overseer of the public roads, and did not disdain any situation in which he could be serviceable to his neighbourhood.

His lordship never married. Two circumstances, early in life, contributed to prevent this. Lady Culpepper, and Lady Fairfax, his grandmother and mother, are said to have given him somewhat of a dislike for the sex; and the ungenerous conduct of a young lady, who, after having agreed to become his wife, preferred a ducal coronet to that worn by a baron, made him relinquish every idea of happiness, so far as it is connected with marriage.

Such was his disregard for wealth, that he had conferred Leeds Castle, and his English estates, upon his brother Robert, many years before his death.

ANCIENT PROCESSION FOR BURNING THE EFFIGY OF THE POPE.

FROM the time of Queen Elizabeth, till the reign of James II. in 1682, it seems that the birthday of that Queen, November 17, was annually distinguished by the burning a variety of effigies, one of which was generally brought from some of the Inns of Court. In these cases, says Gregory Leti, an Italian, and an eye-witness to these proceedings, the effigy was always arrayed in the habits worn by the Pontiff on all public occasions. But besides this, a number of persons habited like Cardinals, Bishops, Jesuits, and other Priests, made up the procession. This being performed in the evening, was attended by a great number of torches; about eight o'clock, after parading the streets, and obtaining small sums of money from the passengers and spectators, the principal effigy used to be committed to the flames; amidst the acclamations of the people at large.

large. But to the credit of the English nation, the relator remarks, that on none of these occasions was any violence offered to the Catholic part of the community.

HISTORY OF THE HORSE WITHOUT HAIR.

THE Horse, which has been so long exhibited in Germany, as of a peculiar breed in the island of Cyprus, and of which a very particular account may be found in the *Journal de Physique*, and other periodical Journals of the Continent, turns out at last to be a real German horse, of which the following is the history, according to a notice of G. F. Seibald, in the *Berlin Magazine*.

This animal, of the common breed of the country, was formerly furnished with hair, and belonged to a coach-owner of Höhenloe-Oehlingen, in Franconia, by whom it was sold to a neighbouring peasant, in whose possession it continued, while the change by which it has become so celebrated was going on. Being ill of the botts, his master mixed with his food for a whole year the leaves and young shoots of savine; soon after the commencement of this regimen, the horse changed his rough coat and became covered with fineshining hairs; encouraged by this, the peasant pushed his new medicine with vigour, and in a short time the new hair fell off. A coat not less sleek than the former, however, soon succeeded; but this, in a few months fell off, like the other, and the animal remained naked.

A third effort was made by nature, but in vain; and the horse became irreparably deprived of

hair, except on the mane, the fetlock joints, and the tail.

The peasant, ashamed of the subject of his experiment, sold him; his new master plucked out the few hairs that were left, and disposing of him to an ingenious Italian, he was led about as a shew from town to town, by the name of the Wonderful Horse from the island of Cyprus; the Zoologists eagerly adopted this clumsy fraud, and, but for the ill-timed discovery, the luckless subject of the Franconian's experiment, it might have occupied a distinguished place in the *Systema Naturæ*.

ATHLETIC EDUCATION AND EXERCISES OF ANCIENT KNIGHTS AND ESQUIRES.

EVERY youth of noble extraction, the son of the poorest as well as of the most wealthy Baron, was taken, at seven years of age, out of the women's hands, and removed from his paternal seat to the castle of another knight, where he was to be trained up to the profession of chivalry under the rigid commands of strangers, at a distance from the effeminate habits produced by parental endearments. In quality of page, he waited on the knight, his lady, and guests, at their entertainments; attended them on a journey, or at the chase; accompanied them in their walks and visits; and, when occasion required, was ready to go on their errands, and execute their commissions. The intervals, when he was not employed immediately in any of these services, were devoted to bodily exercises, to fit him betimes for that hardy and laborious profession for which he was intended. In the reviews

of the knights and squires, he saw the game of war played on a small scale. Bye-and-bye, he learned to shoot with the bow, to manage the sling, to defend places and ways which were assailed by his companions. Above all, his instructors were anxious to impress on his heart, such a character as would reflect lustre on his future rank. Ardent devotion to God, veneration for the lofty spirit of chivalry, and respect for the female sex, were carefully impressed on his mind. Virtue and good manners, courteous behaviour, elegant carriage, and propriety of demeanour, were inculcated both by precept and example. Religion and gallantry were intended to form the principal features of his future character. After a course of seven years' preparation, when he had now reached the fourteenth year of his age, he was accompanied by his parents to the altar, there to be admitted to the use of arms. The priest took from the altar a belt, which was placed there for the purpose, and, after having consecrated it with his blessing, girded it around the young warrior, and sent him, adorned with this badge of his new order, to undergo his probation as a squire. Here was the school in which he was to be fitted for a higher elevation. From the example of the older squires, he learned to obey; and every other necessary instruction he found in an intercourse with the world. From this time, he was admitted to confidential circles, and received into companies; and by this means, had every opportunity he could desire, of cultivating his mind and taste. He now acted in a more extended province. According to their mental and bodily powers, their activity and dexte-

rity, the elegance of their address, and gracefulness of elocution, the squires had the several departments allotted to them, in their attendance on the knight and his lady. Their offices were the care of the stable and equipage of their lord, discharging the ceremonies of a banquet, a ball, and the other splendid enjoyments, that give variety to tranquillity. When any knightly enterprise, such as a quarrel of honour, or a tournament, called his master to arms, the squire was ever ready at his back to yield him assistance. The bodily recreations of the young squires were frequently exchanged for such feats, as riding at the ring on horseback with lances, and such other exercises as served for preparations to the art of war, while, at the same time, they rendered them strong, active, and alert. During their term of service in the quality of squires, the spirit of chivalry sunk deep into their souls. A long probation of obedience and deference broke the fierceness of their hearts, and wore off the barbarous rudeness of the times. Their frequent conversations with stranger knights, who had often traversed half the world through a series of dangerous adventures, enriched their minds with a knowledge of men and of the world. Their intercourse with the female sex, and the frequent offices of deep respect which they performed towards them, accustomed them to gallantry and devotion, and rendered their hearts soft and tender, though sheathed in steel and iron. Their presence at the knightly combats of their lords, again cherished a spirit of dauntless courage and heroism in danger. This discipline, which rendered their minds at once heroic and gentle, finished

finished the education of these pupils of towers and castles; and, after seven years more of such exercises, they were now, at the age of one-and-twenty, declared capable of entering on the duties of knighthood. Some of them, however, voluntarily remained, during their whole lives, in the quality of squires to some renowned knight, who was graced with every virtue of spirit and heart, that could adorn a perfect knight; and, in this case, the high and sacred oath, which they took on being dubbed knights, amidst the pomp of many religious ceremonies, served to confer a superior sanctity on themselves. Before their admission to the illustrious order of knighthood, they swore at the altar—always to speak the truth, and maintain the right; to protect religion, its ministers, and temples; to assert the cause of the weak and helpless, of the widow and orphans; to be the guardians of chaste women, and their good name; and also to persecute infidels. This oath was an epitome of the morality of knighthood, the foundation of the sacred respect paid to a knight's word and truth; the fountain of his courtesy and gentle demeanour. To preserve his own honour unspotted; no complete knight permitted himself to be guilty of any injustice at home, as the umpire of his equals, and the judge of his vassals; or to commit any action in the field, that was inconsistent with the laws and practice of war. On their return from the field, each gave a faithful and accurate account, for the information of heralds and framers of escutcheons, of whatever had happened, the fate of the fortunate as well as the unfortunate; the feats of the valiant, and the flight of the coward: they con-

cealed nothing from posterity, that could serve to inflame their courage, or to give them confidence in similar adventures. Hence, honour and a love of truth, humanity and gentleness, shot forth amidst the fierceness, valour, and dauntless heroism of the age, and produced that strange mixture of character, which was peculiar to chivalry.

A REAL IMPROVEMENT IN GUN LOCKS,

Seems secured to the Sporting World, in Mr. Longmore's Patent for a Patten or Clog in the Locks of Guns.

BY the invention recorded in the specification of this Patent, an elastic tongue, or spring of iron, or other metals, is provided, to pass through a hole perforated in the middle of the block of the patten, and then, by pressure, to keep the sole of the foot tight against ties. The foot or block is made of iron, wood, cork, or any other suitable substance.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, FRIDAY, FEB. 26.

Before Sir Soulden Lawrence.

CROWTHER v. ROBERTS.

THIS action was brought by a Silver Plate-worker, at Sheffield, to recover a compensation in damages for a very serious injury. The declaration stated, that the defendant was the proprietor of a certain stage-coach from London to Yarmouth; that the plaintiff took a place as an outside passenger; that the coach, owing to the carelessness and drunkenness of the defendant's servant, was overturned, in consequence of which the plain-

tiff

tiff was severely hurt, bruised, and lamed. — The Attorney-General stated, that the single province of the Jury was to assess the damages, as the plaintiff had admitted, that the accident had been owing to the drunken carelessness of the man he entrusted to drive the coach. The plaintiff was a partner in a house at Sheffield, and had been rendered, by the injury he had sustained, incapable of contributing his assistance to the business of the firm. He was, therefore, (in pursuance of a clause in the articles of partnership, stipulating that, if either of the parties was incapable, from any cause, of attending to the business for six months, he should be excluded from sharing in the profits) wholly deprived of support; he trusted the Jury would, under these circumstances, give him such damages as would amply indemnify him. — It appeared, from the evidence of the surgeons, who were called as witnesses, that the accident happened near Chelmsford; that the plaintiff, by the fall, dislocated his thigh bone; that he continued for some time in a state of extreme agony and suffering; that every attempt to reduce the dislocation had proved ineffectual; and that he had no prospect but of remaining a cripple for life.

Mr. Erskine addressed the Jury in mitigation of damages. He observed, that no man regretted the accident more than his client. As a proof of it, he had prosecuted the coachman for his negligence; and the Court, before whom he had been tried, had sentenced him to a year's imprisonment. He inferred, that it was not likely the plaintiff's partners would take advantage of his misfortune, in order to deprive him of his share in the business in which he was concerned; and that it would be hard

indeed, to throw the whole loss upon an innocent man, merely because he was by law civilly answerable for the misconduct of his servant. Reasonable damages he was bound to pay; and he trusted the Jury, in estimating them, would exercise their power with moderation.

His Lordship, having briefly adverted to, and commented upon the facts, left it to the Jury to consider the compensation to which the plaintiff was entitled. — The Jury returned their verdict for the plaintiff—damages One Hundred and Five Pounds.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH,
GUILDHALL, MONDAY, MARCH 1.

CHERRILL *v.* CHERRILL.

THIS was an action brought by the plaintiff, a young lady, to recover special damages of the defendant, her kinsman. She was the daughter of a respectable farmer in Oxfordshire, and had been placed under the care of Miss Stewart, a fancy-dress maker, in the vicinity of Oxford-street, to learn her business. She had not been above six months in London before she became extremely ill, and was advised to return to the country, to enjoy the benefit of her native air.

Immediately after her departure, the defendant called at the house of Miss Stewart, and asked one of the servants if she knew the reason of Miss Letitia Cherrill's retiring to the country. Upon her answering in the negative, he said she was with child, as well as her sister, Martha Cherrill, and both by a person of the name of Adams. The defendant also propagated the same injurious report among several other of the young lady's

lady's acquaintances, and in particular he told it to a person who was in the service of a gentleman of large property, in the neighbourhood of the plaintiff's father's residence. It became the common talk in the village where her father lived, and also in Miss Stewart's family. When the young lady recovered, her father wrote to Miss Stewart, informing her she would return to her service; but Miss Stewart, who had several female apprentices of virtuous characters in her house, thought it would be setting a very bad example before them, to introduce into their society a girl who had so extremely misconducted herself; she, therefore, refused to receive her, and sent her word to that effect.

On the cross-examination of Miss Stewart, it was endeavoured to be inferred, that she had declined receiving her, not because she believed the story to the prejudice of her chastity to be true, but because she had discovered that the plaintiff had deceived her, by asking her permission to go to a dance with Mr. Adams, who was courting her sister, and instead of so doing, availing herself of the opportunity of going to a Masquerade; but Miss Stewart persisted in saying she had been only actuated by the report circulated by the defendant.

Mr. Justice Grose highly censured the conduct of the defendant, in spreading a calumny as malignant as it was unfounded. It was a cowardly, base, and unmanly attempt, to ruin the character of an unprotected female.

The Jury gave a verdict for the plaintiff—

Damages, Forty Pounds.

KING'S PLATES.

THIS is to give notice, that his Majesty has been graciously pleased to give the sum of One Hundred Guineas to be run for by horses, mares, or geldings, this season, at each of the following places; viz. Newmarket (three) Salisbury, Ipswich, Guildford, Nottingham, Winchester, Lincoln, York (two), Lewes, Canterbury, Litchfield, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Burford, Carlisle, Chelmsford, Ascot-Heath, and Warwick.

The particular days of running will be notified at proper times.

Form of a Certificate.

"These are to certify, that his Majesty's Plate of a Hundred Guineas was won at _____ the _____ day of _____, 1802, by Mr. A. B.'s chesnut horse, called _____

C. D. Steward:

E. F. Clerk of the Course.

G. { * Lord Lieutenant of the County.

"To the Master of the

"Horse to his Ma-

"jesty, at the Office

"in the King's Mews,

"London."

* The signature of the Lord Lieutenant alone is sufficient; but in order to obtain that, it is necessary that he beshewn a Certificate, signed by the Steward and the Clerk of the Course.

If the Lord Lieutenant be out of the kingdom, the signature of the person regularly deputed by him is admissible.

The Certificate of the Ascot-Heath Plate must be signed by the Master of his Majesty's Buck Hounds instead of the Lord Lieutenant of the County.

N.B. The Certificates, when properly signed, are payable at sight to the Winner of the Plate, (or to any other person, if endorsed by the Winner) at the Office of the Clerk of the King's Stables, in the King's Mews, London.

By Order of the Right Hon. the Earl of Chesterfield, Master of the Horse to his Majesty;

DAVID PARKER, Clerk of the Stables.
King's Mews, March 9, 1802.

BULL-

BULL-BAITING!

A Sermon preached in the Parish Church of Wokingham, on Sunday, Dec. 20, 1801, being the day previous to the Annual Bull-Bait in that town. By the Rev. Edward Barry, M. D.—Spragg, King-street, Covent-Garden,

[Seldom as it may be, that sermons come within the limits of our plan, the object of the one before us, to say nothing of religion, is founded in the soundest policy, and of course does credit to the head and heart of the writer. From his Preface, it appears, by the following instrument, that Bull-Baiting has been a custom in that town ever since the reign of Charles II. established by some person of property.]

Extract from the Printed Account of Charitable Donations given to the Town and Parish of Wokingham.

"**G**EORGE Staverton, by will dated May 15, 1661, gave the whole rent of his Stanes-house, after two lives, to buy a bull for ever; which bull he gave to the poor of the town and parish of Wokingham, being baited, and the offal, hide, and gift-money, to be sold, and bestowed upon the poor children in stockings and shoes. The Alderman and one Staverton, if he live in Wokingham, being to see this work done honestly, one poor's piece not exceeding another in bigness. 'Wife, let the poor have it in a bull presently at Christmas next, and so forward.'—"

But, notwithstanding this truly eloquent sermon of Dr. Barry was preached the day preceding the last bull-bait, it could not prevent the return of the practice; for soon after the bulls were baited on last St. Thomas's Day; one by virtue of this legacy, and another at the cost of the Poor Rates; the respectable Minister of Wokingham kindly addressed a letter to him, the Rev. Dr. Barry, on the sub-

ject. As the observations of a gentleman so long resident on the spot where these enormities are suffered to take place cannot but deserve attention, we have taken the liberty this way, to give them a wider circulation.

"Dear Sir—The favour which you conferred on me and my flock on Sunday last, I shall always remember with gratitude. After all the eloquence, however, with which you recommended the duty of tenderness to inferior animals, I am sorry to inform you that bulls were baited in this town with as much ferocity as formerly, and attended with as numerous and noisy a multitude. Hence it appears that the most powerful arguments will not persuade men to renounce bad habits. Horrid as the scene of bull-baiting is, and dreadful the accidents which sometimes attend it, the worst part is not always confined to the day of exhibition. For twenty years past I have watched its effects, and unhappily have found it pernicious to the education, the religion, and the morals of the people whom I am appointed to instruct. Yet we may hope that your elegant reasoning, when published to the community at large, will make a different impression upon those who are not influenced by prejudice and custom.

"And I sincerely wish you success in your generous aim of bringing about the suppression of this cruel pastime. With much esteem, I remain, dear Sir, your obliged humble servant,
W. BRENNER."

Wokingham, Dec. 23, 1801.

To the Rev. Dr. Barry.

—And

And now, as a more faithful and striking picture of this detestable and unchristian practice; and as a specimen of the author's style and manner, which wants no commendation, the rest shall be given in his own words, from pages nine, ten, and eleven, of his Discourse, which is very handsomely printed in quarto.—We have only to remark, that he is by no means an enemy to rational amusements, which give cheerfulness to the mind, health to the body, and which dignify, and not debase it.

“It has been said,” says our Author, “that there is a law which requires a Bull to be baited before it is sold for food, but who has seen that law? on what statute book does it exist? and if even such an obsolete law could be pointed out; on what good argument is it founded? Is it to give publicity that it is the meat of a Bull? the carrion appearance of it will sufficiently do that. Is it to make his flesh more tender? by keeping it a little time, the purpose would be better answered. At Ashbourn, in Derbyshire (I have the information from most respectable authority) Bulls are there let out for the purpose merely of baiting; and are hence, by a little practice, called ‘Sporting Bulls;’ and for the sake of bringing up ‘sporting dogs,’ they are brought, when young, at the end of a bait, to lick the bleeding nostrils of the animal.

“The first Bull-Bait in this country, is supposed to have been at Stamford, Lincolnshire, 1209, in the reign of King John, and at Tutbury, Staffordshire, 1374. Bull-running was likewise introduced at this latter place, about the same time. The introduction of it at Stamford was as follows—

WOL. XIX. No. 114.

William, Earl Warren, Lord of this town, standing upon the Castle walls, saw two Bulls fighting for a Cow, in the Castle Meadow, till all the butchers' dogs pursued one of the Bulls (maddened with noise and multitude) clean through the town. This sight so pleased the Earl, that he gave the Castle Meadow, where the Bulls' duel began, for a common to the butchers of the town, after the first grass was mowed, on condition that they should find a Mad Bull, the day six weeks before Christmas Day, for the continuance of that sport forever.

“Gracious Lord! Benevolent Parent of the Universe, what a prodigy must he be on a Christian land, who could thus disgrace his nature, by such gigantic infamy, at which the blood of a Heathen, of a very Hottentot, might curdle? To the honour, however, of the Duke of Devonshire (Steward of Tutbury) and not less so of the people of the village, who petitioned against it, the ‘Bull-running’ at Tutbury, more honoured in the breach than in the observance, was entirely abolished in the year 1778.”

The Rev. Dr. Barry thus concludes—“Two useful animals; the Bull who propagates our food, and the faithful Dog who protects us, to be thus tormented, for what purpose? Does it tend, as some have said to keep alive the spirit of the English character? In answer to this, we must remark, that the barbarous sport (if sport it can be called) was unknown to the ancient bravery of our ancestors, was introduced into this country in the reign of a bad king, and earnestly do I pray to Almighty God, that in this reign of a most pious and benevolent Prince, it may be for ever set aside!—Cow-

X x

ards,

ards, of all men the least unmoved, can both inflict and witness cruelties.

"The heroes of a Bull-bait, the patrons of mercenary pugilists, and the champions of a cock-fight, can produce, I should think, but few, if any disciples brought up under their tuition, who have done service to their country, either as warriors or as citizens! but *abundant* are the testimonies, which have been registered at the gallows of her devoted victims, trained up to *these pursuits* of BULL-BAITING!!!

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING
MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

THE *flimsy* "Intelligence Extraordinary," so very *extraordinarily* annexed to the last Number of your entertaining Miscellany, is in itself an attack so singularly *illiterate*, so infamously *impudent*, and so palpably *scurrilous*, upon a man whose indefatigable exertions in the cause of humanity, and general improvement of Farriery, is so well known and so universally applauded, that it must instantly excite the utmost *contempt* of every sportsman of experience in the kingdom, whose powers of discrimination enable him to distinguish between the acknowledged CELEBRITY of one, and the evident *imbecility* of the other. That, however, no consideration of private or public utility may be permitted to preponderate in the candid investigation of what is thus obtruded upon the sporting world, I claim the privilege of a *peep* at the parties; one of whom is, I conceive, involuntarily dragged before the public, by the insatiate and restless spirit of

the other, signing himself, "T. WATSON, a Petty-Cury Druggist of Cambridge." This Galeical "*Drawcansir*," (under the impressive influence of his theatrical motto, "all this *I do* because *I dare*,") not only takes to *himself* the allusion, and full force of TAPLIN's advertisement; but, in so doing, absolutely conceives and confesses *himself* the "*medical shark*," the very "*necessitous adventurer*," so fairly described by the man who has found the effect of his labours villainously preyed upon, by a variety of the most ridiculous and unprincipled imitations. This Petty-Cury Druggist, to render his conduct a matter of strict uniformity, is not content, it seems, with *imitating* medicines of FOURTEEN YEARS celebrity, but in justification of his *depredatory* endeavours, proceeds most virulently to a vilification of professional character; and, in the general diffusion of his malignity, bespatters with the poisonous miasma of unmerited calumny, his namesake of Norwich, by most *ignorantly* and *insolently* asserting, "he never heard of the *poetry cook*, or his *puffs*," although the name of WATSON, of NORWICH, is more universally known to every sportsman of eminence in the remotest corner of the kingdom, than any part, or *the whole* of the generation of the *petty-cury prodigy* within the locality of his own (self-important) district. Returning, however, from this slight but unavoidable digression, to a retrospective survey of the parties and their relative claims to public patronage and support, it must be not only candidly admitted, but is universally known, that the various publications and indefatigable exertions of MR. TAPLIN, have rendered his *name* familiar to every

eye and every ear in the kingdom. Of his medical preparations, it is not necessary to say much, upon a well-founded presumption, they having been now *twice seven years* before the public, are fully enabled to "report themselves." This is the man so meanly, so scurrilously, so shamefully attacked—by *who*, or by *what*? A medical excrescence, or excrement of nature, generated in *obscurity*, alike unknown and unknown, whose most distinguishing trait of superior *eminence* and *ability*, may have attained the summit of retail *excellence*, by the expertness and *agility* with which he is known to have dispensed his *halfpennyworths* of *Turner's cerate*, and *pennyworths* of *yellow basilcon*, to his fellow rustics in the purlieus of a country town. Happy might it have been for him, could he have remained *contented* and at *ease*, "in that state to which it had pleased God to call him;" but so imperious is the deceptive *gew-gaw ambition* in a *vulgar* mind, it not unfrequently dooms to inevitable destruction its most determined votaries. Into this pit the *petty-cury* hero has evidently fallen; for fully fraught with the *fashionable furor* of veterinarian pre-eminence, he had vainly and erroneously *conceived* (or affected to believe) so great a *sterility* prevailed in the metropolis of both *professors* and *professional preparations*, that it stood in need of *medical assistance* from *one or both* the Universities.

Having taken a cursory view of the *adventurer* and his *qualifications*, it becomes a point indispensibly necessary on the part of the public (as well as of Mr. Taplin) to analyze and investigate the *truth*, or detect the *falsehood* of any assertion made with a design to impose (or

prey) upon the credulity of society at large, for the paltry consideration of pecuniary emolument. That this may be the more dispassionately demonstrated, and that "*the wolf*" may be brought forward before the public, divested of its "*sheep's cloathing*," permit me to advert to a single passage of his *beggarly* production, wherein he with the most "unblushing effrontery," says, "the medicines denominated Watson's Cambridge Horse Balls, were first prepared by my late brother, Mr. J. Watson, and myself, *fifteen years* ago, and progressively acquired that reputation, &c. &c." Experience has convinced every man of sound sense and common comprehension, that *vague assertion* is one thing, but *SOLID PROOF* another.— "Mark! how plain a tale shall put this vain puny boaster down." If these *petty-cury* veterinarians, had ever prepared a *single ball* of even *local* celebrity, why make application to Mr. TAPLIN to become his agent for the sale of them in *Cambridge* and that district? Why continue to sell them of "TAPLIN's preparation, seal, and signature," from the year 1795, to within a *few weeks* previous to the announcement of these *curious, unprecedented, inimitable, unparalleled, unadulterated, infallible, inexplicable, inexpressible, CAMBRIDGE Horse Balls*, by T. WATSON, a little Druggist, (but *superlatively great* veterinarian) whose powers of *imagination* have rendered his *name* and *publication*, *singularly* celebrated "in his mind's eye," from one *extremity* of the *GLOBE* to the other. In corroboration of the *incredible efficacy* of these medicines, and of his *own fame*, he industriously *procures* and produces the names of the *London CARRIERS* who convey

vey his goods; the INNKEEPERS, where he takes his *chop* and *glass* of *grog*; the more humble PUBLICAN, where he enjoys occasionally his *pint of ale*; the GAMEKEEPER who once a year, gives his pointers *two or three* purging balls; and (by way of *whipper-in*) the HUNTSMAN, who, of course, had *sometimes* occasion for those two excellent and "*cheap*" articles, *sulphur* and *antimony*, for his HOUNDS. These, it must be confessed, are most *political proofs*, and *friendly certificates*, to assist in lifting a lame dog over a stile, and will, beyond a doubt, have their *local* influence, where *personages* of so much *eminence* are particularly known and looked up to with awe and admiration, by the *peasant*, the *ostler*, and the *post-boy*: but to that great and enlightened part of the public at large, who possess the power of judicious - discrimination, such *shifts*, such *invention*, such *artifice*, and such *low design*, not only become instantly perceptible, but assist in stripping the MASK of *duplicité* from the face of the most ——— and ——— intention.

Thus far I have presumed to obtrude myself upon you for your kind and impartial insertion, on the part of Mr. TAPLIN, in return for the services he has rendered society, not only by his publications, tending solely to the abolition of *cruelty* in the *practice*, but by his indefatigable personal exertions to promote a general reformation in the whole SYSTEM of FARRIERY; by which, it is known, he has fully merited, and very largely obtained, the patronage and support of many of the most distinguished characters in the kingdom. To prevent encroaching too much at one time

upon your room and your patience, I shall reserve such additional remarks as strike me very forcibly upon the subject before us; in an anxious hope and expectation, I may hereafter be permitted to transmit them as the unsullied effusions of

AN OBSERVER.

March 14, 1802.

[We have readily given place to this letter, because Mr. Watson's hand-bill, containing the attack on Mr. Taplin, appeared in our last; but have an objection to any farther discussion on the subject.]

THE NEW DILLETANTI;
OR,
PIC-NIC THEATRE, TOTTENHAM-
STREET:
Containing all the Arguments, Pro and Con.

[With respect to this new Establishment, it seems, both moralists and libertines have been at open war several weeks past. The first contend, that a private Theatre, at once combining Plays, Card-parties, Balls, Suppers, Glee Catches, &c. is certainly more calculated to strike a fatal blow at *mortality* than all the dissipation and luxuries, so many years past the subject of complaint against the fashionable world.

The advocates for the new plan, on the other hand, urge, that it has been misrepresented; and that, instead of being *inimical*, it is *friendly* to morality; because, in spite of the exertions of the managers of the public Theatres, a modest woman cannot enjoy the rational amusement of a Play, without being exposed to the grossest language, and the most indecent conduct of a hired audience; and, that it is scandalous, that the first Nobility of the country should be liable to insult from every woman of the town, or insignificant peppy;—that the only remedy proposed is this:—A party, of the first fashion and consideration, associate to afford each other a rational and unannoyed amusement, without the intrusion of prostitution or impertinence.

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The advocates on this side the question go further, and insist upon it, that *tragedy*, and *genteel comedy*, will be improved, and proceed with a better grace from the mouths of Gentlemen, possessing all the advantages of birth and education, than from a Company of inferior birth and talents. How different, say they, would the Lord Townlys, Archers, Aimwells, Mirabels, and Joseph Surfaces, appear, when performed by real Gentlemen; but, unfortunately, these advocates forget that, for a gravedigger in Hamlet, and a variety of other characters, the habits and qualifications of gentlemen are equally as distant and unfit as any of the former, for the personification of their betters.

We have no leisure to go into a detail of the pamphlet, containing the Rules and Regulations of the New Theatrical Society, printed under the direction of Colonel Greville, further than to state, that in opposition to the reports, "that after the plays, &c. the Theatre will be converted into a Ball-room, and cards and gaming take place," the proprietors declare, "they neither have, nor will agree, to let their rooms for the purpose of gaming; or in any such manner as shall render them a public nuisance."

Thus it appears, that all the rumours and reports of a *Pic-Nic Supper*, *undoubtedly delicate*, naturally fall to the ground. However, as the letter of the Hon. Col. Hanger, and a reply to the same, in the Morning Chronicle, have attracted considerable notice, from the genuine humour and ridicule which they contain, we shall give them, as including an excellent *morceau* for the entertainment of our readers.

To the EDITOR of the MORNING CHRONICLE.

SIR,

I AM a friend to the regular drama, as by law established: I have seen the effects of a private Dilletanti Theatre in a sister kingdom, and I think, that all gentlemen who are the genuine admirers of the English stage should come forward, and stem the tide of innovation. You may call it a vulgar cry, Sir, but I assert, that if men and women of fashion will come forward, and not merely shew

themselves for nothing, but give balls, waxes, and suppers, into the bargain, it is a time for the regular theatres to look about them.

I do not agree with you, that it is a subject only for ridicule. I think that these actors and actresses of quality ought to be opposed, and I, for one, offer my services to the regular theatres. Why should gentlemen hesitate to come forward in support of the stage, when a party is desirous to undermine it? I am determined, Sir, to turn amateur actor; but I will gratify my passion according to law, for it shall never be said of me, that I have had scruples concerning the legality of my pursuits. These dilletanti actors may think it prudent to take the opinion of counsel on their proceedings. God forbid that I should ever be reduced to such an extremity. My character through life has been so strongly marked by the profound obedience which I have paid to the laws of the land, the respect I have felt to the property of individuals, and the sacred regard which I have always thought due to decorum, and to the guardian tribunal of an English public, that I never have, and I trust never shall have, to consult any other arbiter than my own conscience, about the propriety and purity of my actions. No, Sir, other dilletanti actors and actresses may be lodged in round-houses with all my heart; but I am for the clear path.

I am only desirous to meet these Drawcansirs fairly. They are for a private stage—I am for the public theatre. If there must be gentlemen actors, I am their man. I engage to play Captain Macheath against them for what they dare.—I hope other gentlemen will come

come forward. I hope my friend Captain M—— will be my Polly, and my friend Captain A—— Lucy. I have a very perfect Filch in my eye; and thus we will play the Beggar's Opera against them, at Drury-lane or Covent-Garden, whenever they please. Let it be on the same evening, and we shall see which of the two shall draw the most crowded house—but remember, I bar late hours, for I am no friend to midnight morality. I hereby engage to meet them, male and female, beard to beard; I, with law on my side, and they without it, as soon and as often as they please. I am ready in Captain Macheath; I can sing all the songs very much in the amateur stile—that is, in a jovial rumbling way; and if I should fail in the *braura*, the public, I am sure, will forgive me. I will also attempt Bobadil, though I do not exactly look the character, and much less like a beating, either in jest or earnest; and I think I shall be at home in Captain Flash. I shall also understand my cue in the Recruiting Serjeant: but Captain Macheath I chuse for my *débat*. This is my plan, which I humbly offer to the two theatres and the public. I am for no violence; but if we must have gentlemen performers, let us see which shall have the preference, those on the public theatre, or those who wish to rear their heads in private.

I shall conclude with saying, that if my friends, Captain M—— and Captain A——, should consent to appear with me, it must not be objected that they will not make very delicate women. That is true—but I do not think they will be more preposterous, either in size, shape, or features, than some of the most applauded he-

roines of modern times, both on the public and private theatres. I am, truly yours,

GEORGE HANGER.

The British, Feb. 24.

To this, in a few days, succeeded the following:—

MR. EDITOR,

I received a day or two ago the inclosed letter, by the Penny Post—I send it to you, together with my answer. I wish the whole world to know that I have taken up the Stage upon principle; and I am not a man to be moved from my purpose. Your's,

GEORGE HANGER.

TO THE HONOURABLE COLONEL HANGER.

"For God's sake, my dear George, what are you about? You will blow up our scheme, if you persist in your resolution to act against us. I thought that, as ours was a service of danger, you would have stood forth in defence of the Ladies. Do, my brave Colonel, come over to us. You shall have the post of honour.—You shall command the advanced-guard of the Theatre; and it shall be for your interest as well as your glory. We have a thousand means to gratify a man of your taste.

"None but the brave deserve the fair." Your's,

A PIC-NIC.

"The Hon. Col. Hanger, British."

SIR, OR MADAM,

I have already declared my opinion of your new Theatrical *Coterie*, and my resolution is fixed. I am for the established Drama; and I do it with the same fervour as I would stand by the established Church, in opposition to all Methodistical

thodistical Sects; who, like you, pretend to propagate *midnight morality* by nocturnal love feasts. I rejoice to see, that the Clergy have taken a hint from me (I have taken many a hint from them), and have piously opposed you from the pulpit.

As to your sly *insinuation*, I know what you mean, but I am not to be taken in. I pretend to no more virtue than my neighbours. These times have shewn the truth of the old *intriguing* maxim, "that every man has his price," and I may have mine. I do not know what dollars and doxies might do for me, if they sell in my way; but I will fly temptation. I will not trust myself in your society. What, trust myself to play *Macheath* with your buxom *Pollies* and *Lucies* of Fashion! Egad, I should be apt to realize the fictions of the Poet. I am not an illiberal man. I love the Stage for its morals; and I cannot agree with the sentiment of a great Judge, who once said from the Bench, that, "however they might prate about virtue on the Stage, yet, when the curtain drops, every *Romeo* may form a tolerable estimate of the virtue of his *Juliet*." No, I think no such thing; but I think with *Charles*, in *The School for Scandal*, that if a pretty woman will fling herself in my way, I should have occasion for all that sage Lawyer's morality, and also for his years, to resist the temptation. Egad, it would be pleasant pastime enough. An enchanting *Cowslip* of quality singing to me—

You rogue, says I, you'll stop my breath,
Ye bells ring out my knell, O,
Again I'll die so sweet a death
With such a charming fellow!

But my love of decorum—my love of the laws, forbid my indulgence; and so my Lord, my Lady,

or Mr. Pic-Nic, I am for the Old Stage, and a straight Head of Hair,
GEORGE HANGER.
British, 6th March, 1802.

P. S. If it had been your intention to do good by your Coterie, I know not what I might have done.—Charity covereth a multitude of sins. If you had clothed the naked, (though, by the bye, as some Belles of the highest *ton* are of the party, that may be your design), or fed the hungry, or that you mean to fit out young heroes and heroines in the world, it would have been a laudable object. I remember a thing of this kind when I went first to America. A young hero was equipped by a ball and a raffle. I was present. I have the *poetical* card of invitation now before me. It was a *jeu d'esprit* of the first water. I send it to you as a curiosity. It may give you an idea for your play-bill.

INVITATION CARD.

The King, in his wisdom, it makes me quite frantic,
Has ordered my Nephew to cross the Atlantic—
'Twill, therefore, cost money to equip him for sea,
To purchase his linen, his wine, and his tea;
I therefore intend to dispose of, by raffle, His horses, that go well in curb, or in snaffle—
High bred, or no Nephew of mine should bestride them;
So gentle, a Lady or Bishop might ride them;
Whoe'er for two guineas will purchase a chance,
May, perhaps, at my ball, have the honour to dance.
N. B. The horses have followed a pack,
And are shewn by an order from me—
MOTHER MACK.

The Pic Nic Society met, and commenced their Theatricals on Monday, the 15th, at nine in the evening, of which we purpose giving a further account.

NORTHUMBERLAND

NORTHUMBERLAND MATCH AT
FOOT-BALL.

ON Shrove-Tuesday, as is customary every year, at Sedgefield, the Tradesmen and Countrymen, to the number of nearly three hundred each, assembled at the Bull-ring at one o'clock, to play at foot-ball, when a very strong and hard contested struggle commenced, which lasted for nearly two hours, and was at last hailed by the Tradesmen, in triumph, and the whole ended with acclamations, ringing of bells, &c. It was observable, that the Countrymen were by far the strongest men, but the Tradesmen were superior in activity and the flexibility of their muscles; but what added most to the glory of the day was, that the Countrymen were all kept in awe by the champion-like conduct of a single Tradesman, of the name of Barker, a private in the Royal Durham Regiment of Militia, who was afterwards honoured with a present of the ball.

FASHIONABLE DUELLISTS.

An Extract from the Comedy of
FOLLY AS IT FLIES,

Written by **FREDERICK REYNOLDS.**

Act II. Scene I.—An Apartment in Sir Herbert Melmoth's.

Enter Sir Herbert and Dr. Infallible.

Sir Herb. **Y**ES, Sir; I thank you for the offer of your friendly loan; but the arrival of my son makes it unnecessary.

Doctor. Very well, Sir Herbert—but money's no object to me, and if at any time you will condescend to be my banker—

Sir Herb. Sir, again I thank you—but with regard to Georgia-

na, this is my fix'd intention—gain her consent, and I will give you mine. But, anxious as I am to see her married, I wou'dn't barter her for all the gold that even you can offer.

Doctor. What! you are anxious to see her married!

Sir Herb. Yes, she loves my son, for whom I've higher views; therefore, address her, for, as I know your character is unimpeached, and in the way of settlement—

Doctor. Ay: Radix Rheno for that, Sir Herbert. I'll go make love to her directly, and as for my patient, Mr. Post Obit—

Sir Herb. Oh, he moves as I direct.—Success attend you. At present, I'm engag'd on business with my son—and if in marriage Georgiana emulates her cousin, your present wealth will seem contemptible—for you'll have gain'd a treasure worth the world. *[Exit.]*

Doctor. Bravo! this is the age for quacking, and all clever fellows are at it, from the Merry Andrew on his rostrum to the doctor in his chariot, *[Going.]*

Enter Post Obit (newly-dressed).

Post Obit. Oh Doctor! my dear Doctor! is this Bedlam, or is it Sir Herbert Melmoth's? I thought to pass a quiet month here, and after enduring insult upon insult, what do you think? I am now to be shot at.

Doctor. Shot at?

Post Obit. You shall hear.—Just now, after dinner, the captain and Sir Paddy began talking of duelling.—The former boasted that he had lately wing'd a brother officer, for traducing his dear love of a waistcoat; (*imitating*) and Sir Paddy lamented he hadn't fought for a whole month, tho' he had every where offered five pounds for an affront.—This, you may be sure, somewhat alarm'd me; and on their asking me if I had ever fought, I replied,

plied, "No; not that I recollect;" on which Mr. Jerry Cursitor observed, "recollect indeed! why, he never has, and never will, unless some of you will leave him a thumping legacy, then, of course, he'll try to blow your brains out." This nettled me a good deal, and, one word bringing on another, says I, "I ask your pardon, Mr. Cursitor, but that's a lie."—Says he, "I hope no offence," and he knock'd me down.

Doctor. Indeed! and what followed?

Post Obit. What! why, the Captain, and Sir Paddy instantly rang the bell, called for horse-pistols, and swore only one of us could leave the room alive! But Cursitor and I were of a different opinion—we wished the matter to drop, and said it was a joke. "Joke," says the Captain, forcing a cock'd pistol into my hand,—"*Pollitron*, did he not give you a blow?" "No," says I, "he did not; did you, my dear Cursitor? And if he did, I dare say I deserved it, and, therefore I'm ready to apologise."—"Pooh!" says Sir Paddy, "it's no longer their affair—people don't fight to please themselves, they fight to please the town."—"Damn the town," said we, "our honour is completely satisfied; I've given him the lie, and he has knocked me down; and if we fire away till doomsday, how can we have more satisfactory satisfaction?"

Doctor. What! and did they let you off?

Post Obit. No—only gave us leave of absence till we made our wills, and then they are to come and cane us if we don't go back and be killed. But, Doctor—my dear Doctor—you, who understood life and death,—can't you contrive?

Doctor. Contrive! what, make me a party in your cowardice!

Go, Sir, go fight directly, and at least once in your life, give proofs of personal courage.

Post Obit. Once in my life? Come, that's not handsome, Sir: You know very well I have given proofs of personal courage.

Doctor. When? on what occasion my little—

Post Obit. When! why, if you will have it, when I drank a bottle of your Radix Rheno. If that isn't giving proofs of personal courage, the devil's in't. And now I think on't, you are the last man I shou'd have applied to—for Alexander himself wasn't a greater warrior than a quack doctor; so I'll go talk to somebody else.

Doctor. Adieu! and if you wish to please the pretty creatures, be yourself another Alexander, Honour is the true love-powder, and we, heroes, are elixer vitae to the ladies. [Exit]

Post Obit. Puppy! if I must turn out, take care I don't pick my man. But yonder I see an old friend in the ball-room—and if he won't intercede for me; and I can't get rid of my good nature, why, I'll return to these ferocious seconds—say, I can't bear to have the thing upon his mind, and fairly beg that they'll cane me directly. [Exit]

Scene III.—An Apartment at Sir Herbert's.—Folding Doors in flat.

Enter Cursitor,

Cursitor. So the hour's out—the time allowed by these bloody-minded seconds is expired, and I must return to be shot in that room, or submit to be posted and disgraced. Zounds! I offered fair enough—either to take or to make an apology;—or, if that wouldn't do, I offered to fight him at forty yards.—But no, nothing will satisfy these savages.

Y y

Enter

Enter Post Obit.

Post Obit. Mr. Cursitor—my dear Mr. Cursitor! do you wish to die?

Cursitor. Not I, upon my honour.

Post Obit. That's a good fellow—And I've enquired, and there's no occasion. The Barbarians of old used to shed blood, but the moderns—Hark ye—We certainly don't fight to please ourselves you know.

Cursitor. No—As Sir Paddy says, 'tis to please the town.

Post Obit. Yes; we fight to support our credit with Mr. Jenkins and Mr. Tomkins, and other busy neighbours, who will turn up their noses if they don't see us act like men of honour—for this you may depend on, Mr. Cursitor, many a great hero would take a kick quietly, if he thought nobody saw it—At least I know I would—wouldn't you?

Cursitor. No—not a kick—I might put up with the lie. But go on—What are your intentions?

Post Obit. Listen—Calling in constables would be useless, for our sanguinary seconds would smuggle us abroad. Fighting without ball is hopeless, for they load the pistols—But there is a third way—mark—measure ground—eight paces—toss up for first fire I win—shoot at random—twenty yards over you head—you fire in the air—seconds interfere—shake hands—Mr. Jenkins and Mr. Tomkins are completely satisfied, and Jerry Cursitor and Post Obit are both men of honour as long as they live.

Cursitor. So we are—'Sblood, who's afraid?

Post Obit. Aye; dam me, I'll fight you directly. Oh, I thought I

should get rid of my good nature at last! Come along.

Cursitor. Aye; let's shew them what we're made of. But I say, I don't like your having the first fire.

Post Obit. Nonsense! If I hit you, upon my honour I'll make you any apology you think proper. Come—and we'll spur like gamecocks. [*Exeunt at door in stat.*]

PUGILISM.

A Very severe and rather extraordinary contest took place on Monday evening the 15th instant, near Hatchet's, in Piccadilly, between a Lad of the Pave and a Hammersmith Coachman, on account of the former wishing to defraud the latter of his fare. The Coachman appeared upwards of fifty, with a bald head, and other insignia of age, and his antagonist about twenty-three, perfectly fresh, and in the full confidence of youth. —“The Driver of Horses,” however, set to very scientifically, never threw in the first blow, but waited with the utmost coolness for his adversary's attack, of which he took the most striking advantage, and treated his opponent with so many dexterous falls, in which he saluted the stones with more earnestness than good will, that the juvenile hero, after contending for about twelve minutes, was at length compelled to give in, and allow that *Jehu* had decidedly the *whip-hand*. The most serious sufferer was a neighbouring grocer, who had many cogent reasons for displeasure, as several of his windows were broken, but he good-humouredly declared, that as the old man had proved victorious he did not value his loss a fig's end!

FEAST

THE FEAST OF WIT; or, SPORSMAN'S HALL.

ECCENTRIC ADVERTISEMENT

At the World's End, the Essex side of Gravesend.

TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION,

By W. NEVERSELL,

On MONDAY, the 32d instant, the sale to begin at Ten o'Clock in the afternoon,

Lot 1. **A** Copper cart-saddle; a leather hand-saw; two woollen frying pans, and a glass wheelbarrow.

Lot 2. Three pair of pea straw breeches; a China quarter cart; and two glass bedsteads, copper hangings.

Lot 3. One deal coal grate, with paper smoke jack; a mahogany poker, and a pair of gause bellows.

Lot 4. One leather tea-kettle; an iron feather bed; six pair of brass boots, and a steel night cap.

SUNDRY LOTS.

One pewter waistcoat, and three flint wigs; a bell-metal chaff-sieve, and a calimanco hog trough; a buckskin warming-pan, and a pewter looking-glass; a japan cliving beetle, and a leather mattock; three silk hog's yokes, and a pinchbeck swill-tub; four sheepskin milk-pails, and a wheat straw trammel; a lambskin grindstone, and a horse-leather hatchet; a pair of pewter pudding bags, and a canvass gridiron; a dimity coal-scuttle; and three satin chamber-pots; a wooden timber chain; and a brass cart rope.

March 17, ****. PAT IRISH.

A Dutchman, seeing a fellow steal a fish at Billingsgate, and put it under his jacket (too short to conceal the tail), and not liking to interfere, whispered the fellow, in future either to wear a *longer* jacket, or steal a *shorter* fish.

An Oxford Hoax.—A gentleman relating at a coffee-room, in Oxford, that Dr. —, had *put out his leg* in crossing a kennel, five surgeons immediately set off for the Doctor's apartment, but returned dismayed, saying no such thing had happened. "Why," replied the gentleman, "how can a man cross a kennel without *putting out his leg*."

"A young Widow, who has suckled her *first* child for six months, and is about to wean it, wishes for *another* child." So says an advertisement in a Daily Paper of a few days past.

In the last ship news we find, that the *Countess of* —, being deeply laden with *brandy*, her *knees* gave way, and she sprung a *leak*.

A young man of fashion lately threw himself, in a love fit, into the Seine: he was rescued from his perilous situation by a waterman, who heard him roar out most unmercifully, that he had forgot to add a *postscript* to his farewell letter to his mistress!

A link-boy complaining at Bow-street a few evenings since, that the patrole at Drury-lane Theatre would not permit him to light his link, was asked the reason?—

"Why, please your Worship (replied
2 Y 2

plied the illumine), there's *no other* reason but that one night I set fire to a lady's clothes in a hackney coach, and very near burnt her, coach, and all!"

A gentleman having lately observed in company, that a deceased friend, a *lawyer*, had left behind him a very few *effects*: "I can easily believe it," said a female wit present, "he had very few *causes*."

In a conversation at Brighton, upon the delay of the Definitive Treaty, an Irish gentleman present observed, "He hoped by J—, it would be a warning to all future Ministers of this country, when they made peace with the French, always to oblige them to sign the *Definitive Treaty first*, and the *Preliminary Articles afterwards*!"

A man, a few days ago, had a finger amputated by a wheel at a factory in Manchester; the poor fellow immediately went home with the mutilated limb.—A few hours after, the master of the factory happened to meet a son of the man's, and accosting him in a tone of sympathy, said, "I am very sorry thy father has lost his finger."—"Lost it (exclaimed the lad very simply)—he has not lost it—he has it in his pocket."

A cause at *Nisi Prius* came on at York, this month, *Fish v. Jackson*. Mr. Park for the plaintiff; Serjeant Cockel for the defendant. The Serjeant, with his usual freedom of manner, was cross-examining the plaintiff's principal witness, during which, Mr. Fish's name being frequently mentioned, occasioned a Gentleman to remark, "that there was rather too much *Fish*;" to which a lady replied, "True, but you have plenty of *Cockle sauce*."

A relation of the Bishop of

P—ter—h's lately applied to him for some small preferment which laid in his gift. The learned and worthy prelate, who had never seen the candidate before, was highly pleased with his wit and sprightly conversation, but told him he was too late, for that it was already disposed of; however, as a mark of esteem, he presented him with a diamond ring. The gentleman thanked him in the politest manner; but added, "My Lord, 'tis a somewhat unchristian-like gift." "How so?" replied the Bishop. "Why, my Lord," said the candidate, "I asked you for *bread*, and you had given me a *stone*."

Captain G—g had been sent back sick from on board a ship, in which he was going to join his regiment in the East Indies. A friend who lodged in the same house, and was his constant companion, said to him one evening, "If you had gone to the East Indies you would not have lived six months." "Six months!" said G—, "why if I had lived there six weeks, I should have been dead half of the time."

As some gamblers were lately engaged in duping a country fellow at *put*, in a public-house near Pancras, one of them appealed to an Irishman who was looking on, whether he had not *three trays* in his hand?"—"By J—s, you had all that," said Paddy, "and what is more, I saw you take them all out of *your pocket*."

We were lately told of a Nobleman, who wished to make his son a tanner. This nobleman did not act an unnatural part. The first grave-digger in Hamlet, says, "A tanner will last you nine years" after his death.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

DIAMOND was knocked down, at the late Col. Hyde's sale, for six hundred and sixty pounds; Superior brought three hundred and fifty pounds; and the Turnip filley, two hundred and twenty pounds. The purchaser of Diamond, it is said, refused one thousand guineas for him immediately after the auction.

At no former period were the prices of horses so high as they are now. Two hunters, the property of a gentleman in Leicestershire, were lately sold, the one for seven hundred and fifty pounds, the other for six hundred and fifty pounds. Mr. Dupré, of Portland Place, purchased the former, and Lord Foley the latter.

The horse lately sold by Captain Wardell to the Duke of Rutland, for four hundred guineas, is a most astonishing leaper, and a few weeks since leaped a river, near Huntingdon, upwards of ten yards wide.

On Saturday, the 6th instant, an eminent jockey, of Newmarket, laid a bet that he *chipped* a half-penny, with a top, twenty yards in five spins; which being accepted, he *chipped* it twenty-five yards in four spins, to the astonishment of a number of spectators; several heavy bets were depending.—He afterwards played against five others at one time, and beat them all.

The rage for riding-matches against time, has lately been very prevalent—indeed a great deal too much so, if humanity to brutes

be at all considered as it really is; a positive duty.—A match of this kind is recorded in "Fuller's Worthies," which far surpasses any modern feats. In the year 1606; John Lepton, Esq. of York, for a considerable sum, engaged to ride six days in succession, between York and London; and he won his wager—he consequently rode one hundred and seven miles a day.

Mr. Pulman's bay mare, Bachelor's Frolic, by Centaur, (rode by John Jackson the beginning of this month), beat Mr. Dale's black gelding, Look-back-for-Darby, by a son of Syphon, (rode by William Peirse), 11st. each, four miles, for two hundred guineas over Seamer Moor, near Stokesley.—Five to four on Bachelor's Frolic.

Mr. Jones's blood hack, engaged to run twenty miles within the hour, did so on Wednesday the 24th ult. on Newmarket Heath, having near three minutes to spare. W. Westlake rider. The match was for one hundred guineas, the rider to be as light as the owner chose. The odds were in favour of the performance.

On Monday, March 1, a match was made at the Turf Coffee-house:—Sir F. Standish's Eagle, against Sir H. V. Tempest's Rolla; six to four on Eagle. Sir H. V. Tempest's Rolla, against Lord Sackville's Tag. Across the Flat, for one thousand guineas, h. ff. The odds six to four on Rolla.

The match between Mr. Oswald and Mr. R. Fletcher, for one thousand

thousand guineas, to produce each a horse to go one hundred miles, carrying 8st. each, to have five jockies, was run over Doncaster course, on Monday the 1st of March, and won by Mr. Oswald. After running sixty-eight miles, Mr. Fletcher finding that his antagonist was greatly superior in strength, gave up the contest. Mr. Fletcher's horse was supposed to have been hurt, by running away with the rider for the first two miles. Mr. Fletcher is the gentleman who walked over Doncaster course the 1st of March last year, and who lately lost the match he made with Mr. Barclay, to walk against time.

Ipswich, March 13.—Last Saturday Mr. Tye's brown horse, Honest Jack, ran a mile and a quarter on the turnpike road leading from Saxmundham to Yoxford, for twenty guineas, against Mr. Man's chesnut mare, Mercury, and Mr. Becket's mare, Flying Poll, which was won with ease by the horse. Odds, at starting, in favour of Flying Poll.

George Leader, of Cottenham, Cambridgeshire, lately going over North fen, in a boat, he caught, with his sprit, a brace of pike, one of which was thirty-two inches in length, and upwards of fifteen pounds in weight, and the other twenty-two inches long: he had taken a third, about twenty-six inches long; which he lost, by falling down on the largest to keep it in his boat.

Since the death of the male elephant in the menagerie, at Paris, the female has constantly languished. She mourns night and day, and is not expected to survive much longer the loss of her mate.

It having been very generally reported, that the stallion called Sir Peter Teazle was dead, we have

authority to say, that such report is entirely groundless, and that the horse continues in perfect health, at Knowlsy, near Prescott, Lancashire, as advertised in the Book of the Racing Calendar for 1801.

The sporting gentry were drawn to Colchester, on Tuesday the 16th instant, to see a famous match against time, which was expected to have taken place there. A poney, belonging to an officer, was engaged to go twenty-two miles in one hour and ten minutes, for a wager of five hundred guineas. Bets to the amount of some thousands were laid; but, on the morning the match was to have been performed, the owner of the poney paid forfeit.

A farmer, in the neighbourhood of Ipswich, lately gave a dealer fourteen guineas and a hobby, for a fine riding horse, which the latter sold as his own property; but, on the farmer's riding to Bury the following market day, the horse was claimed by the son of the person from whom it had been stolen.

The hounds of Mr. Scrase, of Ringmer, lately killed a hare, from which a young one was taken alive, and carefully preserved by Mr. Flinders, at the barracks, who has no doubt of his being able to rear it.

A party of gentlemen, coursing in Holbeach marshes the end of last month, so closely pressed a hare, that, to evade seizure by the dogs, she leaped over a horse as high as the rider's head, who was Mr. Copeland, of Friestone. Extraordinary as this may appear, it can be attested by nine gentlemen, who were all eye-witnesses to the fact.

There are now finished, at an eminent gun-maker's, in Fleet-street, six guns and six pair of pistols, of matchless workmanship, value

value about eight thousand pounds. We understand they are a present from the United States of America to the Bey of Tunis.

A few days ago, on preparing for the spit a pullet, bought in the market by a tradesman in Newcastle, a *genuine* seven-shilling piece was found in the crop of the bird.

Important information!—The Star paper says, "A vessel from Italy has just brought to Lady Hamilton a present of a case of *sows udders*."

No less than one hundred and fifty full-grown rats were lately killed in a barn, at Claverham, in Sussex. These vermin had only a few days before been routed from two other barns, distant about half a mile, and were discovered in their retreat, by the stench they emitted. One only was seen to escape.

The fables of the Ancient Bacchanals, realized.—At the late Lincoln Assizes, an action was tried, brought by the master of the Bull Inn, at Market Deeping, against the Cornet of the Ness Volunteers, for the expences of a dinner and liquors for fifty-four of the Corps. The party sat down about half past four o'clock, and mostly retired about ten.—The quantity of liquors charged was as follows:—*One hundred and twenty-six bottles of Port, forty-eight of Sherry, upwards of sixty half-crown bowls of Punch, and twenty of Negus, besides Ale and Porter.* Bacchus himself must have been foreman of the Jury, for they gave a verdict in favour of the Innkeeper, with only taking off sixpence per bottle on the Port Wine.

A mare, belonging to George Watson, Esq. of Old Malton, got by Mr. Horsley's famous old stallion, died a few days ago, aged

forty years. This mare was not broke till she was twenty-three years old.

Died, lately, Mr. John Simpson, formerly of the White Swan and Sandhill Inn, and afterwards of the Chapter Coffee-house, in York. In his time he was esteemed one of the first billiard-players, and was well known as "a fellow of infinite jest, and of most excellent fancy—his flashes of merriment oft set the table in a roar."

Died, a few days ago, after a short illness, Mr. John Smith, of Oulston, near Easingwold, well known to the gentlemen of the turf.—Mr. Barclay, the pedestrian, was in training with him, previous to his undertaking his time-match.

A new sect has arisen among our young men of fashion, which fairly threatens to drive Hyde Park and Bond-street out of vogue altogether. Neither promenades, hunters, curricles, or boxers, can tempt these heretics from the windows, or the couch. Exercise, they assert, is the evil principle, and repose the first good. Some of them are fire-worshippers, others adore flower-pots, and some lie whole mornings together under portable groves, suspended in balconies, totally indifferent to the crowds that gape up at them, and absorbed only in the contemplation of themselves. A part of them complain of spirits, or tell you they are absent, when you are talking to them; others assert, they are not at home, while they are nodding out of a casement.

The insolence, extortion, and ill behaviour of the drivers of numbered coaches, travelling short stages, particularly those on the Hammersmith road, have long been much complained of, and were generally supposed not to be cognisable by the Hackney-coach Laws: the

the determination, however, of a case lately brought at Bow-street, puts this question beyond a doubt. A lady, who lives at Hammersmith, had engaged a driver of a coach to carry her husband to town, and paid him the fare; but the prisoner not calling to take him up as directed, he was put to the greatest inconvenience. The prisoner denied the charge *in toto*, although it was strongly supported by other evidence; and the driver of another coach was produced, to swear he was the man. This the Magistrate considering as an aggravation of his offence, convicted him (under the Hackney-coach Laws) in the full penalty of three pounds.

The following hand-bill, we are informed, for assembling a Free and Easy Club, at the early hour of nine in the morning, was the result of a wager of twenty guineas, that the President would have one thousand persons to see him!

“SIR—The favour of your company is earnestly requested at the Swan and Horse-Shoe, Little Britain, on Monday, the 22d of March, 1802, and you will much oblige your humble servant,

“WM. STRETTON, President.

“N.B. The chair will be taken at nine o'clock in the morning precisely; therefore, your early attendance, together with friends, will be esteemed a particular favour.—Each gentleman attending, to pay two-pence, and receive a ticket, entitling him to the value in liquor, then, or at any time not exceeding three months afterwards.”—More than two thousand persons attended in the course of the day.

A very curious incident is mentioned in a country paper, as having lately occurred in the neighbourhood of Glashmere, county of

Waterford:—A countryman had taken so extraordinary a fancy to a young girl, who lived at some distance from him, and not meeting with proper encouragement in the usual way of addressing her, he resolved to carry her off, and marry her by force; and for this purpose engaged a number of fellows to assist him, on an appointed night. The girl's brother being informed of this plot by a person in the secret, dressed himself up in his sister's clothes, and pretended to be very busy in smoothing linen, when the ravishers approached; they burst open the door, and placed the supposed damsel behind her intended spouse, who instantly galloped off to his house, where he consigned her to the care of his mother and sister, desiring them to be very kind to her, and to keep her in bed until he went for a clergyman.—By the rudeness of this guest, however, the secret of his sex was almost immediately betrayed; and the whole terminated in a hearty laugh at the expense of the amorous Knight Errand.

The middle of this month, a turkey, that had been missing upwards of five weeks, from the premises of ——— Margisson, Esq. of Broadwater, Sussex, and supposed to have been stolen, or carried off by a fox, was by one of the maid servants discovered in the wood-house, almost starved to death amongst some furze faggots, from which it could not escape. When missed, its weight was judged to be sixteen pounds; when discovered, it did not weigh five pounds, being reduced almost to a skeleton. This poor bird, on being taken into the house, and tenderly nursed, gradually recovered, and is now in a fair way of recovery.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

ON DRURY-LANE THEATRE being
closed, and COVENT-GARDEN open,
on the day of the

FUNERAL OF THE DUKE OF BED-
FORD, MARCH 11.

TWO tenants of a late most worthy
Peer,
Whose virtues all his friends will long re-
vere,
Each shew respect, but each in different
ways,
One shuts his house, the other open stays;
The reason's plain—when due, one pays his
rent,
The other only—PAYS A COMPLIMENT!

SONG,

BY A GENTLEMAN IN THE NORTH
COUNTRY.

Tune—"The mucking o' Geordy's byre."

O! Grand bounds the deer o'er the moun-
tain,
And smooth skims the hare o'er the
plain;
At noon the cool shade by the fountain
Is sweet to his lass and the swain.

The evening sits down dark and dreary;
O! yae's the loud joke o' the ha';
The laird sings his dog and his deary,
O! he kent na he's singan' ava.

But, O! my dear lassie, when wi' thee,
What's the deer and the gaukin to me?
The storm fouchan wild drives me to thee,
And the plaid shelters baith me and
thee.

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The wide world than a' may be reeling,
Pride and riches may lift up their e'e;
My plaid laps us baith in the sheeling,
That's a' to my lassie and me.

EPIGRAM

UPON CERTAIN HORSE-STEALERS.

HOMER—or Pope—'tis all the same
In the Greek—I've understood,
Sings of the Trojan Horse's fame,
Which horse was made of wood.

I trust there is not in the town
A Paris to betray us;
But one would think these folks had
known
The fate of Menelaus—

He had a fav'rite mare to ride,
And much he griev'd her loss;
But liking still to get astride,
He kept—a wooden horse.

ANOTHER.

The high-bred steed, who ne'er before
Was known to make a trip,
And faults it had of starting none,
Nor ever wanted whip:

But when, by force thrown down, it fell,
Nor unreveng'd the blow—
Like Sampson's pillar it discharg'd
It's ruin on the foe.

* A rocking-horse, used as a sign over
the door of an eminent toyman in a coun-
try town was, a few nights since, stolen by
some *bon-vivans*, and, in the act of tak-
ing the same down, it fell, and greatly en-
dangered the heads of these levellers!

Z z

Now

Now had these men, in *new* mood,
 Been sleeping in their beds;
 'Tis ten to one this Horse had ne'er
 Have fallen on their heads:

But did it not their brains dash out?
 And did it no blood spill?
 The reason's plain—the wood was hard,
 But their heads harder still.

PIC-NIC SOCIETY.

The rooms formerly occupied by the Directors of the Ancient Concert, were opened on Monday evening the 15th instant, for the first time, as a Private Theatre; when the following Prologue was spoken by Colonel Greville:—

I Come not courting plaudits, gentle neighbours,
 They are the meed well won by toils and labours:
 Labours, God knows, unless our cause be tide well,
 May send us all as Vagabonds to Bride-well!

I come, Director, Author, Actor, Poet,
 So undefin'd my charge—I scarcely know it!

To say this night we work a revolution—
 Nay, do not start—in Routs—not Constitution!

To prove you, Ladies, sometimes may contrive

To pass a night, not jamm'd, nor starv'd alive;

And when at Pleasure's summons call'd together,

Find food for talk as pleasant as the weather.

But some there are, who view with hostile eyes

This little Theatre of Mirth arise,
 Who think *that* Female's claim to virtue o'er,

Who's seen or heard four feet above the floor.

For, say these grave Reformers of the Age,

If you must laugh, why laugh upon the Stage;

Have we not games of good old English growth,

Made to preserve our Countrymen from sloth?

To those resort whene'er you want elating,
 And laugh your fill at Boxing or Bull-baiting.

But other Critics, still more furious, own
 They'd head a mob to pull our Playhouse down;

And so, because they wisely *fancy* danger
 Lurk in the friendly aid—of liberal Strangers,

They'd head a mob! and thus would join to break

The very Law, perhaps, they help'd to make.

Shame on such nonsense! is there one denies

That Taste's a Stream whose Chann'd never dies?

Whether adorning France's wide domain,
 Or richly fertilising Britain's plain,
 Still by the spot where Wit, where Genius glows,

Her wave will sparkle as her current flows.

Oh, then, despise the mean, the narrow rule,

That chains the mind to Custom's servile school!

O, when fair Peace each social bliss restores,

Let Fashion ope to Mirth her ample doors;

And, spite of Paragraphs or Playhouse Faction,

Here let her firmly *fix*—her centre of attraction.

SONG.

Sung in a convivial party, on Wednesday the 17th instant, being the Anniversary of St. Patrick.

WHEN Saint Patrick was told by his cousin Saint *Ebide*,

That the Son of our King in full glee should preside*

At the feast this day given—dear March seventeen—

With bosom so blythe, and with *shamrock*† so green;

The Apostle of *Erin*‡ look'd down with a smile

On the sons and the friends of *Ogygia*§ fam'd Isle,

Assembled together in festive array,

To hail the return of Paddy's own day;

The Saint shed a blessing—the blessing was felt,

And thus he predicted with joy as he knelt:—

“The harp of *Lerne* || for ages that hung,

* The Duke of Kent filled the Chair as President.

† The Trefoil.

‡ Ireland—so called by the natives.

§ One of the old names of Ireland.

|| One of the poetical names of Ireland.

Or

On willows neglected, once more shall be
strung ;
The peasant shall reap, what he sow'd in
despair,
And the voice of fell discord shall vanish
in air ;
The mountains shall smile, and the valleys
shall sing,
And the chorus shall be to our Country
and King.
The *Shamrock* henceforward the emblem
shall be,
Of three kingdoms united—united and free.
The Rose and the Thistle shall wind round
its stem ;
Can the mines of Golconda produce such a
gem ?”

With these blessings in view, there are
others in store,
And if we deserve them we'll surely have
more :
Here's health and long life to our brother
John Bull,
May his heart still be light, and his coffers
still full—
May his wine always sparkle, with smiles
of content,
And the glass often move to the honour of
Kent ;
As he ripens in years, may his fame still
increase,
May the laurel in war, and the olive in peace,
Encircle his brow to an age full of years,
And his name be embalm'd in the Muse's
own tears.

We'll drink to the man now that lives
in each vein
Of an Irishman's heart—yes, 'tis Moira
I mean ;
Whose honour unsully'd for ever shall shine,
The first on the breach, and the last on the
mine.

And now to conclude with a word of
advice,
As we're all friends together, I needn't be
nice :
Henceforth let us leave all our feuds to our
foes,
And should they attempt to disturb our
repose,
They'll find us still ready, each man at his
gun,
And we'll beat them again, as we often
have done.
May the worth of our father sink deep in
each breast,
Our father, King George, in blessing still
blest :
Success to his race, big, little, thin, and small,
Once again, my dear boys, here's success
to them all.

THE ANNUAL VILLAGE FAIR.
From Mr. PRATT's late Poem, entitled,
BREAD ; or, THE POOR.

The sudden revolution which Monopoly,
and a few scanty Seasons, have produced
in the state of our Poor, has wrung
from Mr. Pratt's Muse the following
elegant and animated description of
former rustic felicity, compared with the
late abject wretchedness of the lower
orders.

AND, when the Fair return'd, how
blithe to see,
This from the plough, and that the wheel
set free ;
To hear how echo sent the mingled sound,
O'er hill and vale, to woods and streams
around.
Lo, in gay groups, the harmless people go,
Prepar'd for ev'ry prank and ev'ry show ;
All up betimes, and like the morning
drest,
In Nature's vermeil robe and lillied vest.
How sweet for early passenger to trace
Th' anticipated day in ev'ry face !
In ev'ry honest countenance reveal'd,
To read whatever the light-wing'd hours
might yield ;
The hallow'd keep-sake, ever-sacred
thing !
The motto'd garter and the posied ring ;
The bloomy ribbon, and the bonnet gay,
And hose, with figur'd clock, for holy
day ;
The father's duffel stout, and matron's
gown,
Of goodly grey or sober-seeming brown ;
The jovial feasting and the foaming ale,
The loud-sung roundelay, the merry tale ;
The feats of Merryman, the furious strife,
Warning, I ween, to maids ! of Punch
and wife !
The bridal-day pronounc'd, the banns ar-
rang'd,
The vow repeated, and the kiss exchang'd ;
Then to their cots, unmindful of the dews,
Pockets with fairings, and heads cramm'd
with news,
For kinsfolk dear at home, who pining
there
Haply sit up to hear about the fair !
And then for grandsire old, and granny
grey,
Came forth the soft memorials of the day ;
The polish'd snuff-box, with its pungent
store,
The sweetmeats rare, and bravely gilded
o'er ;
While those too young, like those too old
to rove,
Receive their tokens of remember'd love ;
The

The shrilly whistle, and more manly togs
 For the weak infant, and the sturdy boy,
 These, lightly slumb'ring, or their little
 eyes,
 By hope unclos'd, beheld, with glad sur-
 prise,
 Those tokens gay, and, half asleep, would
 take
 The luscious lovenge, or the tempting
 cake,
 The orange sweet, or golden gingerbread,
 And strow with many a crumb the tiny
 bed:
 Small gifts! yet, ah, how pris'd! and
 brought to view,
 As treasures promis'd, and expected too!
 For still from youth, to nature's latest
 hour,
 The LITTLE CARES preserve their ma-
 gic power.

To stole the time in rural happiness,
 When love and pleasure hur'd to soft ex-
 cess;
 Ah, trespass rare! by tenfold, labours
 brought.

A passing sun-beam in a tempest caught!
 The fleeting jubilee of one brief day,
 On which the peasant loss'd his soul to
 play;
 On which the long revolving months to
 cheer,
 He felt the pause that soften'd all his year.

Yes, those were the times when peo-
 ples could afford
 The blisc division of the social board!
 Those were the days when men might
 work and live,
 And the kind amities receive and give!
 Friend, neighbour, lover, were by turns
 carcas'd,
 And rural comfort was the poor man's
 guest.

O, days of soft content, so late our own!
 O, times of rapture! whither are ye flown?

As a proper Supplement to the above, we
 take the liberty to introduce the fol-
 lowing

RETROSPECT and CONVERSATION OF A VILLAGE FAIR.

Written several Years since,

By WILLIAM HAMILTON REID.

THE day declin'd that gave the annual
 feast,
 The rings, the active pastimes all had
 cess'd;
 Now jingling bells in morrice dance delight;
 Nor brandish'd swords, amaze or please the
 sight;

But conqu'ring swains on shoulders off are
 borne,
 Whom village maids with ribbands gay
 adorn;

When, various as the pleasures of the day,
 A retrospect of joy they all assay
 In converse free; while cake, or manding
 juice,

Removes each weight that bashful fears
 produce.

Hence, as the wish inspires the clam'rous
 mass,

In envy'd turns the casual stories pass,
 Of last year's feats upon the crowded green;
 How will-a-wisp returning home was seen;
 How Hunka, the wizard, in the pool was
 thrown,

And, spite of all the townsfolk, would not
 drown!

How prayers said backwards were the
 witches sin;

How such in hares had often hunted been;
 How oft on brooms they're borne o'er
 steeples high,

How Dairy Kate no butter could supply,
 Tho' long hard churning with the richest
 cream,

And none but Marg'ry Hodgkins was to
 blame!

Sour looks from Kate old Marg'ry ne'er
 could brook,

Sore vex'd at these, she once wish'd Kate
 ill luck--

"Kate vow'd sh'ad teats, and gave
 young imps to suck!"

Meanwhile, times past, the aged sire's
 delight,

Their juvenile acts they gracefully recite;
 Vow youths more wild than those of former
 days;

And talk of floods and storms, and high
 church frays;

Or Marlborough's wars, that press'd old
 age to arms;

Or rebel bands, that spread the wide
 alarms;

Or ancient halls, which lazy monks sur-
 round;

Or castles raz'd by Cromwell to the
 ground;

Then drink and wish that George may
 reign serene,

And breathe a pray'r for Britain's matchless
 Queen;

And parting friendly, sink in sleep pe-
 found;

Not so young Hodge—for, ah! he felt
 the wound

That Phillis gave—yet hope thus soothes
 his sighs,

"That next feast-day for her he'll win the
 prize."



RACES PAST.

SALISBURY.

ON Wednesday, the 9th day of September, His Majesty's Plate of 100gs, for four yr olds, 10st. 4lb. five yr olds, 11st. 6lb. six yr olds, 12st. and aged, 12st. 2lb.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Ladbroke's ch. c. Mystery, by Woodpecker,	4 yrs old	—	1	1
Mr. Martin's ch. c. Better,	4 yrs old	—	3	2
Mr. Græme's br. h. Shum Sheer Jung, 6 yrs old			2	dr

On Thursday the 10th, the City Plate, being a large Silver Bowl, for any horse, &c. carrying 10st.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Williams's b. h. General	—	1	1
Mr. Weeks's br. h. Moonraker	—	2	2

The City Members' Plate of 100l. for four yr olds, 7st. 7lb. five yr olds, 8st. 5lb. six yr olds, 9st. and aged, 9st. 4lb. The winner

of one Plate this year, carrying 3lb. extra of two, 5lb. extra.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Græme's Shum Sheer Jung, by Pegasus, 6 yrs old	—	1	1
Mr. Martin's ch. c. Better,	4 yrs old	—	2
Mr. Dilly's ch. c. Brighton,	4 yrs old	—	3

On Friday the 11th, 50l. for maiden horses, three yr olds, a feather, four yr olds, 7st. 4lb. five yr olds, 8st. six yr olds, 8st. 10lb. and aged, 9st. 3lb.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Jeffry's b. c. He-phestion, 4 yrs old	1	2	1
Mr. Elton's b. c. Deser-ter, 3 yrs old	2	1	2

BEDFORD.

ON Thursday, the 10th of September, the Woburn Stakes of 100gs each, four miles, with this condition, that the winner was to

be sold for 125gs, if demanded,
&c. (5 Subscribers.)

H. R. H. the P. of Wales's b.
h. Jack Andrews, by Joe
Andrews, aged, 9st. 3lb. 1

Mr. Watson's b. c. Triumvir,
4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. — 2

Mr. Golding's b. c. Skyrocket,
4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. 3

Fifty Pounds, given by his
Grace the Duke of Bedford, for
three yr olds—heats, once round.

Mr. T. Sadler's
b. c. Pyrrhus,
by Alexander,
8st. 4lb. 2 4 0 1 1

Mr. Watson's b.
c. by Delpini,
8st. 4lb. (ran
out of the
Course the
last heat) 4 1 0 2 2

Mr. Clifton's b.
c. Brilliant, 8st. 3 3 4 3

Mr. Golding's b.
f. Lampedo,
8st. 2lb. 1 2 3 dr

On Friday, 5ol. for all ages—
4-mile heats.

H. R. H. the P. of Wales's
b. c. John O'Groat, by
Overton, 4 yrs old, 7st.
13lb. — 1 1

Mr. Golding's b. h. Boaster,
6 yrs old, 9st. 1lb. 2 dr

Hunters' Sweepstakes of 5gs
each (with 15gs added from the
Race Fund) for horses, &c. bona
fide the property of the Subscri-
bers, and that never won a Plate
or Sweepstakes—2-mile heats,
with this condition, that the win-
ner was to be sold for 80gs, if de-
manded, &c. (7 Subscribers.)

D. of Bedford's ch. c. by
King Fergus, out of Lou-
isa, by Pistol, 4 yrs old,
8st. — 1 1

Mr. Spencer's b. m. Loui-

sa, by Highflyer, out of
Cunegonde, aged, 9st.
8lb. — 2 2

NORTH AMERICA.

FREDERICKSBURG:

TAPPAHANNOCK, MAY 12,
1801.

[On this day, the Tappahannock Jockey
Club Races commenced.]

FIRST day, Tuesday, 4-mile
heats, 200 dollars.

Col. Tayloe's h. Whistle
Jacket, 6 yrs old, 12olb. 1 1
Major Hoskins's m. Celeri-
ty, 5 yrs old, 11olb. 2 dis

Col. Tayloe's c. Harper, 3 yrs
old, walked over for the 100 dol-
lars Sweepstakes each—Gallatin,
the only colt shewn, being lame.

Wednesday 13th, 3-mile heats,
150 dollars.

Col. Tayloe's h. Little Devil, by
Dare Devil, (bred by himself)
walked over.

FAIRFIELD SPRING MEET- ING.

On Tuesday, the 19th of May,
a Sweepstakes of 100 dollars each,
7 Subscribers, for four yr olds—
2-mile heats.

Mr. Seldon's ro. c. Corian-
der — 1 1

Mr. Stark's ch. g. by Dare
Devil — 2 2

Mr. Tayloe's Kill Devil, by
ditto — dis

On Wednesday, the first day's
Jockey Club Plate of 450 dollars,
for all ages, 14olb. the standard—
4-mile heats.

Mr. Tayloe's gr. g. Levia-
than, by Shark, aged 1 1
Mr.

Mr. Simmon's br. m. Do-
rries, by Shark, 5 yrs
old, 113lb. — 2 2

On Thursday, the second day's
Jockey Club Plate of 200 dollars
—3-mile heats.

Mr. Hoome's b. f. by Bed-
ford — 1 1

Mr. Tayloe's Mendoza, by
Boxer — 2 2

Mr. Dixon's ch.h. Glympse 3 dis

Mr. Seldon's b. m. Cælia dis

CHARLESTON.

On Wednesday, the Charleston
Races, over Washington Course,
commenced:

First Day—4-mile heats.

Col. Hampton's f. Lady Bull,
by John Bull, 4 yrs old,
106lb. — 1 1

Major Macpherson's Merry
Andrew, 6 yrs old, 129lb. 2 2

Gen. Washington's Shark,
aged, 133lb. dis

Mr. Alston's Adelaide, 4 yrs.
old, 100lb. dis

The first heat was run in eight
minutes and eight seconds.

Second Day—3-mile heats.

Mr. Jenkin's Mogul, aged,
133lb. — 1 1

Col. Hampton's Highlander,
5 yrs old, 117lb. 3 2

Gen. Washington's Young
Medley, 106lb. 2 3

Mr. Quash's Miranda, 4 yrs
old, 103lb. — dis

The first heat was run in eight
minutes and ten seconds; the se-
cond heat in eight minutes and ten
seconds.

Third Day—2-mile heats.

Col. Hampton's f. Arabella 1 1

Mr. Bellinger's c. Furious
Cellos — 2 2

Mr. Quash's Ragamuffin 3 dis

Gen. Washington's Lavinia 4 dis

Mr. Alston's c. Slouch 5 dis

TOLL PURSE.

On Saturday the Toll Purse
was run for, over the above
Course—3-mile heats.

Col. Hampton's f. Lady
Bull, 4 yrs old 1 1

Major Macpherson's Merry
Andrew, 6 yrs old 2 2

Mr. Jenkins' Mogul, aged 3 dr

Gen. Washington's Shark,
aged — dis

PONTEFRAC.

ON Tuesday, September the
15th, 50l. given by the
Members for the Borough, for all
ages; three yr olds, 6st. 9lb. four
yr olds, 7st. 9lb. five yr olds, 8st.
4lb. six yr olds and aged, 8st.
10lb. A winner of one fifty this
year, carrying 3lb. of two, 6lb.
extra. Maiden horses, &c. al-
lowed 3lb.—2-mile heats.

Ld Darlington's b. c
Haphazard, by Sir Pe-
ter, 4 yrs old 1 0 1

Mr. Wheatley's b. h.
Midnight, 5 yrs old 2 0 2

Mr. Sitwell's b. c. Lamp-
lighter, 3 yrs old 4 3 3

Mr. Wentworth's b. c.
Myrtle, 3 yrs old 3 dr

On Wednesday the 16th, 50l.
for all ages; three yr olds, 5st.
2lb. four yr olds, 7st. 5lb. five yr
olds, 8st. 3lb. six yr olds and aged,
9st. Maiden horses, &c. allowed
3lb. and the winner of two fifties,
carrying 4lb. extra.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Sitwell's br. g. Cock-
boat, by Overton, 5 yrs
old — 1 1

Mr. Cornforth's b. c. An-
tæus, 4 yrs old 2 2

Sir R. Winn's b. h. Kite,
5 yrs old — 3 dis

Ld Scarborough's b. c. Wan-
derer, 4 yrs old dis

2 2 On

RACING CALENDAR.

On Thursday the 17th, 50l. for three yr olds, 7st. 2lb. and four yr olds, 8st. 2lb. the winner of any Sweepstakes or 50l. Plate, this year, carrying 3lb. extra.—2-mile heats.

Mr. Wilson's b. c. Driver,	
by Hubby, 3 yrs old	1 1
Sir T. Gascoigne's b. c.	
Doodle, 3 yrs old	4 2
Mr. Sitwell's b. c. Lamp-	
lighter, 3 yrs old	2 3
Hr. Hotham's b. f. by Tra-	
veller, 3 yrs old	3 dr

SHREWSBURY.

ON Tuesday, September the 15th, a Maiden Plate of 50l. —4-mile heats.

Mr. Howorth's b. h. Chip-	
penham, by Trumpator,	
5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb.	1 1
Sir R. Lawley's gr. g. Fi-	
sherwick, 6 yrs old, 8st.	
10lb.	2 2

On Wednesday the 16th, 50l. given by the Members for the Borough, for all ages—4-mile heats.

Mr. Lord's b. c. Bloodstick,	
by Alexander, 3 yrs old,	
6st. 7lb.	1 1
Mr. Howorth's b. h. Chip-	
penham, 5 yrs old, 8st.	
6lb.	2 dr

On Thursday the 17th, 50l. for three yr olds, 7st. 7lb. and four yr olds, 8st. 7lb. A winner of one Plate, carrying 3lb. of two, 5lb. and of more, 7lb. extra.—heats, twice round.

Mr. Lord's b. c. Bloodstick,	
3 yrs old	1 1
Mr. Field's b. c. Citizen,	
4 yrs old	2 2

TEWKESBURY.

ON Tuesday, September the 15th, 50l. for all ages—2-mile heats.

Mr. Painter's br. c. Cres-	
well, by Chance, 3 yrs	
old, 6st. 9lb.	1 1
Mr. T. Carr's b. c. First	
Fruits, 4 yrs old, 7st.	
12lb.	5 2
Mr. Bowes's b. g. by Dun-	
gannon, five yrs old, 8st.	
4lb.	2 3
Mr. Snell's b. c. St. Vincent,	
4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.	4 4
Mr. Coventry's ch. f. Jenny	
Spinner, 4 yrs old, 7st.	
11lb.	3 dr
Mr. Ridler's b. g. Chance,	
aged, 8st. 10lb.	6 dr

On Wednesday the 16th, 50l. for all ages—4-mile heat, won at two heats, by

Mr. Coventry's Jenny Spinner, by Dragon.

The particulars not yet received from the Clerk of the Course.

STOCKTON-ON-TEES.

ON Wednesday, the 16th of September, a Sweepstakes of 100s each, for three yr old colts, 8st. and fillies, 7st. 12lb.—two miles. (6 Subscribers.)

Sir H. T. Vane's b. c. by Tra-	
veller, out of Shuttle's dam	1
Sir H. Williamson's b. c. Lan-	
caster	2
Mr. Dodsworth's br. c. by Ru-	
ler, dam by Herod	3
Mr. Robinson's b. f. Swallow	
bolted	

The Maiden Plate of 50l. was not run for, only two horses being entered.

On Thursday, 50l. for three and four yr olds that had not won above 50s since the first of March last, three yr olds, 7st. 4lb. and four yr olds, 8st. 4lb. A winner of a fifty, carrying 3lb. extra.—3-mile heats.

Sir

Sir J. Lawson's b. f. Quiver, by Dart, dam by Drone, 4 yrs old 2 1 1
 Sir H. Williamson's b. c. Lancaster, 3 yrs old — 1 3 2
 Mr. T. Hutchinson's b. c. by Overton, 3 yrs old — 3 2 dr

Hunters' Sweepstakes of 5gs each, rode by gentlemen, for horses, &c. not thorough-bred; four yr olds, 11st. 7lb. all above that age, 12st.—2-mile heats. (11 Subscribers.)

Mr. Hutton's gr. b. Confessor, by Delpini, 5 yrs old (rode by Mr. Baker) 1 1
 Mr. F. Hartley's gr. m. Madame Frederique, aged (the owner) 3 2
 Mr. Jadis's b. g. by Astonishment, five yrs old (Sir B. Smith) — 2 3
 Mr. Lowson's b. h. by Windleston, 6 yrs old; Mr. Middleton's b. g. by Pipator, 4 yrs old; and Sir R. Milbank's gr. h. by Windleston pd

On Friday the 18th, 5ol. for all ages.

No race, only one horse being entered.

LEICESTER.

ON Wednesday, September the 16th, 5ol. free for any horse—2-mile heats.

Ld Stamford's ch. c. Chanter, by Pipator, 4 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. — 1 1
 Mr. Wilson's ch. m. Rolla, aged, 9st. — 2 2

On Thursday the 17th, 5ol. for any horse, &c. that never won a Royal Plate—4-mile heats.

Ld Stamford's ch. c. Chanter, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. 1 1
 Mr. Ackers's br. c. Ben Devaynes, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. — 2 dr
 Mr. Fisher's b. g. Leicester, 5 yrs old, beat Mr. Wilson's Rolla, two miles, 4ogs.

DONCASTER.

ON Saturday, September the 19th, Mr. Johnson's Sir Solomon, by Sir Peter, beat Sir H. T. Vane's Cockfighter, 8st. 7lb. each, 5ogs, h. ft—13 to 8 on Cockfighter.

On Tuesday, September 22, the St. Legar Stakes of 25gs each, for three yr old colts, 8st. 2lb. and fillies, 8st.—two miles. (11 Subscribers.)

Mr. G. Crompton's c. Quiz, by Buzzard — 1
 Sir W. Gerard's b. c. Belleisle 2
 Ld Fitzwilliam's ch. c. Miracle 3
 Mr. Brome's b. c. Trowers 4
 D. of Hamilton's b. c. by Serpent — 5
 Ld Darlington's ch. c. Muly Moloch — 6
 Mr. Lockley's b. c. Attainment 7
 Sir T. Gascoigne's ch. c. Lenox — 8
 5 to 2 agst Muly Moloch, 3 to 1 agst Lenox, 4 and 5 to 1 agst Miracle, 5 to 1 agst Belleisle, and 7 to 1 agst Quiz.

Same day, Mr. Wilson's f. Swift, by Buzzard, beat Mr. Hewett's c. Clayton, by Overton, 8st. each, two miles, 5ogs.

5 to 2 on Clayton.

The Corporation Plate of 5ol. for horses, &c. of all ages—4-mile heats.

Mr. Sitwell's br. g. Cockboat, by Overton, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. — 1 1
 Mr.

Mr. Concannon's Richmond, 4 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. 2 dr
5 to 1 on Cockboat.

On Wednesday, the last year of the renewed Doncaster Stakes of 20gs each, with 20gs added by the Corporation of Doncaster, for any horse, &c. bona fide, the property of a Subscriber, or his declared confederate; three yr olds, 6st. four yr olds, 7st. 7lb. five yr olds, 8st. 3lb. six yr olds and aged, 8st. 10lb.—four miles. (13 Subscribers.)

Mr. Wentworth's b. c. Chance,
by Lurcher, out of Rec-
very, 4 yrs old — 1
Mr. Garforth's ch. c. Hyacin-
thus, 4 yrs old. 2
Sir H. T. Vane's b. h. Cock-
fighter, 5 yrs old 3
D. of Hamilton's b. c. by Ser-
pent, 3 yrs old 4
6 to 4 on Cockfighter, 5 to 2 agst
Chance.

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for
colts and fillies, then two yrs old;
colts, 8st. fillies, 7st. 12lb.—last
mile.

Ld Fitzwilliam's b. c. by Be-
ningbrough, out of Evelina 1
Ld-Strathmore's b. c. by Pipa-
tor, out of Queen Mab 2
D. of Hamilton's b. c. by Wal-
nut, dam by Javelin 3
Ld Darlington's b. c. by Star,
out of Abigail 4
D. of Hamilton's b. c. by Wal-
nut, dam by Clayhall Marske 5
Even betting and 5 to 4 on Ld
Darlington, 3 to 1 agst the D.
of Hamilton, and 10 to 1 agst
the winner.

The Gold Cup, value 100gs,
free for any horse, &c. Three
yr olds, 6st. four yr olds, 7st.
7lb. five yr olds, 8st. 3lb. six yr
olds, 8st. 12lb. and aged, 9st.

The winner of any Subscription
Plate at York, or any King's Plate,
this year, carrying 4lb. extra. of
any two, 7lb.—four miles.

Mr. Wentworth's b. c. Chance,
by Lurcher, 4 yrs old 1
Mr. Johnson's b. h. Sir Solomon,
5 yrs old, (7lb. extra.) 2
Ld Darlington's b. c. Cham-
pion, 4 yrs old 3
Mr. Lockley's b. c. Attain-
ment, 3 yrs old 4

Even betting on Sir Solomon, 5
to 2 agst Champion, 3 to 1 agst
Chance.

On Thursday, 100l. for three
yr olds, 7st. 5lb. and four yr olds,
8st. 7lb. Maiden colts allowed
2lb. Maiden fillies, 3lb. The
winner of any Subscription or
Sweepstakes, carrying 4lb. extra.
—two mile heats.

Ld Darlington's b. c.
Haphazard, by Sir
Peter, 4 yrs old 5 2 1 1
Mr. L. Savile's ch. c.
Cinnamon, 4 yrs
old 1 3 3 2
Mr. Wentworth's b.
c. Chance, 4 yrs
old — 4 1 2 3
Ld Fitzwilliam's Mi-
racle, 3 yrs old 2 dr
Mr. Brome's b. c.
Trowsers, by Tra-
veller, 3 yrs old 3 dr

6 to 4 on Chance, both before and
after the first heat; after the
second heat, 5 to 2 on Chance,
and after the third heat, 3 to 1
on Haphazard.

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, with
20gs added by the Corporation of
Doncaster, for three yr old fillies,
8st. each—two miles. (7 Sub-
scribers.)

Mr. Peirse's b. f. by Buzzard,
out of Contessina 1

Mr.

RACING CALENDAR.

7

Mr. G. Crompton's b. f. Rigadoon, by Delpini 2
D. of Hamilton's bl. f. by Restless, dam by Bourdeaux 3

2 to 1 on Rigadoon, 3 to 1 agst the D. of Hamilton's filly, and 5 to 1 agst Mr. Peirae's filly.

Mr. Parker's b. h. Heart of Oak, by Windlestone, beat at two heats, Mr. Swann's b. g. Bronti, 10st. each—4-mile heats, 6ogs.

3 and 4 to 1 on Bronti.

ENFIELD.

The winner each day to be sold for 130gs, if demanded, &c.

ON Monday, the 21st of September, 50l. by three and four yr olds—heats, two miles and a quarter.

Mr. Martin's ch. c. Better, by King Fergus, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. 1 1

Mr. Jeffery's b. c. Hephession, 4 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. 2 2

Mr. Kent's b. g. Freeholder, by Volunteer, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. 4 3

Mr. Frogley's br. f. by Protector, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. (ran out) 3 dis

On Wednesday the 23d, 50l. for all ages—4-mile heats.

Mr. Smallman's b. h. Jack Andrews, by Joe Andrews, aged, 9st. 3lb. 1 0 1

Mr. Frogley's gr. g. Ploughboy, aged, 9st. 5 0 2

Mr. Durand's bl. h. Velvet-horn, 5 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. 2 4 4

Mr. Penson's b. g. Little Thought-of, 6 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. 3 3 5

Mr. Jeffery's b. c. He-

phession, 4 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. 4 5 3
Mr. Emden's b. g. Con- tester, 8st. 11lb. 6 dis

NORTHAMPTON.

ON Tuesday, September the 22d, 50l. for three yr olds—heats, about a mile and half.

Mr. Watson's b. c. Striver, by Delpini, 8st. 7lb. 1 1

Mr. Bott's ch. c. Miniature, by Volunteer, 8st. 2lb. 2 2

On Wednesday, the 23d, the Town Purse of 50l. for all ages—4-mile heats.

Mr. Fisher's b. g. Leicester, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. 1 1

Mr. Craven's ch. f. by Walnut, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. 2 2

NEWMARKET

FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

ON Monday, September the 28th, Ld Clermont's b. h. by Meteor, 7st. 8lb. beat Mr. Morland's Pet, 7st. 9lb. and half, R. M. 5ogs.—6 to 4 on Ld Clermont.

Sweepstakes of 200gs each, h. ft. for three yr old colts, carrying 8st. 7lb. and fillies, 8st. Across the Flat.

Sir C. Bunbury's b. f. Eleanor, by Whiskey 1

Mr. Tharp's b. f. Miss Fuery, sister to Chippenham 2

Ld Grosvenor's ch. c. by John Bull, out of Maid of All Work, Ld Grosvenor's br. c. by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Nina, Sir F. Standish's b. f. sister to Archduke (dead), Mr. Norton's b. c. by Co-riander, out of Mrs. Siddons, and Mr. Heathcote's b. c. brother

brother to Magic, by Volunteer — pd ft.

15 to 8 on Eleanor.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. R. M. — — —

Mr. F. Neale's ch. m. Hippona, by King Fergus, 8st. 2lb. 1

Mr. Watson's b. c. Triumvir, 7st. — 2

Mr. Wilson's b. c. Surprize, 8st. 3lb. — pd ft.

5 to 1 on Hippona.

Ld Egremont's ch. h. Bobtail, by Precipitate, 8st. 11lb. beat Mr. R. Heathcote's ch. f. Georgiana, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. Ab. M. 200gs.

4 and 5 to 1 on Bobtail.

Ld Sackville's b. c. Dick Andrews, by Joe Andrews, 7st. 12lb. recd. 20gs from Mr. F. Neale's Humbug, 8st. 8lb. B. C. 100gs, h. ft.

Sir C. Bunbury's b. f. Julia, sister to Clarissa, recd. 40gs from Mr. Tharp's br. f. by Mr. Teazle, out of Chippenham's dam, 8st. each, Two yr old Course, 100gs, h. ft.

On Tuesday, the D. of Grafton's ch. c. Flambeau, by Sky-scraper, or Grouse, 8st. beat Ld Clermont's br. c. brother to Recruit, 7st. 10lb. Ab. M. 100gs, h. ft.—4 to 1 on Flambeau.

Fifty Guineas, free for any horse, &c. four yr olds carrying 7st. 4lb. five yr olds, 8st. 5lb. six yr olds, 8st. 11lb. and aged, 9st. B. C.

Ld Sackville's b. c. Dick Andrews, by Joe Andrews, 4 yrs old, walked over.

On Wednesday, Mr. Wilson's b. c. Triumvir, by Volunteer, 7st. 10lb. beat Sir C. Bunbury's gr. c. Froth, 7st. 3lb. the First three quarters of Ab. M. 15gs.—7 to 4 on Triumvir.

D. of Grafton's ch. f. Remnant, by Trumpator, beat Ld Clermont's b. c. brother to Spear, 8st. each, Ab. M. 100gs.

3 to 1 on Remnant.

The Town Plate of 50l. for three yr old colts, 8st. 7lb. and fillies, 8st. 3lb. D. I.

N. B. The late Mr. Perram, by his will, directed his executors to pay 30gs to the winner of this Plate.

D. of Grafton's b. f. Penelope, by Trumpator — 1

Sir F. Standish's b. f. by Sir Peter, out of the Yellow mare 2

Mr. Heathcote's b. c. brother to Magic — 3

Mr. Watson's b. c. Striver, by Delpini — 4

Mr. Hoomes's ch. c. by Precipitate — 5

Mr. T. Smith's b. c. Deserter, by Escape — 6

3 to 1 on Penelope.

On Thursday, D. of Grafton's b. m. Hornby Lass, by Buzzard, 8st. 11lb. beat Mr. F. Neale's Humbug, 8st. D. I. 50gs.

Even betting.

Sir C. Bunbury's b. f. Eleanor, by Whiskey, beat the D. of Grafton's ch. c. Flambeau, 8st. 2lb. each, Across the Flat, 200gs, h. ft.

13 to 8 on Eleanor.

The King's Plate of 100gs, for four yr olds, carrying 10st. 4lb. five yr olds, 11st. 6lb. six yr olds, 12st. and aged, 12st. 2lb. R. C.

Ld Sackville's b. c. Dick Andrews, by Joe Andrews, 4 yrs old — 1

Mr. Ladbroke's ch. c. Mystery, 4 yrs old — 2

Mr. Heathcote's b. c. Ambo, by Overton, 4 yrs old. 3

2 to 1 on Dick Andrews, 5 to 2 agst

agst Mystery, and 10 to 1 agst Ambb.

Mr Wilson's b. c. Triumvir, by Volunteer, 8st. 7lb. beat Sir C. Bunbury's Froth, 7st. 4lb. the first three quarters of Ab. M. 25gs.

7 to 4 on Triumvir.

MAIDENHEAD.

ON Monday, the 28th of September, a Subscription of 5gs. each, for a Silver Cup, value 50l. the remainder in specie, for horses, &c. that never won a Plate or Sweepstakes of the value of 50l.—4 mile heats. (10 Subscribers.)

Mr. Spencer's b. m. Louisa, by Highflyer, aged, 9st. 11lb. — 1 1

Mr Smith's ch. f. by Don Quixote, 4 yr. olds, 9st. 11lb. — 2 dr

MORPETH.

ON Tuesday, September the 29th, 50l. given by the Earl of Carlisle, for three yr olds;—2-mile heats.

Sir H. Williamson's b. c. Lancaster, by Sir Peter — 1 1
Mr. W. Hutchinson's ch. f. — 2 2

Sir H. Williamson's Lancaster recd. from Mr. Brandling's f. by Pegasus, 100gs.

On Wednesday the 30th, 50l. for all ages;—4-mile heats.

Mr. Baker's b. h. Jonah, by Escape, 6 yrs old — 1 1
Sir H. Williamson's b. h. Honeycomb, 6 yrs old — 2 2

Mr. Howe's b. m. beat Mr. Brown's br. h. 9st. each;—4 mile heats, 50gs.

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On Thursday, the 1st of October, the Members' Plate of 50l. for all ages;—3-mile heats.

Sir H. Williamson's b. c. Lancaster, by Sir Peter, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. — 1 1
Mr Vardy's m. Rosemary — 3 2
Mr. Baker's Jonah, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. — 2 3

BOROUGHBRIDGE.

ON Wednesday, the 30th of September, a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for three yr old colts, 8st. 2lb. and fillies, 8st.—two miles.

Mr. G. Crompton's b. c. Ban- tum, by Buzzard — 1
Mr. G. Crompton's ch. f. Ro- samond — 2
Mr. Wilson's b. f. Swift — 3
Mr. Fletcher's ch. c. Malta, by Buzzard, out of Trimbush's dam — 4
Sir T. Gascoigne's b. c. Doo- dle — 5

The Members' Plate of 50l. for all ages, was not run for, for want of horses.

On Thursday, the 1st of October, 50l. for three yr olds, 7st. 10lb. and four yr olds, 8st. 8lb. A winner of one Plate this season, carrying 3lb. extra. of two, 5lb. Maiden horses allowed 3lb.—2 mile heats.

Mr. J. Hutchinson's f. Ex- pectation, by Overton, 3 yrs old — 1 1
Mr. Fletcher's ch. c. Malta, 3 years old — 3 2
Mr. G. Searle's b. c. Ban- tam (bolted) — 2 dis

On Friday the 2d, 50l. for all ages; three yr olds, 6st. four yr olds, 7st. 7lb. five yr olds, 8st. 4lb. six yr olds, 8st. 10lb. and aged, 8st.

8st. 12lb. A winner of one col. this season, carrying 3lb. of 100l. or two fifties, 5lb. extra.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Hutchinson's				
Expectation, 3				
ysr old	—	1	2	0 1
Sir J. Lawson's f.				
Q. ver, 4 yrs old	4	1	0	2
Mr. Sitwell's Cock-				
boat, 5 yrs old	2	3	3	3
Mr. Wilson's S. ift,				
3 yrs old, (fell				
lame)	—	3	dis	

MALTON.

ON Wednesday, October the 7th, a Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for all ages;—two miles. (7 Subscribers)

Ld Darlington's b. c. Agonis-				
tes, by Sir Peter, 4 years old,				
7st. 10lb.	—	1		
Mr. Peirse's b. h. Game-nut,				
6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb.	2			
Mr. Lumley Savile's ch. c.				
Cinnamon, 4 yrs old, 7st.				
10lb.	—	3		
Mr. Robinson's b. c. Trow-				
sers, 3 yrs old, 7st.	—	4		
5 to 2 on Agonistes.				

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for three yr old colts, 8st. 2lb. and fillies, 8st.—two miles. (seven Subscribers)

Mr. G. Crompton's ch. c.				
Quiz, by Buzzard	—	1		
Mr. Robinson's b. f. by Over-				
ton, out of Fanny	—	2		
2 and 3 to 1 on Quiz.				

On Thursday the 8th, 50l. for all ages; three yr olds, 6st. 6lb. four yr olds, 7st. 6lb. five yr olds, 8st. 1lb. six yr olds, 8st. 7lb. and aged, 8st. 9lb. A winner of one

col. this year, in Plate, Match, or Sweepstakes, carrying 3lb. of two, 5lb. of three, 7lb. extra. A King's Plate considered as two fifties.—three mile heats.

Mr. Peirse's b. h. Game-				
nut, by Walnut, 6 yrs				
old	—	4	1	1
Mr. G. Crompton's ch.				
c. Quiz, 3 yrs old	1	2	3	
Mr. Hutchinson's br. b.				
Risby, 6 yrs old	3	4	2	
Mr. Robinson's f. Swal-				
low, 3 yrs old	—	2	3	dr
6 to 4 agst Game-nut, and 2 to 1				
agst Quiz; after the first heat,				
even betting on Game-nut; and				
after the second heat, high odds				
he won.				

On Friday the 16th, 50l. for three and four yr olds;—2-mile heats.

Mr. Cornforth's b.				
c. Wrestler, by				
Antæus, 4 yrs old,				
8st. 11lb.	0	1	3	1
Mr. Savile's ch. c.				
Cinnamon, 4 yrs				
old, 9st. 1lb.	1	2	2	2
Mr. Robinson's f.				
Cotillion, 3 yrs				
old, 7st. 9lb.	0	4	1	3
Mr. G. Crompton's				
f. Ligadoon, 3 yrs				
old, 7st. 12lb.	2	3	dr	
Cinnamon the favourite.				

NEWMARKET

SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

ON Monday, October the 12th, Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. fr. for two yr old colts, carrying 8st. 7lb. and fillies, 8st. 3lb. Two yr old Course. Those bred in Ireland, or got by untried stallions, or by Coriander, Whiskey, or Drumater,

Drumater, allowed 3lb. (8 Subscribers.)

Sir C. Bunbury's br. f. Julia, by Whiskey — 1

Mr. Wastell's gr. f. sister to Little Scott — 2

Mr. Whaley's b. c. Informer, by Drumator, dam by High-flyer — 3

2 to 1 on Julia, 5 to 2 agst Mr. Wastell's filly, and 6 to 1 agst Informer.

Ld Egremont's ch. h. Bobtail, by Precipitate, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. beat Mr. Heathcote's Popinjay, 4 yrs old, 7st. 11lb. Ab. M. 20ogs.

7 to 4 on Popinjay.

D. of Grafton's ch. f. Remnant, by Trumpator, 7st. 7lb. beat Mr. Tharp's b. f. Miss Fucry, 7st. 13lb. Across the Flat, 10ogs, h. ft.

6 to 4 on Remnant.

Mr. Watson's b. c. Gaoler, by Volunteer, 8st. 7lb. recd. ft. from Mr. Concanon's c. by Dunganon, out of Flirtilla, 7st. 10lb. Across the Flat, 10ogs, h. ft.

Mr. Watson's ch. h. Canterbury, by Pot8o's, 8st. recd. ft. from Mr. F. Neale's Humbug, 7st. 12lb. First three miles of B. C. 10ogs, h. ft.

Mr. Elton's gr. c. by Pot8o's, out of Brighton Belle, agst Mr. Rooke's c. by Precipitate, dam by Mercury, out of Wren, 8st. each, Across the Flat, 10ogs, h. ft.— Off by consent.

On Tuesday, Sweepstakes of 5ogs each, h. ft. by two yr old colts, carrying 8st. 3lb. fillies, 8st. Two yr old Course. Those by untried stallions, or out of untried mares, allowed 4lb. (14 Subscribers.)

Mr. Pantan's bl. c. Flageolet, by Trumpator, out of Jet 1

Ld Clermont's ch. f. by Trumpator, out of Young Doxy (allowed 4lb.) 2

Ld Grosvenor's b. c. by Ormond, out of Tulip (allowed 4lb.) — 3

D. of Grafton's b. f. by Sky-scraper, out of Woodbine (allowed 4lb.) 4

Ld Stawell's ch. c. Apollo, by Precipitate, dam by Woodpecker, out of a sister to Driver (allowed 4lb.) 5

Even betting on the D. of Grafton's filly, 4 and 5 to 1 agst Flageolet, 5 to 1 agst Apollo, and 8 to 1 agst Ld Clermont's filly.

Sweepstakes of 10ogs each, h. ft. for three yr old colts, carrying 8st. 4lb. fillies, 8st. Across the Flat. Those unbacked at the time of naming, allowed 3lb. (7 Subscribers.)

Mr. Bigges's ch. c. Phoenix, by Dragon, out of Portia (allowed 3lb.) — 1

Ld Grosvenor's b. c. Squire Teazle, by Mr. Teazle, out of Shipton's sister 2

Mr. Watts's b. c. Pacificator, by Trumpator, out of Glumdalca — 3

Mr. White's b. c. brother to Viret — 4

6 to 4 agst Phoenix, 5 to 2 agst Pacificator, and 5 to 2 agst Squire Teazle.

Fifty Pounds for two yr old colts carrying 8st. 2lb. fillies, 8st. Two yr old Course.

Mr. Whaley's b. c. Gulliver, by Precipitate, out of Tag 1

Ld Grosvenor's b. c. by Trumpator, out of Nike 2

Mr. Pantan's b. c. French Horn, brother to Vernator 3

D. of Grafton's b. f. by Sky-scraper, out of Woodbine 4

Even betting on Gulliver, agst the field.

On Wednesday, Ld Stawell's ch. c. Apollo, by Precipitate, 2 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. beat Sir C. Bunbury's gr. c. Froth, 4 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. Two yr old Course, 25gs.—11 to 8 on Froth.

Mr. F. Neale's ch. m. Hippo-na, by King Fergus, 8st. 3lb. beat Mr. Watson's Canterbury, 8st. Ab. M. 100gs, h. ft.

7 to 4 on Canterbury.

Ld. Egremont's ch. h. Bobtail, by Precipitate, 6 yrs old, 9st. 12lb. beat Mr. Whaley's Vivaldi, 5 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. Across the Flat, 300gs, h. ft.—5 to 4 on Bobtail.

The Town Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, 7st. 4lb. four yr olds, 8st. 4lb. five yr olds, 8st. 11lb. six yr olds, 9st. 1lb. and aged, 9st. 4lb. Two middle miles of B. C. With this condition, that the winner was to be sold for 50gs, if demanded; &c.

N. B. The late Mr. Perram, by his will, directed his Executors to pay 30gs to the winner of this Plate.

Ld Clermont's b. h. by Meteor, 5 yrs old — 1

Mr. Prince's bl. f. sister to Parisot, 3 yrs old — 2

Mr. Heathcote's b. c. Ambo, 4 yrs old — 3

Mr. Gordisson's roan c. by Pumpkin, 4 yrs old — 4

Mr. Frogley's br. f. by Protector, 3 yrs old — 5

5 to 4 agst Ld Clermont, and 6 to 4 agst. Ambo.

The second year of a Renewal of the October Oatlands Stakes, of 30gs each, B. M. (18 Subscribers.)

D. of Grafton's b. f. Penelope,

by Trumpator, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. — 1

Mr. Watson's b. c. Striver, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. — 2

Mr. Howorth's Chippenham, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. — 3

Mr. Whaley's Vivaldi, 5 yrs old, 8st. — 4

Mr. Hoomes's ch. c. by Precipitate, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. — 5

Mr. Frogley's Ploughboy, aged, 7st. 12lb. — 6

Mr. Ladbroke's Georgiana, 4 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. — 7

The following having declared forfeit within the time prescribed, paid only 10 gs each.

Ld Grosvenor's Admiral Nelson, 6 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. Ld Sackville's Rebel, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. Mr. Watson's Canterbury, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. Mr. Neale's Humbug, 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. Mr. Whaley's Tuneful, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. Ld Grosvenor's b. c. Squire Teazle, 3 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. D. of Grafton's Flambeau, 3 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. Mr. Wilson's Triumvir, 4 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. Mr. Watt's Pacificator, 3 yrs old, 7st. Ld Clermont's Young Spear, 3 yrs old, 7st. Mr. Heathcote's brother to Magic, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.

5 to 4 agst Penelope, 3 to 1 agst Chippenham, 7 to 2 agst Georgiana, and 12 to 1 agst Mr. Hoomes's colt.

On Thursday, D. of Grafton's ch. c. Flambeau, by Skyscraper, 3 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. beat Mr. Wilson's Triumvir, 4 yrs old, 8st. Ab. M. 100gs, h. ft.

2 to 1 on Flambeau.

Subscription Plate of 50l. for two yr olds, 7st. 4lb. and three yr olds, 9st. Two yr old Course. With this condition, that the winner

RACING CALENDAR

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ner was to be sold for 200gs, if demanded, &c.

Mr. Flomes's ch. c. by Precipitate, out of a sister to Buzzard, 3 yrs old 1
Mr. Budd's b. c. Dotterel, 3 yrs old 2
Ld Grosvenor's b. c. by Trumpator, out of Nike, 2 yrs old 3
Sir F. Standish's b. f. by Sir Peter, out of the Yellow Mare, 3 yrs old 4
Ld Clermont's b. c. Young Spear, 3 yrs old 5
5 to 4 agst Young Spear, 5 to 2 agst Sir F. Standish, 4 to 1 agst Dotterel, and 10 to 1 agst the winner.

Sweepstakes of 25gs each. Two yr old Course.

Ld Clermont's b. c. brother to Recruit, by Volunteer, 7st. 13lb. 1
Mr. Wilson's Triumvir, 8st. 7lb. 2
Mr. Heathcote's brother to Magic, 7st. 9lb. 3
11 to 8 on Triumvir, and 6 to 1 agst the brother to Recruit.

HOLYWELL HUNT.

ON Tuesday, October the 13th, a Sweepstakes of 15gs each, for all ages; three yr olds carrying 6st.—four miles. (7 Subscribers.)

Mr. C. Cholmondeley's gr. c. Knutsford, by Delpini, 3 yrs old 1
Sir W. W. Wynn's b. c. Tityrus, 3 yrs old, and Sir E. Lloyd's b. c. by Alexander, out of Cowslip, also started, but were not placed.

Sir W. W. Wynn's b. f. Bonduca, by Alexander, beat Sir E. P. Lloyd's ch. f. Lucy Fische, by Alexander, dam by Sweetbriar, 8st.

4lb. each, one mile, for geldings.

On Thursday, October the 15th, the Members' Annual Plate of 50gs—wt. 13st.—2-mile heats.

Sir W. W. Wynn's ch. g. by Engineer, out of Wasp 1
Mr. Langford Brooke's br. g. by Sir Peter 2 dr.

Sweepstakes of 20gs each (only 10gs paid by Subscribers not naming)—three miles. (6 Subscribers.)

Mr. C. Cholmondeley's gr. c. Knutsford, by Delpini, 3 yrs old, 7st. 1

Sir W. W. Wynn's Tityrus, 3 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. 2

Mr. C. Cholmondeley's Mobberley Crab, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. 3

Sir E. Lloyd's f. Lucy Fische, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. 4

Mr. Brooke's Sir R. D. Lacy, brother to Cheshireman, 8st. 6lb. pd

The other Subscribers did not name.

NORTHALLERTON.

ON Thursday, the 15th of October, a Maiden Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, 6st. 7lb. four yr olds, 7st. 10lb. five yr olds, 8st. 3lb. six yr olds, and aged, 8st. 8lb. Mares allowed 2lb.—2-mile heats.

Mr. Fletcher's ch. c. Malia, by Buzzard, 3 yrs old 5 1 2

Mr. Hutton's ch. f. by Walnut, 4 yrs old 1 2 2

Mr. Atkinson's b. c. Ling Cropper, 3 yrs old 3 3 3

Mr. Preston's b. g. Major, 5 yrs old. 4 4 4

Mr.

Mr. Lumley's *Saville's*

br. f. 3 yrs old 2 5 dr

On Friday the 16th, the Members' Plate of 50l. for three and four yr olds, that had not won a prize of greater value, three yr olds, 7st. 5lb. and four yr olds, 8st. 5lb. Fillies allowed 2lb. A winner of one 50l. in Plate or Match, carrying 5lb. of two, 3lb. extra.—3-mile heats.

Mr. G. Crompton's ch. f.

Rosamond, by Buzzard,

3 yrs old — 1 1

Mr. G. Searle's b.c. Bantam,

3 yrs old — 3 2

Mr. Kerby's ch. f. by Over-

ton, 4 yrs old — 2 3

On Saturday the 17th, 50l. for all ages, three yr olds, 6st. 4lb. four yr olds, 7st. 11lb. five yr olds, 8st. 9lb. six yr olds, 8st. 12lb. and aged, 9st. Mares allowed 2lb. The winner of one 50l. since the first of March, carrying 3lb. of two, or a King's Plate, 5lb. extra.—4-mile heats.

Mr. G. Crompton's b. f.

Aniseed, by Coriander,

4 yrs old — 1 1

Mr. Hutchinson's br. h.

Risby, 6 yrs old 3 2

Mr. Peirse's b. h. Game-nut,

6 yrs old — 2 3

Mr. Whaley's ch. h. His

Lordship, 5 yrs old 4 4

DUMFRIES.

ON Tuesday, September the 29th, a Subscription Plate of 50l. for all ages, three yr olds, 5st. 4lb. four yr olds, 7st. 5lb. five yr olds, 8st. 3lb. six yr olds, 8st. 11lb. and aged, 9st. the winner of one 50l. Plate this season, carrying 3lb. extra. of two, 5lb. of

three, or of a 100l. or a Subscription at York or Doncaster, 7lb. extra. Horses that never before started, allowed 3lb.—4-mile heats.

Ld Strathmore's b. c. by

Walnut, out of Little

Scot's dam, 4 yrs old 1 1

Mr. Fletcher's b. g. Wirley,

aged — 2 2

Mr. Neal's gr. g. Jamie,

aged — 3 dr

On Wednesday the 30th, a Subscription Plate of 100l. for four yr olds, 7st. 4lb. five yr olds, 8st. 3lb. six yr olds, 8st. 10lb. and aged, 8st. 12lb. Winners carrying extra. weights as on Tuesday—4-mile heats.

Ld Strathmore's b. c. by

Walnut, 4 yrs old 1 1

Mr. Fletcher's ch. h. Lady

Legs, 5 yrs old 2 2

On Thursday, the 1st of October, 50l. given by the Dumfries and Galloway Hunt, for horses, &c. bred in Scotland, and not exceeding fourteen hands high, carrying 12st.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Fletcher's ch. m. by

Mercury, aged 2 1 1

Mr. Cathcart's b. m. 1 2 dr

Mr. Irving's gr. m. 3 dr

Two others started and were — dis

On Friday, the 2nd of October, 50l. on the same conditions as Tuesday's plate, except that the winner of the 100l. on Wednesday was excluded.

Mr. Fletcher's ch. h. Lady

Legs, by Stride, 5 yrs old 1 1

Mr. Neal's Jamie 2 dr

Handicap Plate.

Mr. Fletcher's Wirley, by Mercury, being the only one entered, received 25l.

AYR.

AYR.

ON Monday, October the 19th, His Majesty's Plate of 100gs given to the Caledonian Hunt, free for any horse, &c. carrying 12st.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Fletcher's b. g. Delamere, by Highflyer, aged — 1 2 1

Mr. Boswell's br. h. Pensioner, 6 yrs old 3 1 2

Mr. Baker's b. h. Jonah, 6 yrs old — 2 dr

On Tuesday, 50l. given by the Caledonian Hunt, for four yr olds, 7st. 8lb. five yr olds, 8st. 8lb. six yr olds, 8st. 9lb. and aged, 9st. 3lb.—4-mile heats.

Ld Strathmore's b. c. by Walnut, 4 yrs old 1 1

Mr. Fletcher's Delamere, aged — 2 2

Subscription Plate of 50l. for four yr olds, 7st. 8lb. five yr olds, 8st. 3lb. six yr olds, 8st. 9lb. and aged, 8st. 12lb. The winner of one 50l. Plate this year, carrying 3lb. of two, or a King's Plate, 6lb. extra.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Baker's Jonah, by Escape, 6 yrs old 1 1

Mr. Fletcher's b. h. Alonzo, aged — 3 2

Mr Verdy's b. m. Rosemary, aged — 2 dr

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for three yr olds, 7st. 7lb. and four yr olds, 8st. 7lb.—two miles. (6 Subscribers.) With this condition, that the winner was to be sold for 250gs, if demanded, &c.

Mr. Fletcher's b. c. Aza, by Pegasus, out of Sweetheart, 4 yrs old — 1

Mr. Cuming's b. c. by John Bull, out of Ariadne, 3 yrs old — 2

Ld Cassillis's b. c. by Pegasus, dam by Highflyer, 3 yrs old 3

Mr. Boswell's ch. c. by Pegasus, out of Cinderwench, 4 yrs old — 4

Mr. O. Graham's f. by Scorpion, out of Tipsey, 8st. 2lb. reed. ft. from Mr. Macadam's f. by Gustavus, dam by Boudrow, 8st. two miles, 50gs, 30 ft.

On Wednesday, a Free Plate of 50l. given by the Hunt, for four yr olds, 7st. 10lb. five yr olds, 8st. 10lb. six yr olds, 9st. 2lb. and aged, 9st. 4lb.—4-mile heats.

Ld Strathmore's b. c. by Walnut, 4 yrs old 1 1

Mr. Fletcher's b. c. Aza, 4 yrs old — 2 2

Subscription Plate of 50l. for four yr olds, 7st. 5lb. five yr olds, 8st. 3lb. six yr olds, 8st. 11lb. and aged, 9st. The winner of one 50l. this season, carrying 3lb. of two or more, 6lb. extra.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Verdy's b. m. Rosemary, by Pharamond, aged — 1 1

Mr. Fletcher's b. c. Aza, 4 yrs old — 2 2

Mr. Boswell's ch. c. by Pegasus, 4 yrs old (bolted) 3 dis

Mr. Kincaid's br. c. by Overton, 4 yrs old (fell) 4 dis

Hunters' Sweepstakes of 10gs each, 12st.—4-mile heats. (6 Subscribers.)

Mr. Sitwell's b. m. by Escape, out of Countess, aged — 1 1

Mr. Boswell's gr. g. Rustic, by Countryman 2 2

Col. Maxwell's Rutland, beat Mr. Oswald's Enterkine, 12st. each, two miles, 50gs.—Rode by the owners.

Mr. Fletcher's b. h. Alonzo, by Ruler, out of Applegarth's dam, 12st. reed. ft. from Mr. Cathcart's Belle Vue, 11st. 10lb. two miles, 50gs, h. ft.—Masters on.

On Thursday, Subscription Plate of

of 50l. for four-yr olds, 7st. 10lb. five yr olds, 8st. 7lb. six yr olds, 9st. and aged, 9st. 4lb. Winners of the Plate this year, 3lb. of two, 6lb. extra.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Baker's Jonah, 'by
Escape, 6 yrs old 1 1
Mr. Sitwell's b. m. by
Escape, aged 2 dr

Mr. I. H. Blair's ch. g. by Pot-
80's, beat at two heats, Col. Max-
well's gr. g. by Icclander.—Mas-
ters-on, 13st. each, two mile-heats,
50gs.

On Friday, the Ladies' Sub-
scription Plate of 50l. for all
ages, four yr olds, 7st. 2lb. five yr
olds, 8st. six yr olds, 8st. 7lb. and
aged, 8st. 10lb. extra. weights for
winning as above.—4-mile heats.

Ld Strathmore's c. by Wal-
nut 1 1
Mr. Fletcher's Delamere 2 2

A Handicap Plate for all ages,
was won by Mr. Verdy's horse, by
Young Marske.

On Saturday, Ld Cassillis's b.
c. by Star, dam by Reaper, 8st.
beat Mr. C. Graham's gr. f. by
Scorpion, out of Tipsey, 7st. 12lb.
three miles, 50gs, 30ft.

Ld Cassillis's b. c. by Pegasus,
dam by Highflyer, out of Elm's
dam, 3 yrs old, beat Mr. Fletch-
er's ch. m. by Mercury, aged, 9st.
each, two miles, 50gs.

Mr. I. H. Blair's ch. g. by
Pot80's, beat Col. Maxwell's gr. g.
by Icclander, Owners on, 13st.
each, two miles, 50gs.

Col. Maxwell's Rutland, 12st.
7lb. beat Mr. Blair's Pot80's geld-
ing, 13st. 7lb. Owners on, two
miles, 50gs.

Mr. Cathcart's Belle Vue, aged,
beat Mr. Cumming's Snowball, by
Drone, 9st. each, two miles, 50gs.

Col. Maxwell's Rutland, 13st.

beat Mr. Maitland's b. m. by Wil-
dair, 12st. rode by Gentlemen,
two miles, 50gs.

Mr. Cathcart's b. m. by Wil-
dair, 13st. recd. ft. from Mr.
Fletcher's Alonzo, 14st Owners
on, three miles, 50gs.

PENRITH.

NO Race for the 50l. on the
22d of October, or for that
on the 24th, for want of horses.

NEWMARKET

THIRD OCTOBER, OR HOUGH-
TON MEETING.

ON Monday, October 26, Mr.
F. Neale's ch. m. Hippona,
by King Fergus, 8st. 7lb. beat
Mr. Whaley's Vivaldi, 7st. 7lb.
Two yr old Course, 100gs, h. ft.

3 to 1 on Hippona.

Mr. Delme's br. c. Pacificator,
by Trumpator, 3 yrs old, 8st. 8lb.
beat Mr. Howorth's Apollo, 2-yrs
old, 6st. 7lb. Two yr old Course,
25gs.—5 to 2 on Pacificator.

Mr. Heathcote's ch. c. Popinjay,
by Buzzard, 8st. 7lb. beat M^r.
Wilson's Triumvir, 7st. 10lb. Ab.
M. 100gs.—7 to 1 on Popinjay.

Ld Sackville's b. c. Dick An-
drews, by Joe Andrews, 7st. 11lb.
beat Mr. F. Neale's Humbug, 8st.
4lb. B. C. 100gs.

6 to 1 on Dick Andrews.

Ld Clermont's brother to Re-
cruit, by Volunteer, 7st. 13lb.
recd. 20gs from Mr. Heathcote's
Ambo, 8st. 4lb. Two yr old
Course, 50gs, h. ft.

On Tuesday, Mr. Ladbroke's
ch. f. Georgiana, by John Bull,
8st.

8st. 1lb. beat Mr. Delme's Surprise, 8st. 8lb. Ab. M. 50gs.

6 to 4 on Surprise.

Fifty Pounds for two yr olds, carrying a feather; three yr olds, 7st. 5lb. four yr olds, 8st. 9lb. five yr olds, 9st. 3lb. six yr olds, 9st. 7lb. and aged, 9st. 10lb. Last three miles of B. C. With this condition, that the winner, with his engagements, was to be sold for 300gs, if demanded, &c.

Sir F. Standish's b. f. by Sir Peter, out of the Yellow Mare, 3 yrs old — 1

Mr Smallman's br. c. John O'Groat, 4 yrs old — 2

Mr. Panton's b. c. French-horn, by Trumpator, 2 yrs old — 3

Ld Clermont's ch. f. by Trumpator, out of Young Doxy, 2 yrs old — 4

Mr. Budd's b. c. Dotterel, 3 yrs old — 5

Mr. Howard's br. h. Pizarro, 5 yrs old — 6

Mr. Girdler's b. h. Capricorn, 6 yrs old — 7

Mr. Whaley's ch. c. Bona First Consul, 3 yrs old — 8

3 to 1 agst John O'Groat, 5 to 1 agst Sir F. Standish's filly, 5 to 1 agst French-horn, and 6 to 1 agst Pizarro.

On Wednesday, Mr. Bigg's ch. c. Phoenix, by Dragon, beat Mr. Elton's gr. c. by Pot80's, out of Brighton Belle, 8st. each. Across the Flat, 100gs, h. ft.—4 and 5 to 1 on Phoenix.

Mr. Heathcote's b. c. brother to Magic, by Volunteer, 8st. 1lb. beat Ld Clermont's brother to Recruit, 8st. 5lb. from the Starting Post of the two middle miles to the end of the Two yr old Course, 25gs.

2 to 1 on brother to Magic.

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Sweepstakes of 50gs each, Two yr old Course.

Mr. Hoome's ch. c. by Precipitate, out of Buzzard's sister, 8st. — 1

Mr. Bigges's ch. c. Phoenix, 8st. 3lb. — 2

Mr. Watson's b. c. Striver, 7st. 10lb. — 3

6 to 4 on Phoenix, 5 to 2 agst Striver, and 5 to 1 agst Mr. Hoome's colt.

Mr. F. Smallman's br. c. John O'Groat, by Overton, beat Mr. Ladbroke's Mystery, 7st. 4lb each, last three miles of B. C. 50gs.

Even betting.

Mr. Howorth's ch. c. Apollo, by Precipitate, 2 yrs old, 6st. beat Ld Clermont's brother to Recruit, 3 yrs old, 9st. First half of Ab. M. 25gs

7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on brother to Recruit.

Mr. Whaley's br. c. Gulliver, by Dungannon, 2 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. beat Mr. Budd's Dotterel, 3 yrs old, 9st. Two yr old Course, 50gs.

2 to 1 and 5 to 2 on Gulliver.

Mr. Whaley's b. h. Vivaldi, by Woodpecker, 7st. 11lb. beat Mr. Howorth's Chippenham, 8st. 8lb. Two yr old Course, 50gs.

13 to 8 on Chippenham.

Ld Sackville's b. c. Dick Andrews, by Joe Andrews, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. beat Mr. Howard's Pizarro, 5 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. Across the Flat, 50gs.

13 to 8 on Dick Andrews.

A Subscription Plate of 50l. for two yr olds, carrying 5st. 2lb. three yr olds, 7st. four yr olds, 8st. 2lb. five yr olds, 8st. 9lb. six yr olds and aged, 8st. 13lb. D. I. With this condition, that the win-

nes

ner was to be sold for 150gs. if demanded, &c.

Mr. Ladbroke's b. h. Humbug,
by Precipitate, 5 yrs old 1
Mr. Watson's ch. h. Canterbury, 5 yrs old — 2
Mr. Buckle's b. c. Peace-maker,
by Pegasus, 4 yrs old — 3
Mr. Howard's br. h. Pizarro,
5 yrs old — 4
Mr. Frogley's gr. g. Ploughboy,
aged — 5
Mr. White's b. c. brother to
Vuert, 3 yrs old 6
6 to 4 agst Canterbury, 4 to 1
agst Humbug,

Ld Sackville's b. c. Dick Andrews, by Joe Andrews, 7st. 13lb. recd. 80gs from Mr. Watson's Canterbury, 8st. 3lb. B. C. 100gs.

Mr Howard's Pizarro, 7st 10lb, recd. from Mr. Watson's Canterbury, 8st. 7lb. Clermont Course, 25gs.

CARLISLE.

ON Tuesday, October the 27th, 50l. given by the Earl of Carlisle, for three yr olds, 6st. 7lb. four yr olds, 7st. 10lb. five yr olds, 8st. 4lb. six yr olds, and aged, 8st. 10lb. A winner of a Plate, &c. of 50l. value, carrying 5lb. extra, of 100l. or two fifties, 5lb. and of a King's Plate, 7lb. extra.—3-mile heats.

Mr. Lidderdale's ch. h. Applegarth, by Stride, 6 yrs old — 4 1 1
Mr. Fletcher's ch. c. Malta, 3 yrs old 1 4 5
Sir H. Williamson's b. h. Honeycomb, 6 yrs old — 5 2 2
Mr. Verdy's b. m. Rosemary, aged 3 3 4
Mr Bates's b. h. Chance 2 5 3

On Thursday, the 29th, 50l. given by the City Members, for three and four yr olds—2-mile heats.

Mr Fletcher's ch. c. Malta, by Buzzard, 3 yrs old 2 1 1
Sir H. Williamson's b. c. Lancaster, 3 yrs old — 1 2 3

On Saturday the 31st, 50l. given by the Cumberland Hunt, for three yr olds, 6st. 8lb. four yr olds, 7st. 8lb. five yr olds, 8st. 5lb. six yr olds, 8st. 9lb. and aged, 8st. 12lb.—extra. weights for winning.—3-mile heats.

Ld Darlington's b. c. Hazard, by Sir Peter, 4 yrs old — 1 1
Mr. Bates's b. h. Chance 2 2

CUPAR, SCOTLAND.

ON Wednesday, October the 28th, a Plate of 50l.

Mr. Fletcher's ch. h. Lady Legs, by Star, dam by Conductor, 5 yrs old — 2 1 1
Mr. Tait's m. Scots Betty — 1 2 2
Mr. Thompson's b. horse 3 dr
Mr. Kincaid's c. by Overtton, (ran out) 4 dis
Mr. Law's ch. c. (fell lame) — 5 dr
Mr. Foreman's gr. m. Nelly — 6 dis

On Friday, the 30th, 50l. for hunters.

Mr. George Cheap's b. h. Walpole 4 1 1
Mr. Dalziel's ch. mare 2 3 2
Mr. Thompson's b. m. Vinegar — 5 2 3
Mr. Paterson's br. horse 1 4 dis
Col. Anstruther's gr. m. 3 dis

On

RACING CALENDAR.

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On Saturday the 31st, a 50l. Plate.

Mr. Fletcher's eh. h.			
Lady Legg, 5 yrs old	1	2	1
Capt. Thompson's b. horse	4	1	2
Mr. Neil's gr. gelding	2	4	3
Mr. Kincaid's c. by O. verton	3	3	dr
Mr. Willowby's b. m.			
Helen	5	5	dr
Mr. Crighton's Spunks (ran out)			dis

each, three times round the Course. (9 Subscribers.)

Mr. C. Cholmondeley's br. h. Mobberley Crab, by Young Eclipse, 5 yrs old, 9st. 13lb.	1
Mr. Brooke's b. h. Sir Roger de Lacy, aged, 10st.	2

A Sweepstakes of 15gs each, heats, twice round. (10 Subscribers.)

Mr. Cholmondeley's gr. c. Knutsford, by Delpini, 3 yrs old, 11st. 9lb.	1	1
Mr. Brooke's Sir Roger de Lacey, aged, 12st.	3	2
Mr. C. Cholmondeley's Mobberly Crab, 11st. 9lb.	2	3

TARPORLEY HUNT.

ON Thursday, November the 5th, a Sweepstakes of 10gs

Intelligence Extra.

NEWMARKET

FIRST SPRING MEETING, 1802.

ON Thursday, Sir C. Bunbury's Eleanor, 8st. 7lb. agst Mr. Wilson's br. c. by Young Eclipse, dam by Highflyer, out of Elm's dam, 2 yrs old, 7st. R. M. 200gs, h. ft.

JULY MEETING, 1802.

First Day.—The first year of a renewal of the July Stakes of 50gs each, 30gs ft. for colts, 8st. 2lb. fillies, 8st. unbacked at the time of naming; the Two yr old Course,

Sir C. Bunbury's b. f. by Whiskey, out of Lais
 Ld Clermont's ch. c. by Trumpator, out of Young Neisette
 Cld. Grosvenor's f. by John Bull, out of a sister to Mother Bunch

D. of Grafton's b. f. by Grouse out of Bounty
 Ld Grosvenor's b. c. by John Bull, out of Nike
 Ld Stawell's f. by Waxy, out of Active
 Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Buzzard, out of Fantail
 Mr. Ladbroke's f. by Young Woodpecker, out of Equity
 Mr. Panton's c. Buss, by John Bull, out of Kiss my Lady
 Mr. Panton's f. by Pot80's, out of Young Camilla

SECOND SPRING MEETING, 1802.

Monday.—Mr. Wilson's Sophia, 8st. 5lb. agst Sir C. Bunbury's Eleanor, 8st. Ab. M. 200gs, h. ft.
 Mr. Panton's ch. c. by Buzzard, out of Dandelion, agst Mr. F. Neale's
 c 2

Neale's brother to Humbug, 8st. each, Two yr old Course, 50gs.

FIRST SPRING MEETING, 1803.

Monday.—Mr Watson's f. by Beningsbrough, out of Gaoler's dam, agst Mr. Howorth's f. by Skyscraper, out of Cælia, 8st. each, R. M. 100gs, h. ft.

SECOND OCTOBER MEETING, 1802.

Last Day.—Mr. Dawson's f. December, agst Mr. Galwey's f. by Trumpator, out of Aurora, 8st. each, Two yr old Course, 50gs, 30 ft.—If December wins the Produce Stake, Mr. Galwey's f. is to carry only 7st. 6lb.

FIRST OCTOBER MEETING, 1803.

Tuesday. — Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. colts, 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st. then three yrs old, Across the Flat.

Sir C. Bunbury's b. f. sister to Pamela, by Whiskey.

Mr. Howorth's f. by Skyscraper, out of Cælia

Sir F. Standish's brother to Eagle D. of Grafton's b. f. by Pot8o's, out of Prunella

Ld Grosvenor's br. c. by John Bull, out of Anna

SECOND OCTOBER MEETING, 1803.

Tuesday.—The Virgin Stakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for the produce of mares covered in 1800, for the first time: colts, 8st. 2lb. fillies, 8st. Two yr old Course.

Mr. Whaley's f. by Sir Peter, dam by Pot8o's, out of Editha

Mr. Hallett's c. by Pot8o's, out of Quiz

Mr. Whaley's c. by Sir Peter, out of Iris.

BRIGHTLSTONE, 1802.

First Day.—Sweepstakes of 50gs each, 30gs ft. for colts then two yrs old, carrying 8st. 6lb. and fillies, 8st. 3lb. Two yr old Course.

H. R. H. the P. of Wales's gr. f. by Precipitate, dam by Woodpecker, out of Silva's dam.

Ld Egremont's b. f. by Precipitate, out of a sister to Calibri

D. of Grafton's b. f. by Grouse, out of Bounty

Ld Clermont's bl. c. by Trumpator, out of Nelly

Mr. Durand's b. f. by Guildford, out of America, by Imperator

Sir C. Bunbury's b. f. by Whiskey, out of Lais

Mr. Wyndham's b. f. by Driver, out of Tag

Mr. Panton's b. f. by Buzzard, dam by Dungannon, bought of Mr. Vernon

Mr. Ladbroke's f. by Young Woodpecker, out of Equity

Mr. Ladbroke's ch. f. by Young Woodpecker, out of Platina

Mr. Heming's Glead, by Buzzard.

Mr. Harris's ch. f. sister to All-granti

Sir F. Poole's c. by Waxy, out of Jemima

KNUTSFORD, 1802.

First Day.—Mr. Brooke's Baron Nile, 9st. agst Mr. Joddrell's Mobberley Crab, 8st. three miles, 300gs, h. ft.

EPSOM, 1802.

Thursday.—His R. H. the P. of Wales's Pacificator, 8st. 7lb. agst Mr. Watson's Striver, 7st. 11lb. Derby Course, 100, h. ft.

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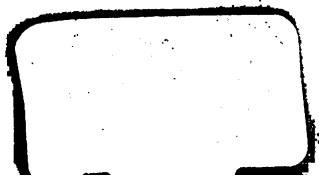


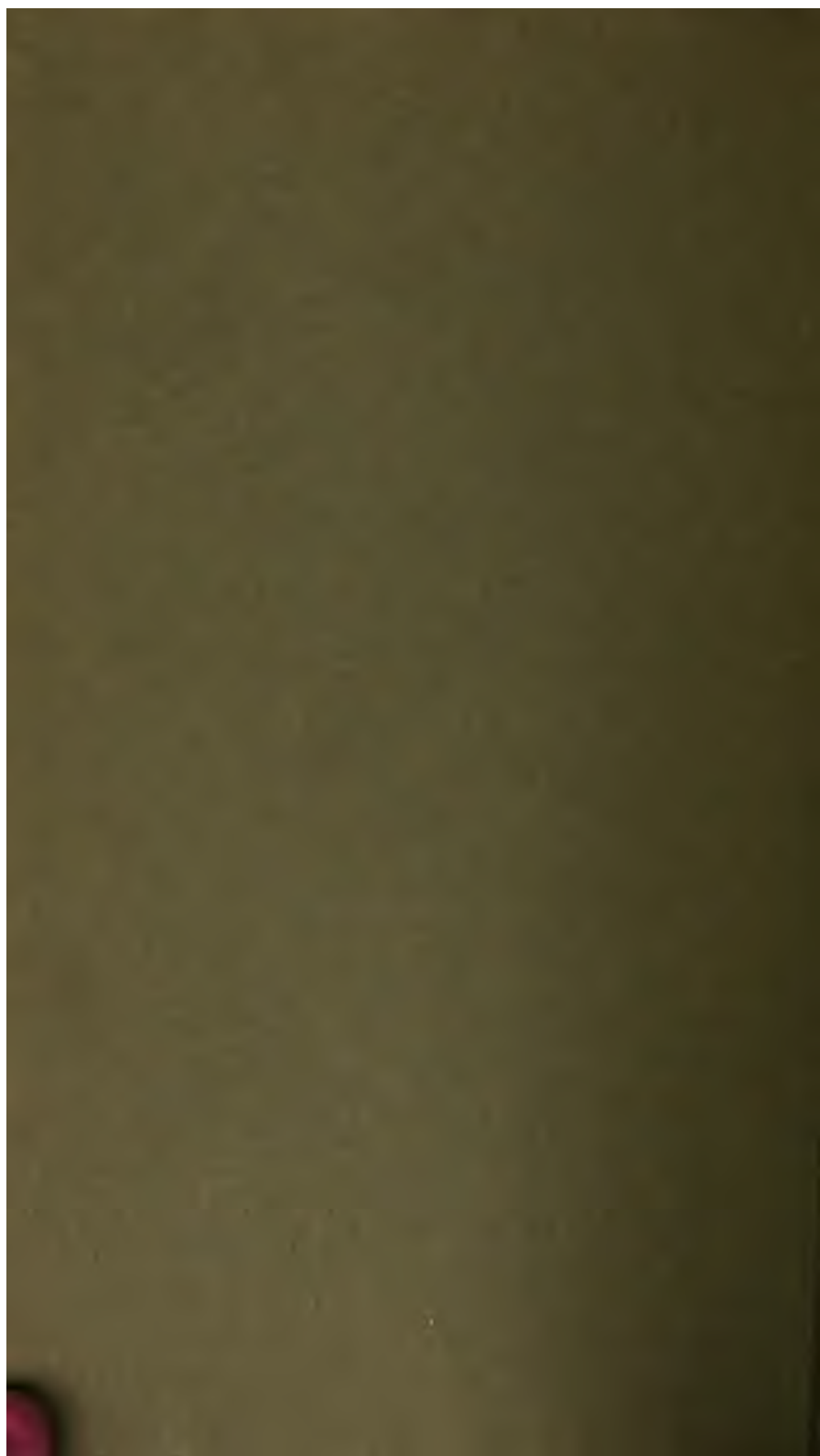
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